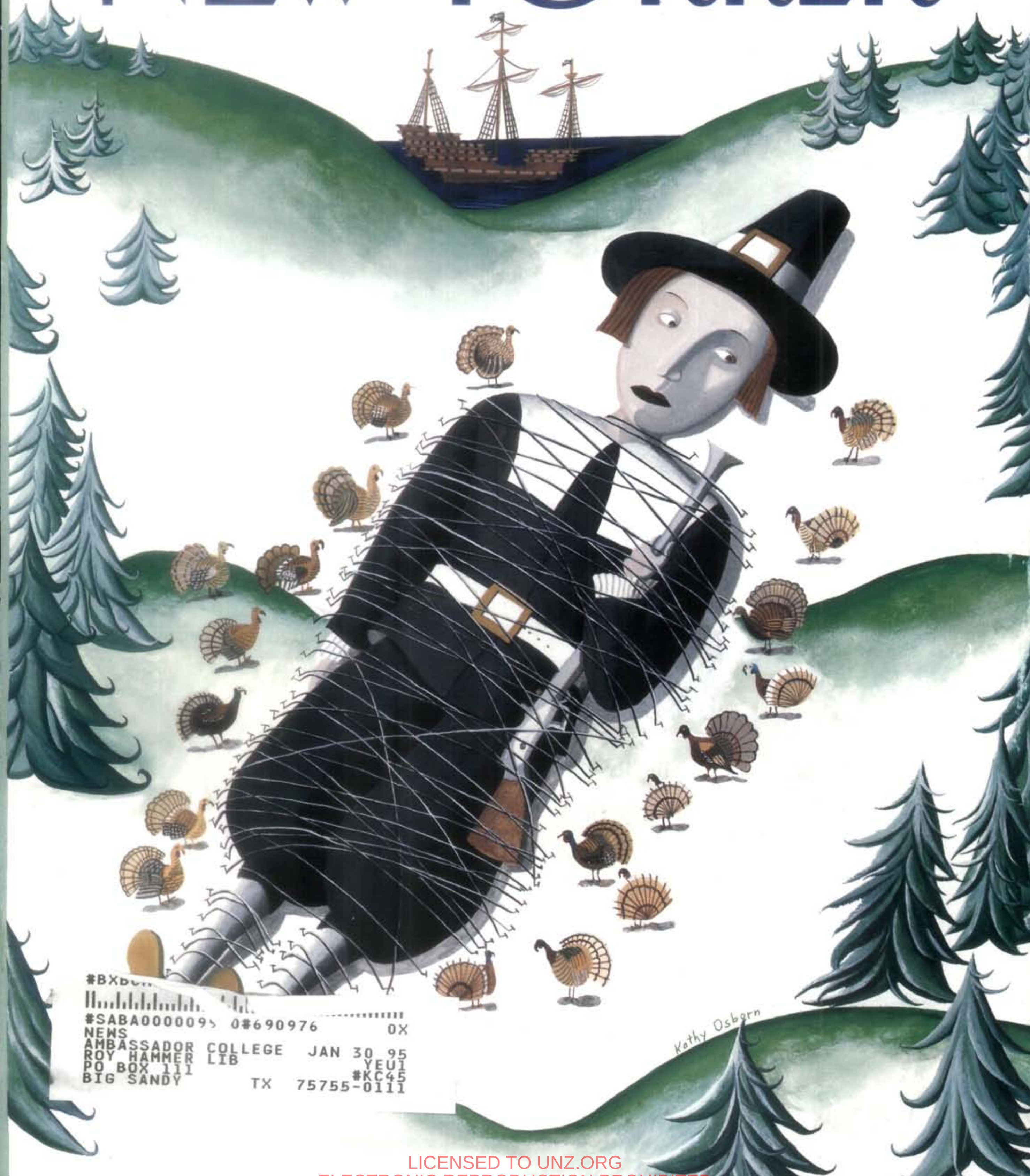
Nov. 28, 1994

THE NEW YORKER

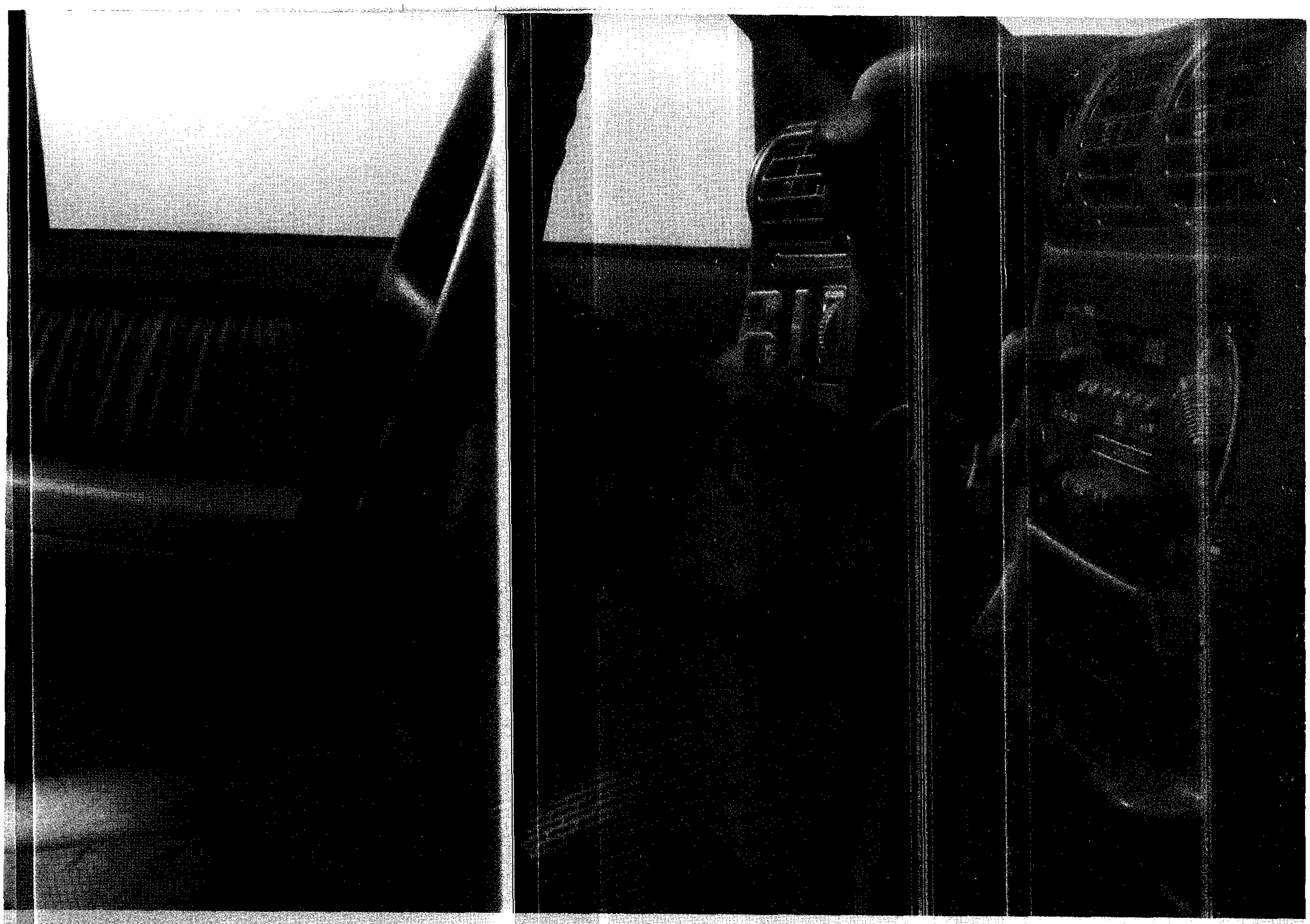
Price $2.50



#BXB
#SABA000009 0#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 30 95
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU1
PO BOX 111 #KC45
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

[ALL THOSE TIRED OF CLIMBING IN

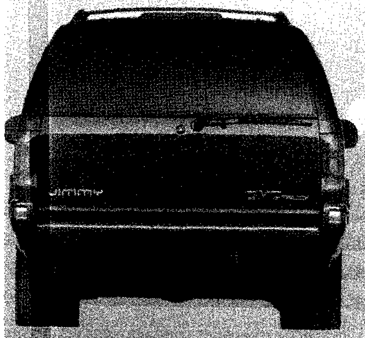
Getting in and out of a sport utility vehicle can be an adventure in and of itself. That's why we created the all-new Jimmy from GMC Truck. One of the first things you'll notice is a lower step-in height. This was achieved without sacrificing ground clearance — an engineering breakthrough. Jimmy still comes with all the strength and reliability for which vehicles from GMC Truck are known. Like a boxed frame for improved riding comfort, Insta-Trac® 4WD, and as standard equipment, the Enhanced 4.3L 195 hp V6 engine — one of the most powerful in its class. Specifically designed to appeal to those drivers who appreciate the best of both worlds, Jimmy combines sophisticated luxury with proven GMC

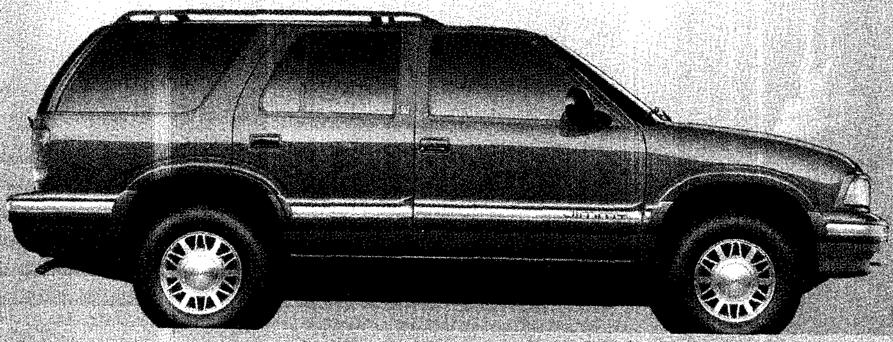


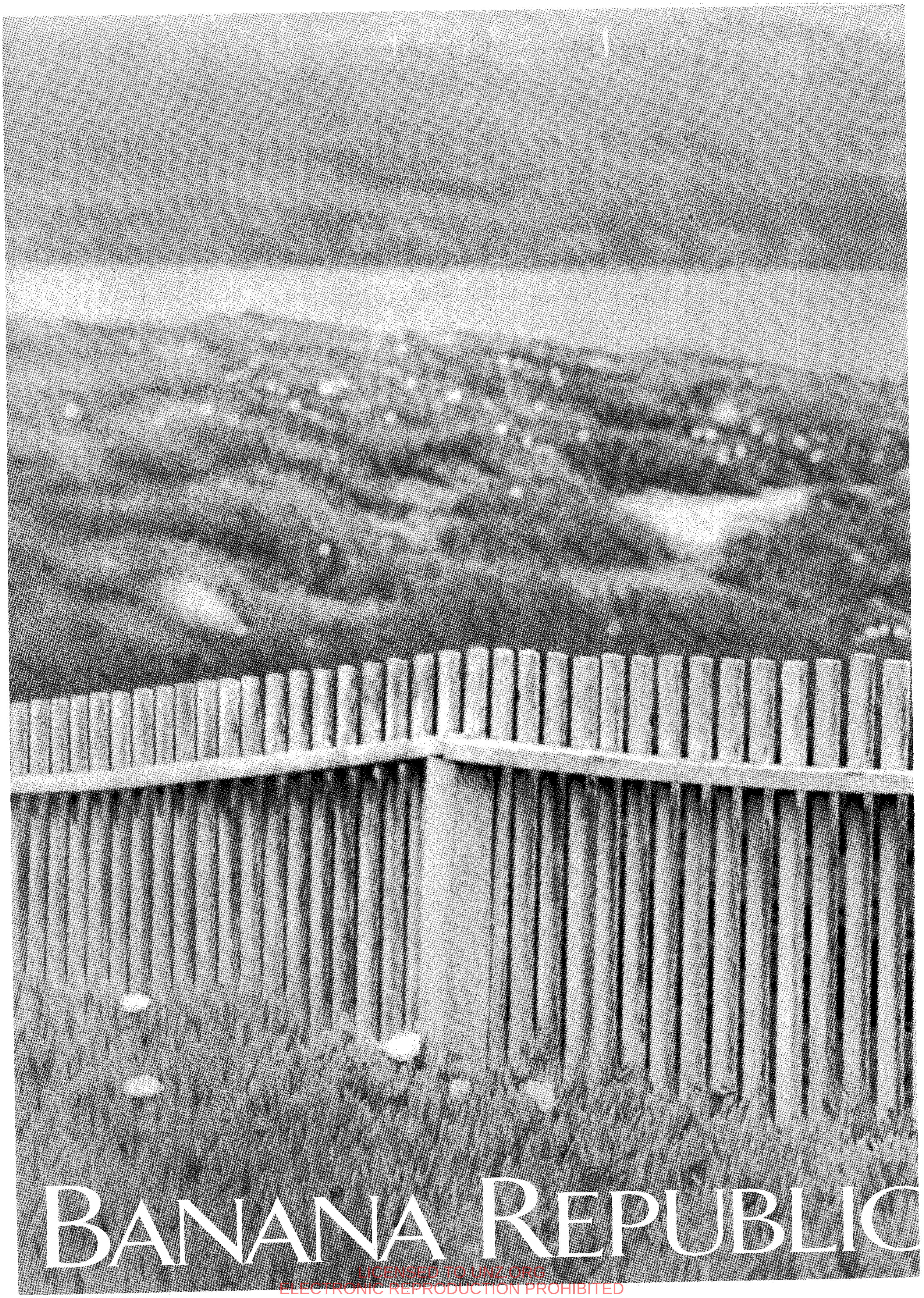
D OUT OF A TRUCK, STEP RIGHT UP.]

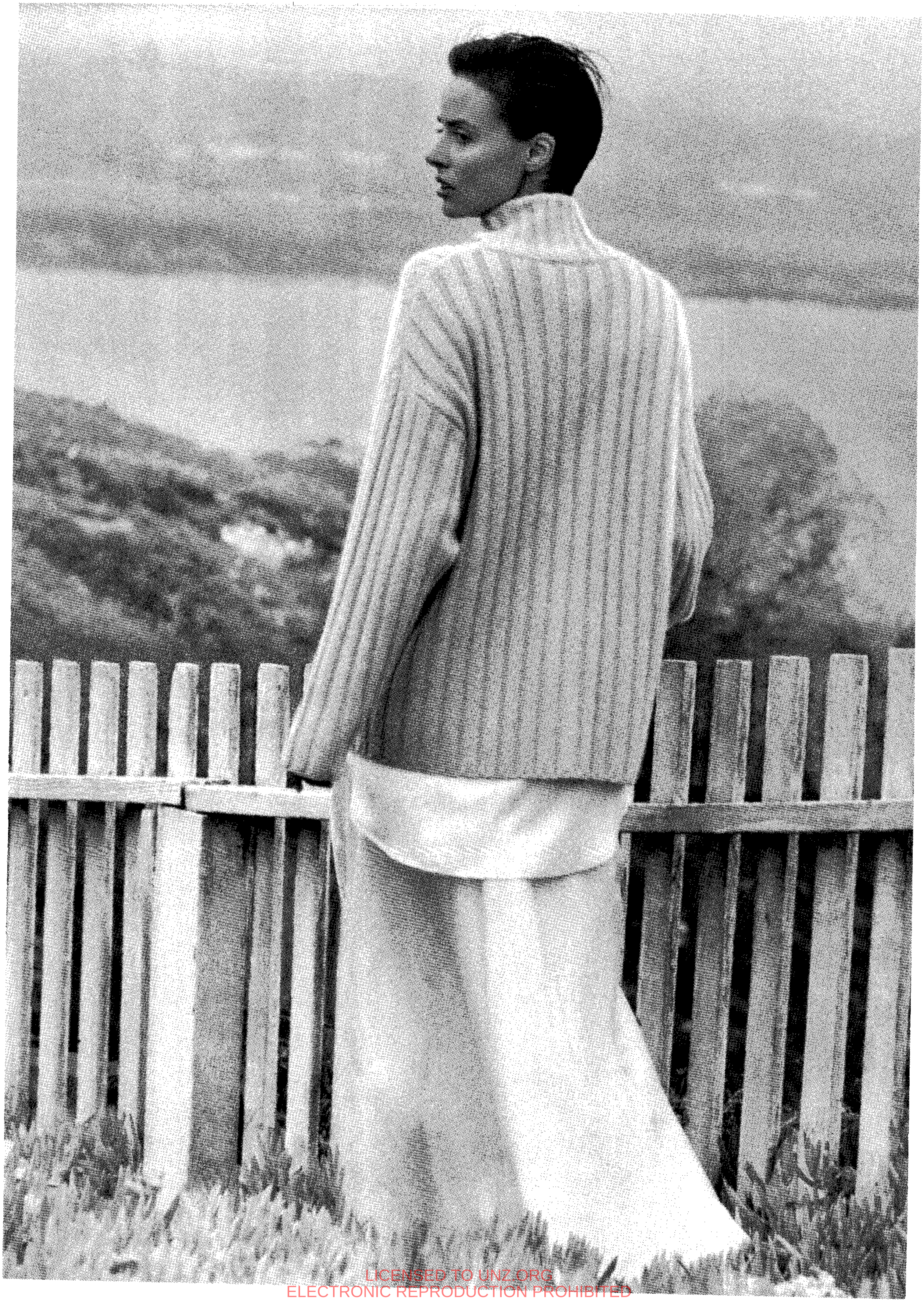
ruck strength. Inside, you'll discover a remarkably quiet interior, plus all the comforts you'd normally find only a luxury sedan. Things like available leather seating surfaces with an adjustable power driver's seat. Plus a CD player, ould you prefer one. And for the first time on a sport utility vehicle, a choice of suspension systems depending on e kind of ride you're comfortable with. There's a standard driver's side air bag,* four-wheel antilock brakes, and eel reinforced side door beams to help keep you safe. For more information, give us a call at 1-800-GMC-TRUCK. r, better yet, visit a GMC Truck dealer for a test drive. We'd love to show you just how easy it is to get into a new Jimmy.

©1994 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. GM, GMC, GMC Truck, Jimmy and the GMC Truck logo are registered trademarks of General Motors Corporation. Buckle up, America!
*Always wear safety belts, even with air bags.






BANANA REPUBLIC



AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

NOV 3 0 1994

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75

THE NEW YORKER

NOVEMBER 28, 1994

COMMENT Quality and Equality . . . . *James S. Kunen* 9
The Mayor has a new crime-fighting strategy. Is it a bust?

IN THE MAIL 14

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 20

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 49
The voice of negativity, China's biggest star, shell shock on trial, social comedy at the Actors Studio, etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Foreign Affairs Royal Mess . . . . *Leslie and Andrew Cockburn* 54
The Saudi king has been rocked by cash crises, battles of succession, and the first open opposition to his regime.

Life and Letters The Secret of Henry James . . . . *David Plante* 91
In a typically Jamesian plot, the author discovers what Henry James can teach a modern American in London.

THE POLITICAL SCENE Gore's Dilemma . . . . *Peter J. Boyer* 100
Where does the Democratic debacle leave Al Gore? He's working to find a way to save his party—and his future.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS The Body Politic . . . . *Henry Louis Gates, Jr.* 112
Before the dancer and choreographer Bill T. Jones created his landmark "Still/Here," he spent two decades exploring ways of challenging issues of sex, race, and survival.

FICTION "Scheherazade in Hollywood" . . . . *Donald Rawley* 126

THE CRITICS

Books "The Bell Curve". . . . . *Stephen Jay Gould* 139
Musical Events "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 149
The Theatre "Durang Durang" . . . . *Nancy Franklin* 153
The Current Cinema "Red," "To Live" . . . . *Anthony Lane* 155
Books Briefly Noted 161

POEMS

"Arachne" . . . . *Thom Gunn* 104
"Spiderwoman" . . . . *Michael Longley* 108
"Parkinson's Disease" . . . . *Galway Kinnell* 122

SHOUTS AND MURMURS Bedtime: The Sequel . . . . *Roger Angell* 162

COVER *Thanksgiving, by Kathy Osborn*

DRAWINGS *Warren Miller, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Bernard Schoenbaum, Lee Lorenz, Victoria Roberts, Mike Twohy, J. B. Handelsman, Michael Maslin, Leo Cullum, Bob Knox, Mick Stevens, Benoit van Innis, Mischa Richter, Edward Koren, Donald Reilly, Roz Chast, Robert Mankoff, Eldon Dedini, Jerry Moriarty, George Booth, Al Ross, William Hamilton*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for three combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXX, No. 39, November 28, 1994. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

EXTRAORDINARY OVERNIGHT

You're in New York for business. We are too. With sleek, distinguished rooms that include modem, fax, voice mail, and two phone lines. With immediate, special services that range from meeting accommodations to secretarial assistance. With the kind of vision that encompasses uptime, downtime, and on time. And the superb Restaurant Charlotte. Where extraordinary deals are made daily.

EXTRAORDINARY
VISION

HM

Hotel Macklowe

145 West 44th Street
New York, NY 10036
212.768.4400

Call 1.800.MACKLOWE
or your Travel Agent

BUILT LIKE OUR SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

The Swiss Army® Brand Chronograph, all-steel Officer's™ and Officer's™ Two-Tone share the same heritage, and it shows. They look distinguished, but they're tough as nails.

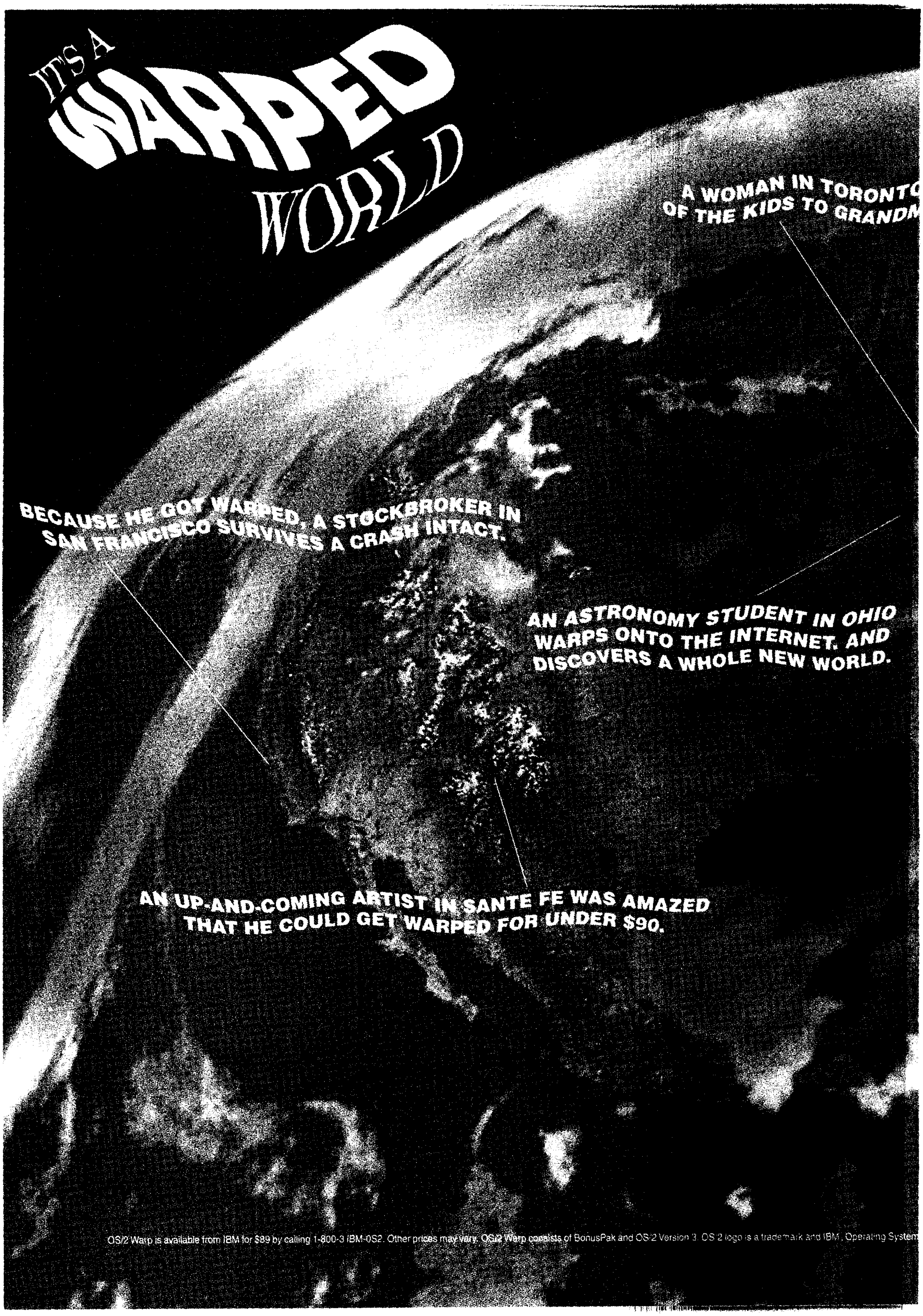
Water-resistant to 330 feet, they perform their tasks with split-second Swiss quartz precision accuracy. With tritium hands and markers for night. Bold easy-to-read numerals for day. And hardened mineral crystals to resist hard knocks.

These watches are built to capture time. With a history that reaches back 100 years, they're tooled to last.

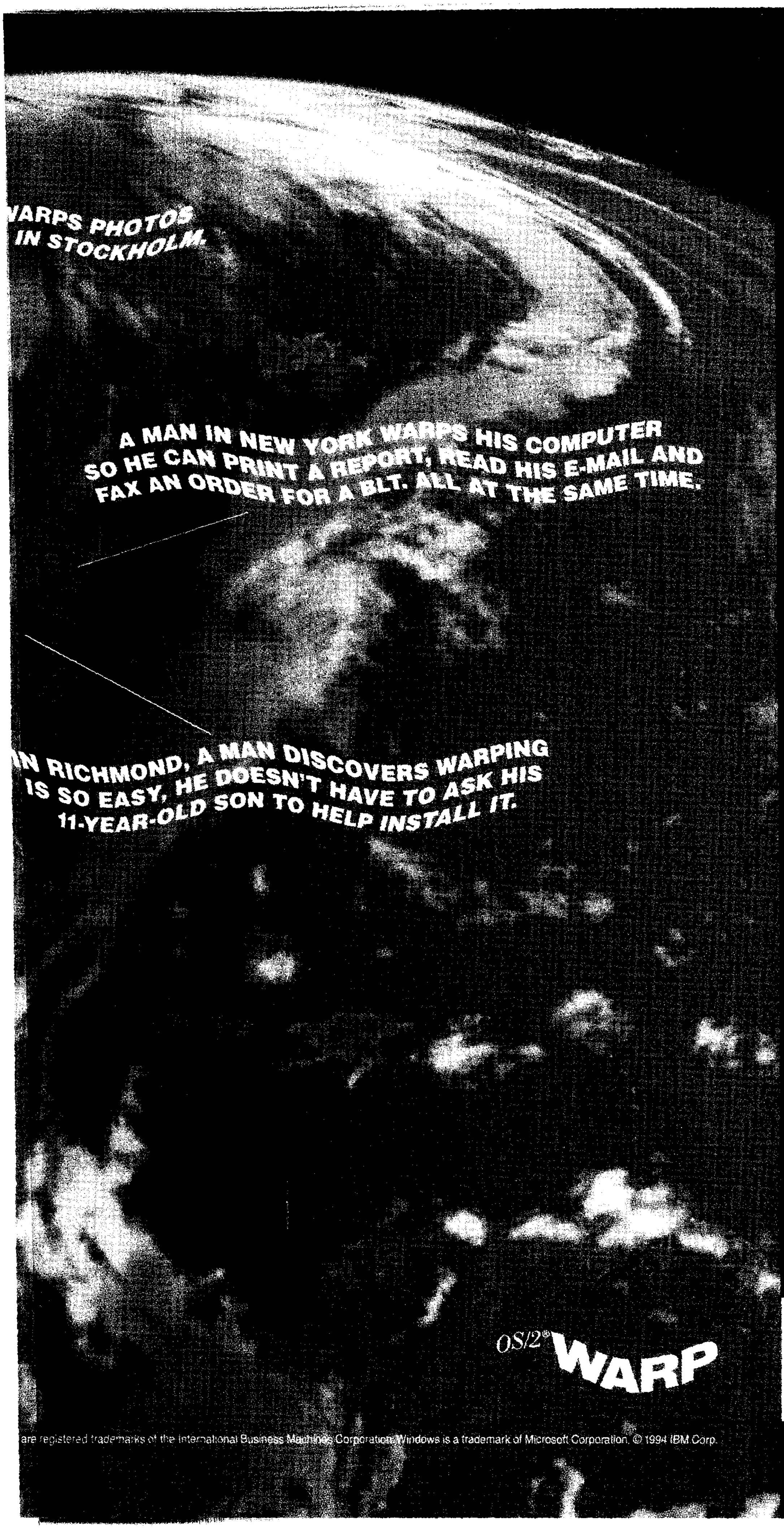
SWISS ARMY® BRAND

TOURNEAU

SWISS ARMY® BRAND IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD.
© 1994 SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD. A SUBSIDIARY OF THE FORSCHNER GROUP, INC. SHELTON CT.
FOR A FREE BROCHURE CALL 1-800-442-2706


IT'S A
WARPED
WORLD
A WOMAN IN TORONT
OF THE KIDS TO GRANDM
BECAUSE HE GOT WARPED, A STOCKBROKER IN SAN FRANCISCO SURVIVES A CRASH INTACT.
AN ASTRONOMY STUDENT IN OHIO WARPS ONTO THE INTERNET, AND DISCOVERS A WHOLE NEW WORLD.
AN UP-AND-COMING ARTIST IN SANTE FE WAS AMAZED THAT HE COULD GET WARPED FOR UNDER $90.

OS/2 Warp is available from IBM for $89 by calling 1-800-3 IBM-0S2. Other prices may vary. OS/2 Warp consists of BonusPak and OS/2 Version 3. OS/2 logo is a trademark and IBM, Operating System


ARPS PHOTOS IN STOCKHOLM.
A MAN IN NEW YORK WARPS HIS COMPUTER SO HE CAN PRINT A REPORT, READ HIS E-MAIL AND FAX AN ORDER FOR A BLT. ALL AT THE SAME TIME.
N RICHMOND, A MAN DISCOVERS WARPING IS SO EASY, HE DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK HIS 11-YEAR-OLD SON TO HELP INSTALL IT.
OS/2® WARP

are registered trademarks of the International Business Machines Corporation. Windows is a trademark of Microsoft Corporation. © 1994 IBM Corp.

Introducing
OS/2 WARP

The **new** 32-bit, multitasking, multimedia, Internet-accessed, crash-protected, Windows™-friendly, easy-to-install, **totally cool** way to run your computer.

Available for **under $90.**

OS/2 WARP from IBM.

It's here.

See your local dealer today. Or, call **1 800 3 IBM-OS2.**

IBM®

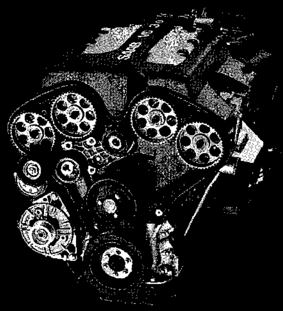
POWERFUL,

YET FUEL EFFICIENT.

TECHNOLOGICALLY

ADVANCED,

YET EASY TO USE.



IN OTHER WORDS, BIG

BUT NOT STUPID.

People, for one reason or another, tend to associate intelligence with size. Small is smart. Big is dumb. One day this puny David fellow knocks out a rather large gentleman named Goliath. The tabloids go with it. And it becomes history. No one knows for sure, but this may be where it all started.

Well, this is where it ends: the Saab 9000 Series.

Each 9000 is equipped with a powerful 3.0-liter V6* engine that delivers an incredibly high degree of torque, and is one of the cleanest and most fuel-efficient engines in its class.

Plain and simple: Saab's V6 is different. It relies on its brain as much as its brawn.

The high level of torque is achieved through our three-step variable intake manifold which delivers consistent power throughout the entire RPM range. In plain English, that translates to better roadhandling, less gear changing and an effortlessly smooth surge of power whenever you need it.

Of course, there is more to these powerful cars than power: There's front-wheel drive, ABS brakes, a traction control system, and dual air bags.

There's the confidence in knowing that, based on a study of injuries in real-life accidents, it was named "safest car in Sweden" by Sweden's largest insurance company. Three times in a row.

There are luxuries such as heated leather seats and burled walnut trim.

And, equally impressive, there is enough interior room in which to enjoy these luxuries. The Saab 9000 is one of a few imports classified as "Large" by the EPA.

As you can see, this car isn't just big and powerful. It's big, powerful and smart.

For a test-drive, visit the Saab dealer nearest you today.

THE NEW 9000 V6 **SAAB**

*V6 engine optional in CSE models; CSE V6 available March 1995.
FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL 1-800-582-SAAB. ©1994 SAAB CARS USA, INC.

The new 9000 CDE V6 and the 9000 CSE V6.

COMMENT

QUALITY AND EQUALITY

The Mayor tries something that works, at a cost.

LAST July, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and his Police Commissioner, William J. Bratton, unveiled, with great fanfare, a plan to rid the streets of New York of disorderly persons. To the Mayor's critics, this seemed upside down. Shouldn't the cops clamp down on robbery, rape, and murder, the critics wondered, before expending a lot of energy on panhandling, peddling, and public urination? The Mayor's obsession with eradicating the unpleasant comportment and vaguely threatening behavior that he called "visible signs of a city out of control" suggested to some that he might be overly concerned with the appearance of chaos in affluent areas and insufficiently troubled by its reality in poor ones. After all, a city with nearly two thousand homicides a year *is* out of control, whether people are peeing on Park Avenue or not.

However, what Giuliani christened the "quality of life" campaign was in fact conceived as an innovative way to attack serious crime. The memorandum outlining the campaign, "Police Strategy No. 5: Reclaiming the Public Spaces of New York," cites as its intellectual underpinning a 1982 *Atlantic Monthly* article, "Broken Windows," by James Q. Wilson, the eminent urban sociologist, and George L. Kelling, a criminologist and lately an adviser to Bratton. Noting that if a window in a building is broken and left unrepaired the rest will soon be broken, Wilson and Kelling expounded the theory that unaddressed disorder is a sign that no one cares, and invites both further disorder and more serious crime. Applying this principle to the urban landscape, they wrote, "The unchecked panhandler is, in effect, the first broken window."

One of the realities behind the Mayor's innovation is that the standard tactic of preventive patrol by officers in cars simply doesn't work very well. Fourteen hundred cops (of a total force of more than thirty thousand) fan out over the city's three hundred and twenty-two square miles between midnight and 8 A.M. The best they can do is try to arrive at the scenes of the most serious crimes not too long after they happen. (In 1992, *seventy-eight thousand* calls to 911 reported shots being fired—an average of one every seven minutes, twenty-four hours a day. And, of course, not every shot gets reported.) As one former Police

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/managing editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Julie A. McGowan, advertising director; Cindy Schreibman, creative services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; MediaAmerica, Ltd., 10 Old Brewery Mews, London, England NW31PZ; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company: 3525 Piedmont Road, N.E., Building 5-Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR: 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585 Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1994 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

REPRESENTED BY PRINCESS HOTELS INTERNATIONAL, INC.®
CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 800-223-1818.
one of The Leading Hotels of the World
AAA Five Diamond Award
YOU CAN ALSO TAKE A DIP IN ONE OF OUR THREE POOLS.
SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS
THE SOUL OF ARIZONA.
THE HEART OF YOUR VACATION.

"It's for you, Mr. Secretary—from Newt Gingrich."

Commissioner, Patrick Murphy, once observed, preventive patrol's main purpose "seems to be to reassure the citizen that the police department, like the city zoo, exists."

The notion that disorder on the street may help generate crime makes sense. Rowdy or unpredictable behavior scares people, so they stay indoors, and when they do go out they keep to themselves. Citizen surveillance thus decreases, making the streets more attractive to criminals. Although it is next to impossible to prove that disorder causes crime rather than that crime causes disorder (or that both are caused by something else), statistical studies controlling for such factors as poverty and neighborhood instability suggest that disorder does indeed stimulate crime.

In theory, then, reducing disorder ought to reduce crime—and that appears to be happening in New York City. Misdemeanor arrests are up thirty-two per cent this year, and the bulk of them have come in poor, high-crime precincts—a rebuke to the assumption that the Mayor's purposes were merely cosmetic. Felony arrests are up, too. And, as of late October, there were thirteen hundred and fifty-two homicides, down from sixteen hundred and forty-one during the same period last year. Reported robberies declined from around seventy thousand to around sixty thousand. The N.Y.P.D.'s Deputy Commissioner for Public Information, John Miller, predicts confidently that the city's year-end totals for serious crimes will reflect "the largest year-to-year percentage decrease not just in this department's history but in all history, going back to when the earth was still cooling and dinosaurs roamed the plains."

Of course, it is probably not aggressive policing that accounts for all this falloff in crime; homicides have been declining for four years. But it stands to reason that if the cops vacuum up enough indecorous people they're going to bag some criminals. (It apparently worked for Bratton when he headed the Transit Police. Not all turnstile-jumpers snatch chains, but most chain-snatchers probably jump turnstiles: he arrested fare-beaters and crime fell.) So far this year, misdemeanor arrests are up some thirty-two thousand over last year's hundred thousand, and they have netted a number of bad actors who were wanted for violating parole or for failing to appear in court on prior charges.

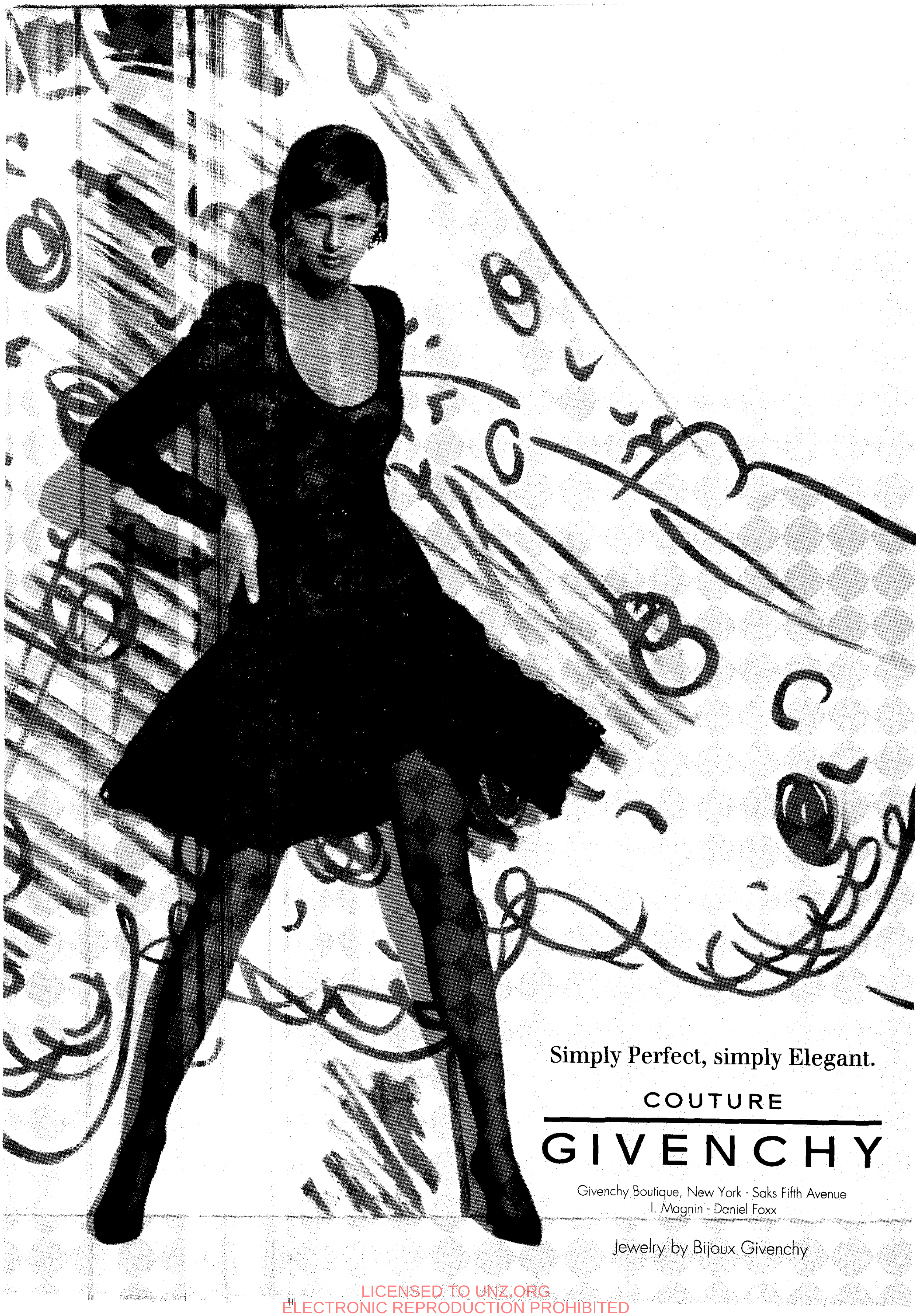
The catch is that in all likelihood more than a few of those arrested—and a substantial proportion of those hassled and barked at and ordered to move along—had violated no law. Asking people on the street for money is not illegal, nor is resting on a bench while in possession of shopping bags; otherwise, the Salvation Army's bell ringers and the shoppers whose spare change they seek would all be in trouble. But panhandlers and bag ladies are rousted by police officers whose job it is, in the words of the "Broken Windows" article, to "remove undesirable persons from the neighborhood."

It is left to the police, or those elements of the community to whom they respond, to decide who is undesirable, and the poor and the distasteful are at risk. Indeed, Wilson and Kelling conceded, "None of this is easily reconciled with any conception of due process or fair treatment." Despite the easy-listenin' sound of the phrase "quality of life," there is nothing Lite about some of the policing involved: through June of this year, civilian complaints of police abuse and brutality are up forty-six per cent.

We can define certain people out of the community—even read them out of the human race. (The Police Department's manifesto "Reclaiming Public Spaces" lists "dirt, graffiti, homeless people, noise" as among the factors that reduce the quality of life.) But we can't make them cease to exist. Homeless people who are terrified of city shelters can be chased out of Central Park or Grand Central, but they still need to sleep somewhere, and they do so increasingly on the sidewalks of the East Side.

To critics who said that police action could not address the problem of homelessness Commissioner Bratton replied, "What's their answer? To do nothing? Well, we're not in the business of doing nothing." But neither should the police be in the business of doing everything. And now, more than ever, that's what they are called upon to do. *There are no jobs*, but you must not peddle. *The soup kitchens may be closing down*, but you must not beg. Those who fall between the hard place that is our conscience and the rock that is our heart we leave to the tender mercies of the cops. All problems are not law-enforcement problems. And the streets are not the only place to look for the disorders that threaten the quality of our life.

—James S. Kunen


Simply Perfect, simply Elegant.
COUTURE
GIVENCHY
Givenchy Boutique, New York - Saks Fifth Avenue
I. Magnin - Daniel Foxx
Jewelry by Bijoux Givenchy

Premium Vodka
Imported from Russia
STOLICHNAYA®
Cristall

FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF CRISTALL VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787. CRISTALL VODKA. PRODUCT OF RUSSIA. 40% ALC./VOL. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1994 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ

Myth.

Myth.

[*all vodkas are*

the same.]

This is but a myth *Perpetuated*

by those who do not understand

the actual *Art*

of making vodka. Vodka is a spirit

so distinguished that its production

was *Entrusted* by the Czars to the

nobility as an honor.

A spirit that was given by

Catherine II as a state gift

to *Kant* and *Voltaire*.

And there is no vodka

that can compare to the quality

of *Stolichnaya* CRISTALL.

Its

Filtration process rises above all others.

Every ounce passes over

a bed of pure *Quartz* crystals,

not once, but twice.

And in between these steps,

it is filtered through virgin granules of

activated carbon made from the wood

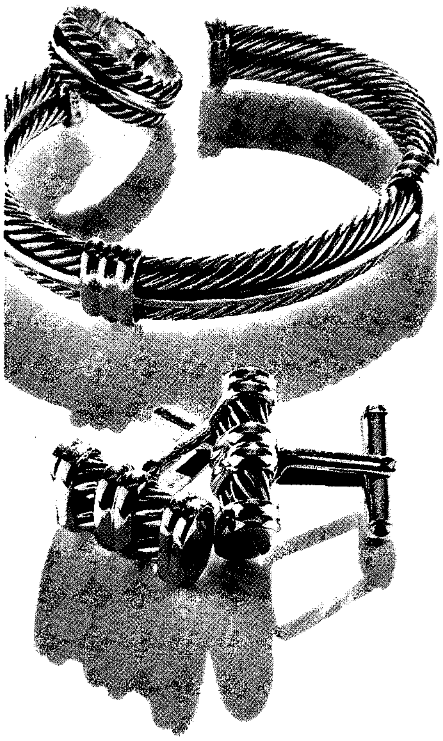
of Russia's *Native Birch* tree.

Thus a spirit is born so *Refined*

that it has been called

flawless™.

accent is to emphasis
as gym is to muscle.



David Yurman sterling silver
and 14-karat gold cable
bracelet, 650.00, ring, 330.00,
and cuff links, 430.00,
in Men's Furnishings.
Call 1-800-692-6555
for your copy of
our latest catalog.

Neiman Marcus

Sterling Silver
The Eternal Element of Style

IN THE MAIL

PLEASE MR. POSTMAN

As a postal employee, I read Jonathan Franzen's "Lost in the Mail" (October 24th) with interest but not with surprise. Nowhere in the article did the words "job satisfaction" appear, and the fact that the post office doesn't concern itself with such words will guarantee many more situations like those in Chicago and Washington, D.C. For example, Mr. Franzen mentions automation, but it is nothing more than shipping more mail faster between mail facilities. What happens when that increased volume arrives at the destination office and there aren't more letter carriers to deliver the increased volume?

Perhaps the Postal Service is an institution that has outlived its original purpose: to provide personal communications in an age that had not invented the telephone. Postal workers will deliver almost a hundred and seventy-five billion pieces of mail this year, and the delivery usually goes pretty well, thanks to the commitment of dedicated people both in and out of management. But imagine what would happen if the Postal Service were to combine thoughtful, service-oriented managers with workers who felt job satisfaction.

Manuel Greco
Atlantic Highlands, N.J.

My hat's off to Gayle Campbell for her efforts to make the Postal Service deliver. Like her, I was a postal employee who wanted to go into management to make the service better and more responsive to the customers; unfortunately, my reputation for outspokenness about such topics as mail-and-parcel destruction and incompetent managers, plus the fact that I dared to write about them, made that impossible, and I left the Postal Service after eleven and a half years as a mail handler. In unofficial postal parlance, mail is "shit," customers are "morons who are too stupid to use U.P.S. or Federal Express," employees are people "too stupid to work anywhere else," and managers are "stupidvisors." Small wonder, then, that there is so much contempt in the Postal Service, not only for its customers but also for its own people. Good workers who care about the customers are seen as misfits, malcontents, and saboteurs. Even managers who are sincere in trying to fix the system are savagely criticized, and sometimes demoted, for challenging the status quo. We, the customers, are the losers.

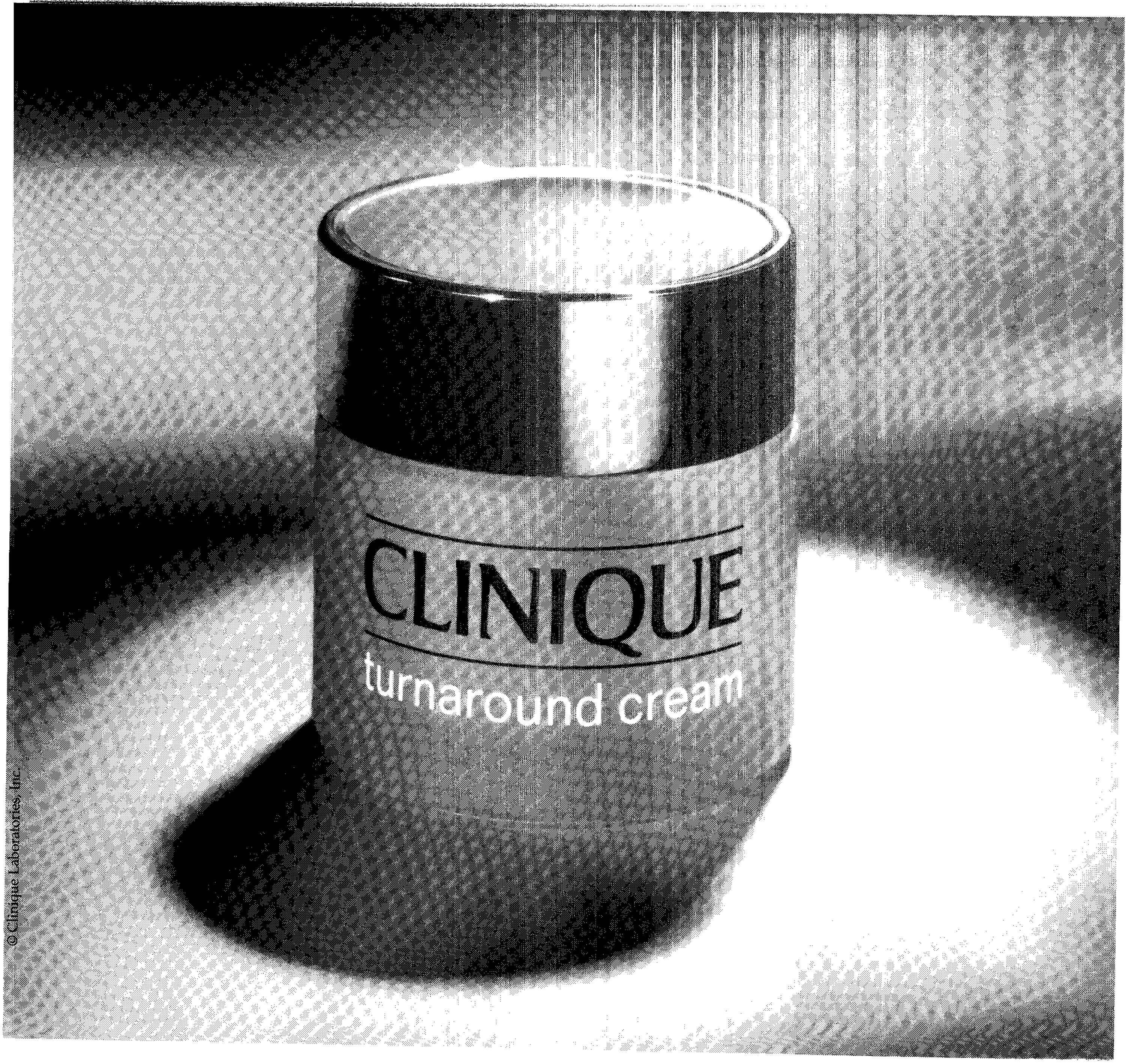
Vincent F. Safuto
Lake Worth, Fla.

It appears that Chicago's postal problems are not new. In 1861, Anthony Trollope travelled through North America and reported that the Chicago post office was "grander and bigger than other post-offices;—though the postmaster confessed to me that that matter of the delivery of letters was one which could not be compassed."

Jean Richards
New York City

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

In "Child-Care Demons" (October 3rd), my Comment on the scapegoating of day-care workers through unfounded charges of sexual abuse, I did a serious injustice to Dr. Roland Summit, clinical associate professor of psychiatry at the Harbor-U.C.L.A. Medical Center. I mistakenly wrote that in the Margaret Kelly Michaels trial Dr. Summit "explained to the jury



© Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Good Riddance.

When skin persists in showing lines, signs of past sun damage, poor texture, muddiness, dullness, Clinique pronounces it perfect.

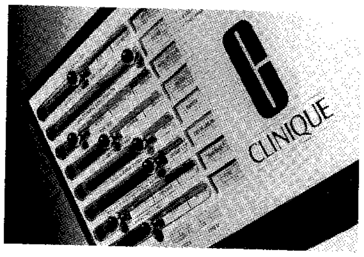
Perfect because this kind of skin is the ideal candidate to benefit from Clinique's remarkable skin corrector, Turnaround Cream.

Developed to rid skin of faults you'd much rather not see, Turnaround Cream is so unique it has a patent pending. Speedy, too.

Fact is, your skin has a better version of itself deep inside, and Turnaround Cream's job is to help this new layer surface—refreshed, refined, de-flaked, old mistakes left behind come morning.

Find it—plus a free skin analysis with the Clinique Computer—wherever Clinique is sold.

Turnaround Cream. Use it tonight. See progress tomorrow. And to bad skin rubbish, good riddance.



CLINIQUE

Allergy Tested.
100% Fragrance Free.

that when children deny that sexual abuses happened the denial can be evidence that the abuses actually did occur," and that "the name he gave to this Catch-22 logic was the Child Sexual Abuse Accommodation Syndrome." I added that Ms. Michaels was unjustly convicted "in part because of his expert testimony."

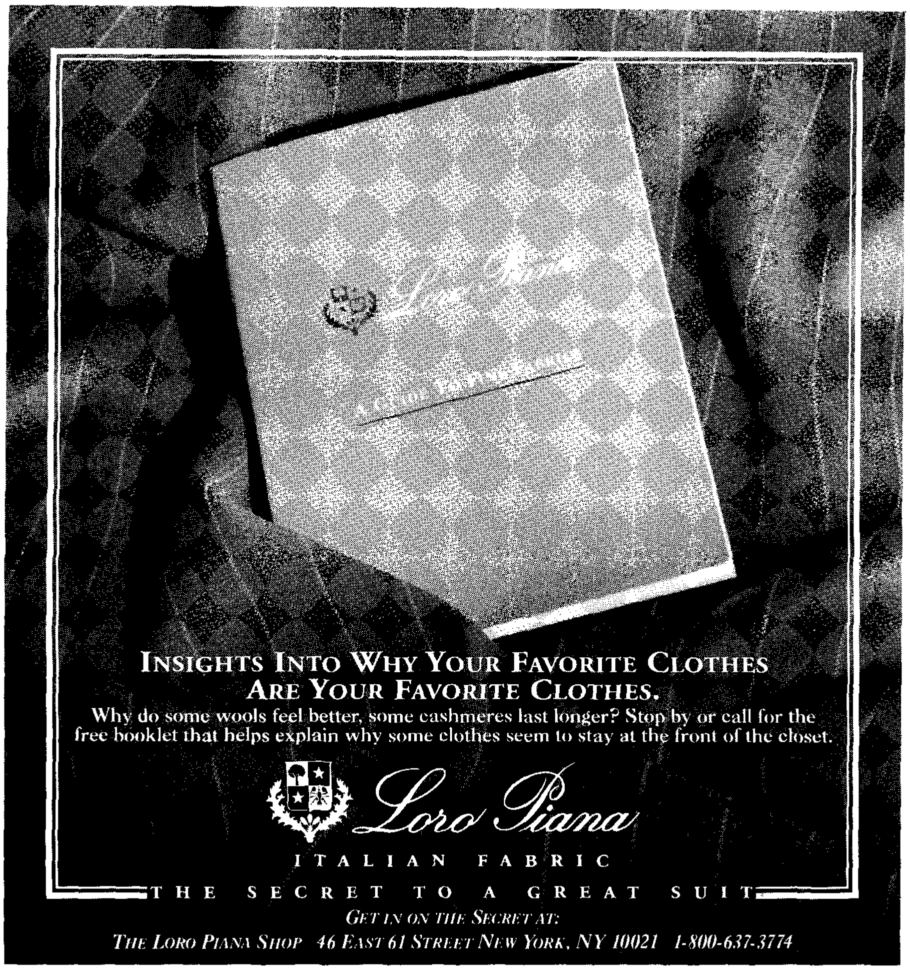
I regret to say that this was wrong in every particular. Dr. Summit did not in fact testify at the Michaels trial; therefore, obviously, he neither explained anything to the jury nor gave expert testimony. Moreover, Dr. Summit, who outlined the Child Sexual Abuse Accommodation Syndrome (C.S.A.A.S.) in a paper published in a professional journal in 1983, *does not* claim that denial is evidence of abuse. Rather, he cautions that a child who has been abused by a relative or other trusted authority figure may keep the abuse secret, delay disclosure of it, disclose it in confusing or unconvincing form, and/or retract the disclosure once it is made.

I committed these errors in good faith, misled by the fact that prosecuting attorneys in a number of other cases have exploited the C.S.A.A.S. in support of the very kind of "Catch-22 logic" my Comment deplored. I have since learned that, far from sharing that logic, Dr. Summit himself has actively campaigned against it. In a second journal article, published in 1992 and titled "Abuse of the Child Sexual Abuse Accommodation Syndrome," he attacked "the exploitation of a clinical concept"—his own C.S.A.A.S.—"as ammunition for battles in court," and took note of "false claims advanced by prosecutors as well as a primary effort by defense interests to strip the paper of any worth or relevance."

The New Yorker and I owe Dr. Summit an apology. He is in no sense responsible for the miscarriages of justice that were the principal subject of my article.

LAWRENCE WRIGHT
Austin, Texas

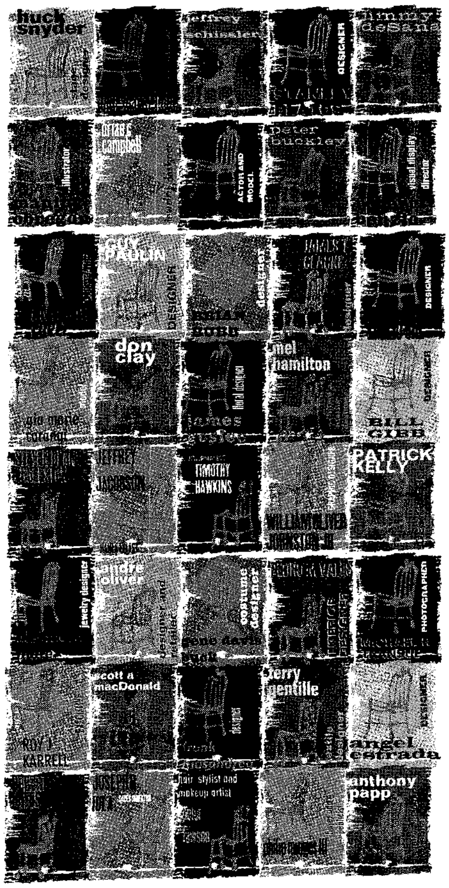
Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.


INSIGHTS INTO WHY YOUR FAVORITE CLOTHES
ARE YOUR FAVORITE CLOTHES.
Why do some wools feel better, some cashmeres last longer? Stop by or call for the free booklet that helps explain why some clothes seem to stay at the front of the closet.
Loro Piana
ITALIAN FABRIC
THE SECRET TO A GREAT SUIT
GET IN ON THE SECRET AT:
THE LORO PIANA SHOP 46 EAST 61 STREET NEW YORK, NY 10021 1-800-637-3774

A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS:

We are pleased to announce that most of the original art work published in *The New Yorker's* Fashion Issue, November 7, 1994, is available for sale. *The New Yorker* will forward all proceeds to Gay Men's Health Crisis. G.M.H.C. is the oldest and largest AIDS service organization, providing direct services for men, women, and children with H.I.V. and AIDS in New York City, and education and advocacy worldwide. If you are interested in purchasing any of the art work, please call (212) 536-5864 for further details and a price list.

THE NEW YORKER



You'll Swear The New InTech System From Lincoln Has A Mind Of Its Own.

Actually, It Has Three.

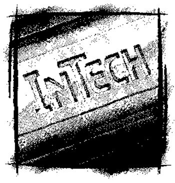
INTRODUCING THE LINCOLN INTECH SYSTEM.

The new InTech System is precisely what its name implies: intelligent technology. A system that constantly checks and re-checks powertrain and suspension functions to help deliver miles of worry-free driving. You'll find this technology on both the Lincoln Mark VIII and Lincoln Continental.*

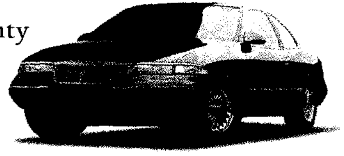
1. POWERTRAIN A 32-valve InTech V-8 engine and a computer-controlled 4-speed automatic transmission work in tandem to provide quiet, responsive power. For additional peace of mind, the impressive V-8 has been designed to run for 100,000 miles before its first scheduled tune-up.†

2. SUSPENSION Another example of advanced intelligence is the computer-managed, 4-wheel independent air-suspension system for a more stable ride and better handling. The load-leveling feature automatically compensates for changes in passenger seating and trunk loads.

3. CHASSIS A four-wheel Anti-lock Brake System and speed-sensitive steering round out the smart thinking. ABS helps you maintain steering control during hard braking. Speed-sensitive steering increases or decreases responsiveness depending on how fast you're going.



Look closely and you'll see that the new InTech System has plenty of street smarts.

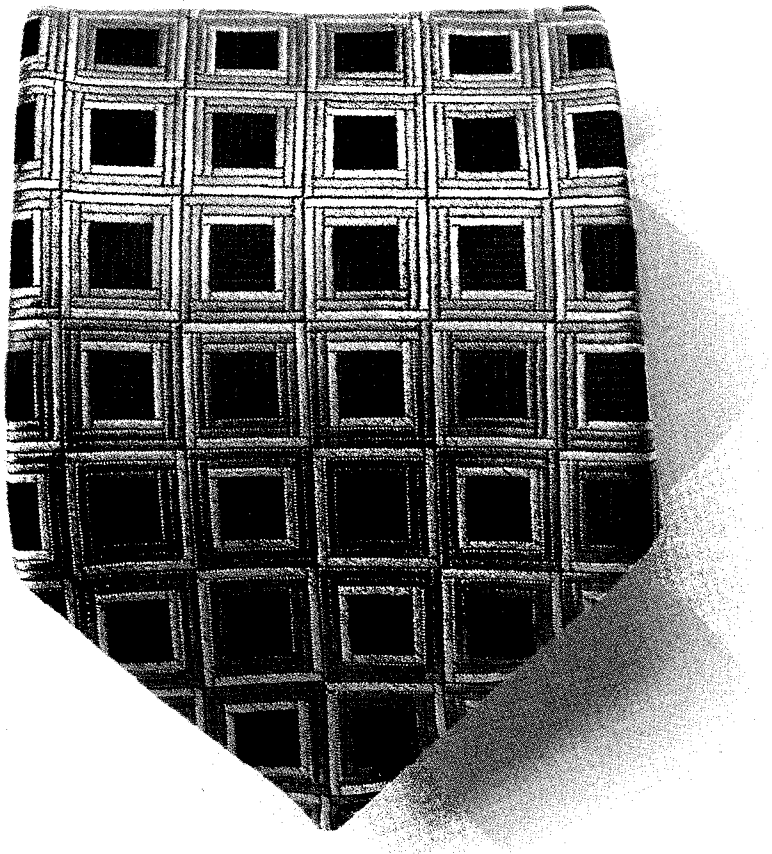


*1995 Continental available January 1995.
†Available on Mark VIII models produced after 10/17/94.

LINCOLN
What A Luxury Car Should Be

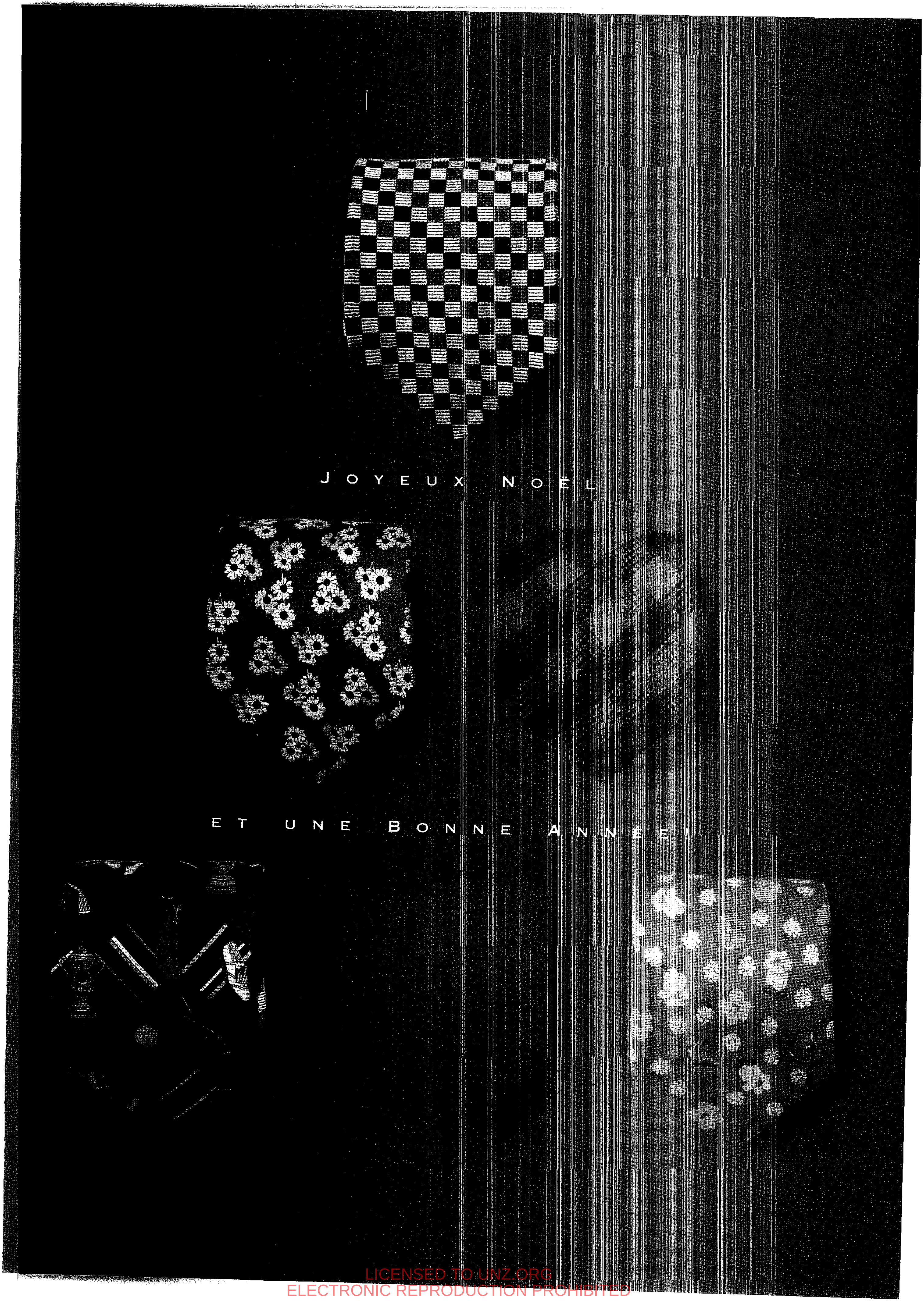
FAÇONNABLE

DESIGNED IN FRANCE
BY ALBERT GOLDBERG



EXCLUSIVELY AT
NORDSTROM

WASHINGTON, OREGON, CALIFORNIA, UTAH, ALASKA, VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, NEW JERSEY, ILLINOIS AND MINNESOTA; 1-800-695-8000.
FAÇONNABLE BOUTIQUES ARE ALSO IN PARIS, NICE, CANNES, SAINT-TROPEZ, MONTE CARLO, MARSEILLE, LYON, STRASBOURG, AIX-EN-PROVENCE,
MONTPELLIER, TOULOUSE, AVIGNON AND BRUXELLES. FAÇONNABLE NEW YORK BOUTIQUE ON FIFTH AVENUE AT 54TH STREET; (212) 319-0111.


JOYEUX NOEL
ET UNE BONNE ANNÉE !

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29				

THE THEATRE

Back on Broadway

In 1979, a twenty-eight-year-old Jack Hofsiss won every award in the book for his direction of "The Elephant Man." High on success, he spent the next few years shuttling between Los Angeles and New York, doing theatre and movies and dealing with the usual ups and downs of a career. "Then, in 1985," he says, "I dove into a pool, and everything changed." He was talking about an accident that left him wheelchair-bound—a condition that "has informed all my work ever since."

That accident loomed large for him during the past few weeks, as he prepared Michael Cristofer's Pulitzer Prize-winning 1977 drama "The Shadow Box" for its opening last weekend at Circle in the Square (which is lit again after an eighteen-month hiatus). Although the play isn't Hofsiss's story—it concerns three terminally ill patients and their families—it touches on feelings he's familiar with: "I survived, but I know what it's like to deal with the possibilty of monumental loss." Though there have been angrier approaches to the subject of dying since the première of "The Shadow Box," he is adamant when he declares that the play has not dated: "Questions about life and death will always be in vogue."

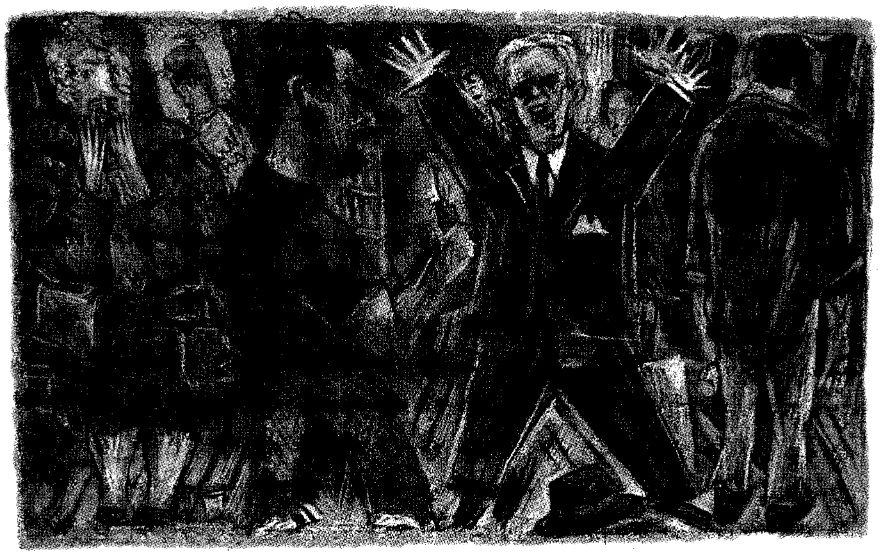
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

A Christmas Carol—A musical adaptation of the Dickens holiday favorite, courtesy of Nickelodeon Family Classics and Madison Square Garden. Walter Charles leads a ninety-member cast. In previews. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 307-7171.)

Commedia Tonite!—A production by the Lark Theatre Company that combines a seventeenth-century Italian play ("The Three Cuckolds") with several American works from the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Previews through Nov. 26. Opens Nov. 27 at 3. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

"Gypsy of the Year" Competition—Principals and chorus members of Broadway and Off Broadway shows perform in this sixth annual benefit event. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. Nov. 29 at 3. Tickets available at the door on a first-come, first-served basis.)



Patti Allison, Tony Coleman, and Paul Ronan, in "Public Enemy."

RUSSELL CHRISTIAN

Hapgood—Stockard Channing heads up a British intelligence agency in the New York première of this 1988 play by Tom Stoppard. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Slavs! Thinking About the Longstanding Problems of Virtue and Happiness—A satirical new play by Tony Kushner. Mary Shultz, Marisa Tomei, and Joseph Wiseman are in the cast. Previews begin Nov. 25. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

What's Wrong with This Picture?—A comedy by Donald Margulies about an odd Brooklyn family, with Faith Prince, Alan Rosenberg, Jerry Stiller, and Florence Stanley. Joe Mantello is the director. In previews. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Zooman and the Sign—A revival of a 1980 play by Charles Fuller about a murder in an inner-city neighborhood. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Anatomy of Sound—The Willow Cabin Theatre Company presents an evening of six staged radio plays from the forties by Norman Corwin. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 886-1889.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

The Beaux' Stratagem—George Farquhar's late Restoration comedy, about two well-bred intriguers out to swindle naïve country folk. The Pearl Theatre Company's presentation, directed by Mary Lou Rosato, is held back by a few uneven performances, so it only partly mines the play's abundant cleverness. (Theatre 80, at 80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. *Closes Dec. 10.)*

Blade to the Heat—Set in the black and Latino world of New York in the late fifties, Oliver Mayer's play uses boxing as a means to examine the sexuality of a group of men—prizefighting as a homoerotic battleground. George C. Wolfe, in a brilliant display of directorial panache, turns a piece of mediocre writing into sensationally stylized theatre. (11/14/94) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Nov. 27.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

A Cheever Evening—A. R. Gurney's new play, based on eighteen stories by John Cheever, is Cheeveresque in name only, a skin-deep, almost sitcom-like gloss on the writer's disquieting work. The only authentic thing about the evening is the talent of the six delicious actors in the cast. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Cover of Life—In R. T. Robinson's new play, Sara Botsford is a savvy New York reporter sent south to research a cover story

LANCÔME
NUTRIFORCE
DOUBLE NUTRITION
FORTIFIANTE ET RECONFORTANTE
Fortifying Nourishing Creme
LANCÔME
PARIS
LANCÔME
PARIS

New freedom for dry skin.

NUTRIFORCE

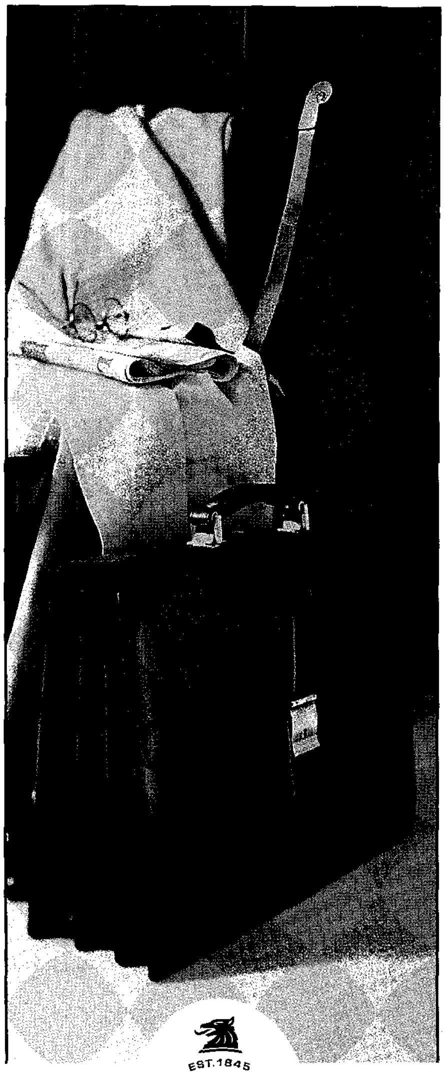
FORTIFYING NOURISHING CREME

To act and feel more like normal skin, dry skin needs more than moisture. Meltingly sheer in texture, Nutriforce…

Works below the surface to encourage dry skin to react more like normal skin. Skin becomes less vulnerable thanks to our moisturizing Lipo-Equilibrium Complex that provides the ideal balance of nourishing botanical oils.

Works on the surface to encourage dry skin to feel normal. Tautness is immediately reversed and suppleness restored with the help of Xeramide Pur,™ a replication of the lipid group discovered by Lancôme to be lacking in dry skin.

NUTRIFORCE:
Liberation for dry skin.



EST. 1845
MARK CROSS
NEW YORK

AT THIS MOMENT, A REMARKABLE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY IS ABOUT TO PRESENT ITSELF IN LONDON, AND THERE'S ONE SEAT AVAILABLE IN FIRST CLASS.

Introducing the Regent Business Collection. Available at Mark Cross and select department stores. For more information or a catalogue, please call 800-281-7716.

NEW YORK / SAN FRANCISCO
HOUSTON / BOSTON / BOCA RATON
BAL HARBOUR / COSTA MESA

MARK CROSS
AN ACCESSORY TO ELEGANCE

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

for *Life* about three Louisiana women gallantly making sacrifices while the three brothers they're married to are off fighting the Second World War. Peter Masterson directed; the acting is clear, the staging effective, and the drama poignant. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of Mr. Abbott). But the cast, which includes Victor Garber, delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Das Barbecü—A musical comedy inspired by Wagner's "Ring" cycle and set in Texas. The book and lyrics are by Jim Luigs and the score is by Scott Warrender. Christopher Ashley is the director. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave. 307-4100.)

The Diva Is Dismissed—Jenifer Lewis has a good voice, good looks, and good comic timing in her one-woman show. Billed as "the queen of camp," she isn't quite as outrageous as the title suggests. Less humility would deliver more glee. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 11.)

Doctor Faustus—It's the old story, and at times it drags in the telling, but the Independent Theatre Company's production of Christopher Marlowe's late-sixteenth-century play is a well-deserved showcase for the troupe's lead actor and artistic director, Paul Todaro. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes Nov. 26.)

Durang Durang—Short plays written by Christopher Durang. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers Do the Impossible!—Just in from London's Criterion Theatre, the Brothers have brought their new show to Broadway. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

The Gift Horse—In the Jewish Repertory Theatre's production of a new comedy by Michael Hardstark, the Orthodox father-in-law of an inveterate gambler figures out how to use Hebrew numerology to pick winners at the track. It's a nostalgia piece, but the actors break through the limits of the writing. Directed by Robert Kalfin. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Nov. 27.)

The Glass Menagerie—Tennessee Williams' most transparently autobiographical play, in a fascinating production directed by Frank Galati. Julie Harris, as the rueful and desperate Amanda Wingfield, does a superb job of letting the play speak quietly through the character. Calista Flockhart brings an affecting delicacy to the role of Laura; the droll and dreamy Željko Ivanek plays Tom; and Kevin Kilner is the gentleman caller. (11/21/94) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Brooke Shields recently joined the cast. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hey Buddy—A play by Bryan Goluboff, with Mark Auerbach as a Jewish kid seeking revenge after being beaten by a gang. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Dec. 4.)

Inside Out—A six-woman musical extolling the benefits of group therapy; the actors do more with their roles than you'd expect, and their voices are strong. Henry Fonte's direction is sometimes heavy-handed, but Gary Slavin's choreography enriches every song. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Irish Repertory Theatre—Presenting two lively and literate shows in repertory: "Mother of All the Behans," with Rosaleen Linehan, and "Alive, Alive Oh!," with Milo O'Shea and Kitty Sullivan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—The comedian's new show. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Killer Joe—A black comedy, set in a Texas trailer park, about a son who plots to kill his mother for the insurance money. With David Mogentale and Danna Lyons. Written by Tracy Letts. (29th Street Repertory Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. 465-0575.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The eight gay men in Terrence McNally's beautifully written new drama connect in ways that almost any nuclear family would envy. Under the nimble direction of Joe Mantello, seven actors (including Stephen Spinella, Stephen Bogardus, John Glover—doing double duty as identical twins—and the wonderful Nathan Lane) present humbling evidence of what love is and can be. (11/14/94) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Put the Ridiculous Theatrical Company and Shakespeare's comedy together and you get ridiculousness of a very high order indeed. Under the direction of Everett Quinton (who plays Bottom and Pyramus), the large cast, featuring many veteran Ridiculi and a few newcomers, puts on a well-paced and spirited performance. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Night Seasons—Horton Foote is a master at enclosing tragedies in small, ordinary events. In this play, which he also directed, he recounts forty-six years in the fractious history of a prosperous Texas family, focussing on how the clan's matriarch (Jean Stapleton) defers the dreams of her never married daughter (Hallie Foote), not out of ill will but, more poignantly, through complacent neglect. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 4.)

Nunsense 2: The Sequel—The second coming of writer-director Dan Goggin's hit. Five talented actresses take the veil and perform a revue to raise money for their convent. There's dancing, singing, boozing, and bingo, but none of it saves the show from the clutches of cliché. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shea and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Public Enemy—Kenneth Branagh's play is not much more than a moody knockabout, but it does offer an enticing conceit: a Belfast boy (Paul Ronan) works the night-club circuit as a Jimmy Cagney impersonator until the Troubles turn his gangster fantasies into real-life drama. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

The Shadow Box—A revival of Michael Cristofer's 1977 play, with Mary Alice, Estelle Parsons, Mercedes Ruehl, and Marlo Thomas. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Show Boat—Harold Prince's bighearted production of the 1927 Jerome Kern–Oscar Hammerstein II musical is epic-size, full of life and full of vision. With John McMartin and Elaine Stritch as the patriarch and the matriarch of the floating theatre, and Lonette McKee, whose moving rendition of "Bill" is the show's most intimate moment. (10/17/94) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Simpatico—A new play by Sam Shepard, with Beverly D'Angelo, Marcia Gay Harden, Ed Harris, James Gammon, and Welker White. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 11.)

Some People—Danny Hoch's one-man show features thirteen New York characters. Jo Bonney directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 11.)

Sunset Boulevard—Glenn Close stars as Norma Desmond in Andrew Lloyd Webber's new musical. Based on the 1950 movie and directed by Trevor Nunn, the show also features George Hearn, Alan Campbell, and Alice Ripley. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.)

THAT'S LIFE!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

3 POSTCARDS—Craig Lucas and Craig Carnelia have reworked their 1987 musical, which explores the friendship of three women (Johanna Day, Amy Kowallis, and Amanda Naughton) as they go from childhood through adulthood, and watching it is like reëxperiencing the tedium of growing up—you wonder what it's all about and when it will be over. David Pittu takes the men's roles, and Steve Freeman provides piano accompaniment. Presented by Circle Rep. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 11.)

THREE TALL WOMEN—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

UNCOMMON WOMEN AND OTHERS—In Wendy Wasserstein's 1977 paean to Seven Sisterhood, five Mount Holyoke alumnae get together a few years after graduation and compare notes on the ways in which they and the world have and have not lived up to their expectations. Carole Rothman's production goes for maximum laughs and minimum emotional impact. The cast includes Jessica Lundy, Mary McCann, and Haviland Morris. (11/14/94) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

VITA & VIRGINIA—Vanessa Redgrave and Eileen Atkins star in this play that Ms. Atkins adapted from the letters of Vita Sackville-West and Virginia Woolf. Zoe Caldwell is the director. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

WHY WE HAVE A BODY—The New York première of Claire Chafee's wise and funny play, about a lesbian private eye (Jayne Atkinson), a convenience-store robber (Nancy Hower), and their mother (Trish Hawkins), who has vanished in Peru but still pops up occasionally. The play teeters on the edge of absurdity but never gets weirder than your own life might. Directed by Evan Yionoulis. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes here Nov. 27; moves to a theatre to be announced, in December.)

YOU SHOULD BE SO LUCKY—A long and largely unrewarding comedy written by and starring the talented drag performer Charles Busch. The gimmick is that here he appears in trousers, as a shrinking-violet electrologist who comes into his own via an unlikely benefactor (Stephen Pearlman). Nell Campbell, who has the hardest-working legs in show business, plays his sister, and Julie Halston is a veritable force of nature as a Scarsdale matron. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes here Nov. 27; moves to the Westside Theatre, in December.)

LONG RUNS

ALL IN THE TIMING: John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **ANGELS IN AMERICA:** "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 4.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

WANTED: X-CHEERLEADERS—A piece by Kim Irwin and Jody Oberfelder, starring a squad of former cheerleaders ranging in age from nineteen to fifty-six. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Nov. 25-26 at 7:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Nov. 23 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Red Angels," "Songs of the Auvergne," "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 8: "Ancient Airs and Dances," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Symphonic Dances," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Red Angels," "Ancient Airs and Dances," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 1: "Symphonic Dances," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 7: "Symphonic Dances," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 26.)

GARTH FAGAN DANCE—Nov. 23 and Nov. 26 at 8, and Nov. 27 at 7:30: "Prelude," "Draft of Shadows," "Postcards: Pressures & Possibilities," and excerpts from "Griot New York." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 8: "Telling a Story," "Postcards: Pressures & Possibilities," and "Traipsing Through the May." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2: Excerpts from "Griot New York," "Never Top 40 (Jukebox)," "Postcards: Pressures & Possibilities," and "Moth Dreams." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

PINA BAUSCH—With her Tanztheater Wuppertal, in "Two Cigarettes in the Dark." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Nov. 23 at 8.)

BALLET HISPANICO—Nov. 29 at 7:30: The premières of "¡Sí, Señor! Es Mi Son!," "Good Night Paradise," and "El Baquiné." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Dec. 11.)

TIFFANY
©T&CO. 1994

A Good Watch

Enduring style from the Tiffany Classics Collection of timepieces crafted by Tiffany & Co. in Switzerland. Power Reserve in eighteen karat gold with manual wind power indicator, $3,600. Rectangle in stainless steel, $1,100. Tonneau in eighteen karat gold, $2,500. To inquire: 800-526-0649.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHICAGO DALLAS HOUSTON OAK BROOK
PALM BEACH PHILADELPHIA SAN DIEGO SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA TORONTO TROY WASHINGTON, D.C.

NIGHT LIFE

Twister

Everyone wants to work with the guitarist Marc Ribot. Over the past decade, his twisted solos and jagged rhythm fills have appeared on records by Tom Waits, Elvis Costello, Laurie Anderson, and Allen Ginsberg, to name a few satisfied customers, and his inspired session work has earned him numerous Best Guitarist awards. Earlier this year, the forty-year-old New Jersey native released an instrumental record called "Shrek"—a Kafkaesque jumble of mutant guitars, insect mating cries, metallic wailing, and screeching feedback.

Ribot is always performing somewhere in New York, but most of the time he's part of a large combo. On November 27, he'll make a rare solo appearance, at the Mercury Lounge. The gig will feature two new works: "The Book of Heads," a John Zorn piece for solo guitar that Ribot describes as "amazingly hard," and his own "Music for the Lumpen Guitar," a medley of standards ("Ol' Man River," etc.) performed on a funky guitar he bought on the street for twenty dollars. The pieces are, as Ribot puts it, "once removed," because the songs have already been ripped apart by other rebels like Thelonious Monk and Albert Ayler. It may all sound hopelessly deconstructionist, but Ribot, who began his career in Wilson Pickett's backup band, insists, "I don't have to do anything. The songs sort of deconstruct all by themselves."

CONCERTS

Joe Jackson—Like Elvis Costello, that other Angry Young Man of the late seventies, this acerbic English songwriter has reached middle age with his adventurous spirit intact. Onstage, he'll be taking an intimate approach—his acoustic piano supported by a small group of vocalist-instrumentalists—on new material from "Night Music," his current release, and on unplugged versions of classics like "Look Sharp!" and "It's Different for Girls." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 28-29 at 8.)

Bryan Ferry—With Combustible Edison. (Beacon Theatre. Nov. 23 at 8.)

Basia—Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. Nov. 23 and Nov. 25-27 at 8.

Arlo Guthrie—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 25-26 at 8.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **WESLIA WHITFIELD** is currently in the midst of an extended run. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, weekends to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Nov. 25-26: The **BILL SAXTON** quartet. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Nov. 23-27: A double bill featuring the **STANLEY TURRENTINE** quintet and the **MARK WHITFIELD** quartet. Whitfield's a young guitarist with chops to spare and a bit too much desire to tell the world about it. He has just released a blues album, "True Blue," and it seems that depth may well be replacing flash. On Nov. 27, a lineup of special guests will pay tribute to the late Carmen McRae. The legendary **DAVE BRUBECK** arrives on Nov. 29. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through Nov. 27: a trio featuring **RUSSELL MALONE, NORMAN SIMMONS,** and **IRA COLEMAN.** Malone is the new guitarist on the block and he has two compatriots to see him through: Simmons, one of the great piano accompanists, and bassist Ira Coleman, a younger player who's rapidly becoming a fixture around town. Dining.

Cajun, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is currently home to **BOBBY SHORT.** Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tickling; nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-seventh year at the Carlyle, Short can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano. Carroll's timing is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato figures and double-time sprints. Her vast repertoire has been know to include a funny "Sweet Georgia Brown" and a lilting, secret "Here's That Rainy Day."

Marc Ribot at the Mercury Lounge.

KAREN CALDICOTT

Cornelia Street Café, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—Nov. 26: The modern bassist and composer **ED SCHULLER** leads a trio featuring George Schuller on drums and Fred Favarel on guitar. He has the pedigree (he's musicologist Gunther Schuller's son) and the clout (Dewey Redman and Paul Motian have recorded as *his* sidemen) to merit serious attention. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Through Nov. 27: Pianist **LYNNE ARRIALE** leads a trio, with vocalist **KEVIN MAHOGANY.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The great **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Thursdays through Sundays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Nov. 26: the **LEGACY QUINTET,** a fine new combo. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Nov. 25-26: **RUSS KASSOFF** and **LINC MILLMAN.**

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Nov. 23-24: For over thirty years, the **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO** has lived up to its motto, "Great Black Music Ancient to the Future," and they're still ready to produce a multicultural mind warp at a moment's notice. They haven't been to New York in quite some time and the jubilant daring of their sonic theatre has been sorely missed. Nov. 28: **WAYNE HORVITZ** and **ROBIN HOLCOMB** are part of that other Seattle scene, the one comprising new-jazz and new-music expatriates from New York's downtown scene. Horvitz is a scrupulous keyboard eclectic who traffics only in surprises; Holcomb's poetic songs of rural mythology have a force that belies their composer's understated performance style. Nov. 29: **ARTO LINDSAY.** . . . ¶ Downstairs, in the AlterKnit Theatre, saxophonist **TIM BERNE** and **BLOODCOUNT** play on Nov. 23. A mainstay of the city's new-jazz scene, the saxophonist makes music in a skewed language all his own—lyrical yet fractured, rigorous yet edgy with vitality. Nov. 25: **RALPH PETERSON'S FO'TET.** Somehow the restraint and taste that Peterson displays on his recordings occasionally gets left behind on his way to the drum set. He likes it loud, and usually surrounds himself with players tough enough to weather his barrage. Nov. 29: **JOHN ZORN'S MASADA.**

Le Max, 147 W. 43rd St (764-3705)—Every Wednesday and Thursday evening, **JOHN WALLOWITCH** and **BERTRAM ROSS** present a delightful cabaret revue, the high points of which include an Irving Berlin medley and amusing novelty tunes like "Mahatma Gandhi" and "Bagel and Lox." Dining.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—Nov. 23-27: The **ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE.** Jones has lost none of his explosive energy or his astonishing ability to move the beat in a thousand directions at once. Tuesdays are given over to the **GEORGE GEE ORCHESTRA,** a seventeen-piece swing band.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The **LOUIS ARMSTRONG LEGACY BAND** is currently in the midst of an extended run. On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. Vocalist **LORNA LUFT** is the star in residence. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor and swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—Through Nov. 27: **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** who now presides over all of jazz piano. Of a poetic cast, Flanagan unreels endlessly supple lines, paying them out at whatever speed they demand. He likes to spread the melody out in chords in the first chorus, then compress the song into brand-new single-note improvisations that contain sudden ascending arpeggios, beautiful little countermelodies, and patches of mock double time. Flanagan will perform tunes from his two recent CDs, "Let's" and "Lady Be Good . . . For Ella."

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Nov. 27: the **HOLLY HOFMANN** quartet. For her coming-out affair at the Vanguard, flutist Hoffman has assembled a can't-fail crew: pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **VICTOR LEWIS,** and the bass saint **RAY BROWN.** On Nov. 29, the only real *band* to arise from the jazz renaissance—led by the man who caused the whole ruckus in the first place, **WYNTON MARSALIS**—begins a

KNOW THE CODE℠

FROM ANY PHONE

dial 1 800 CALL ATT℠

MEANS YOU ALWAYS GET THROUGH (IT'S THE LAW)

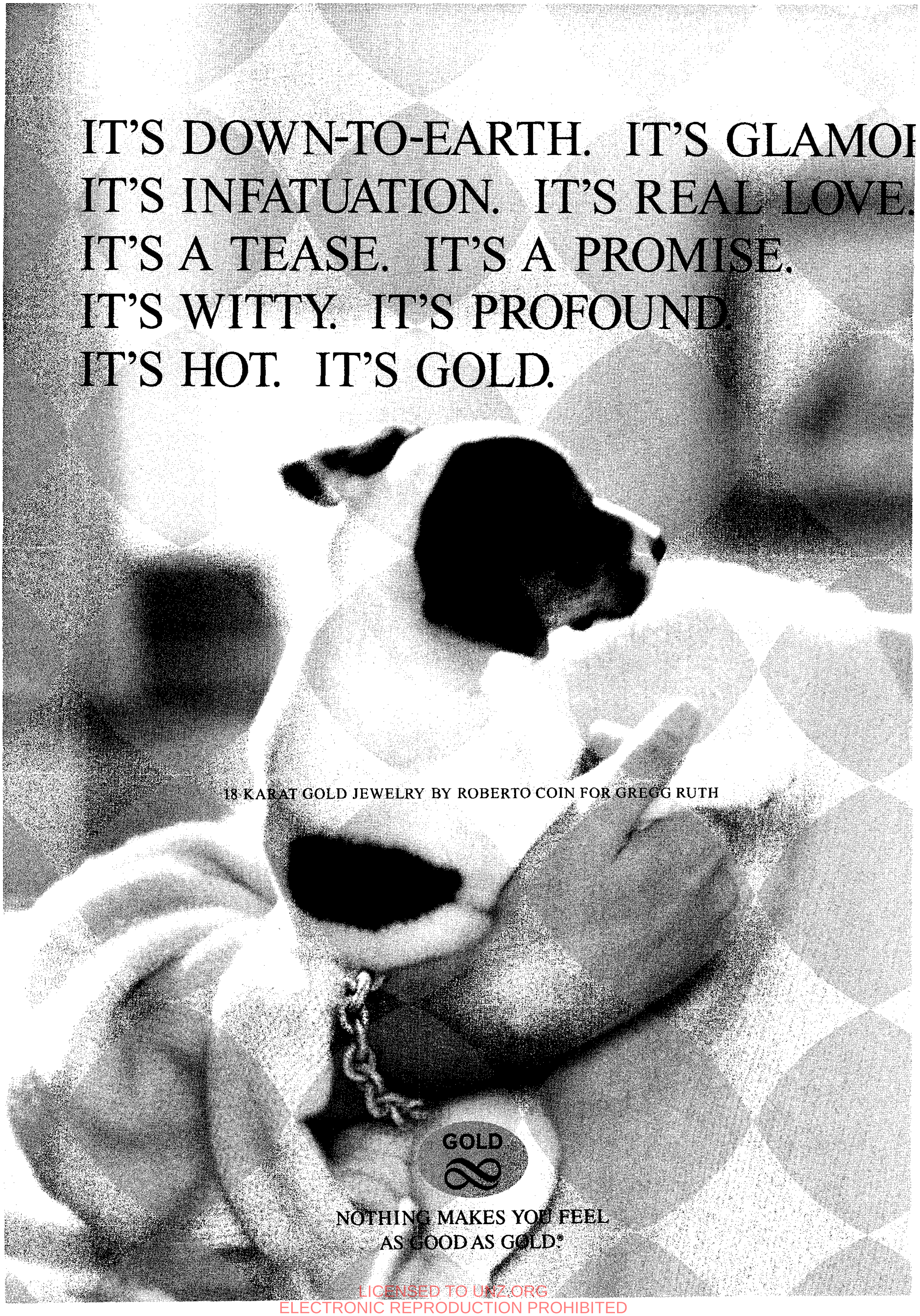
WITH ANY
LOCAL CALLING CARD
AT&T CARD OR
MAJOR CREDIT CARD

YOU ALWAYS GET

AT&T. Your True Voice.℠

AT&T

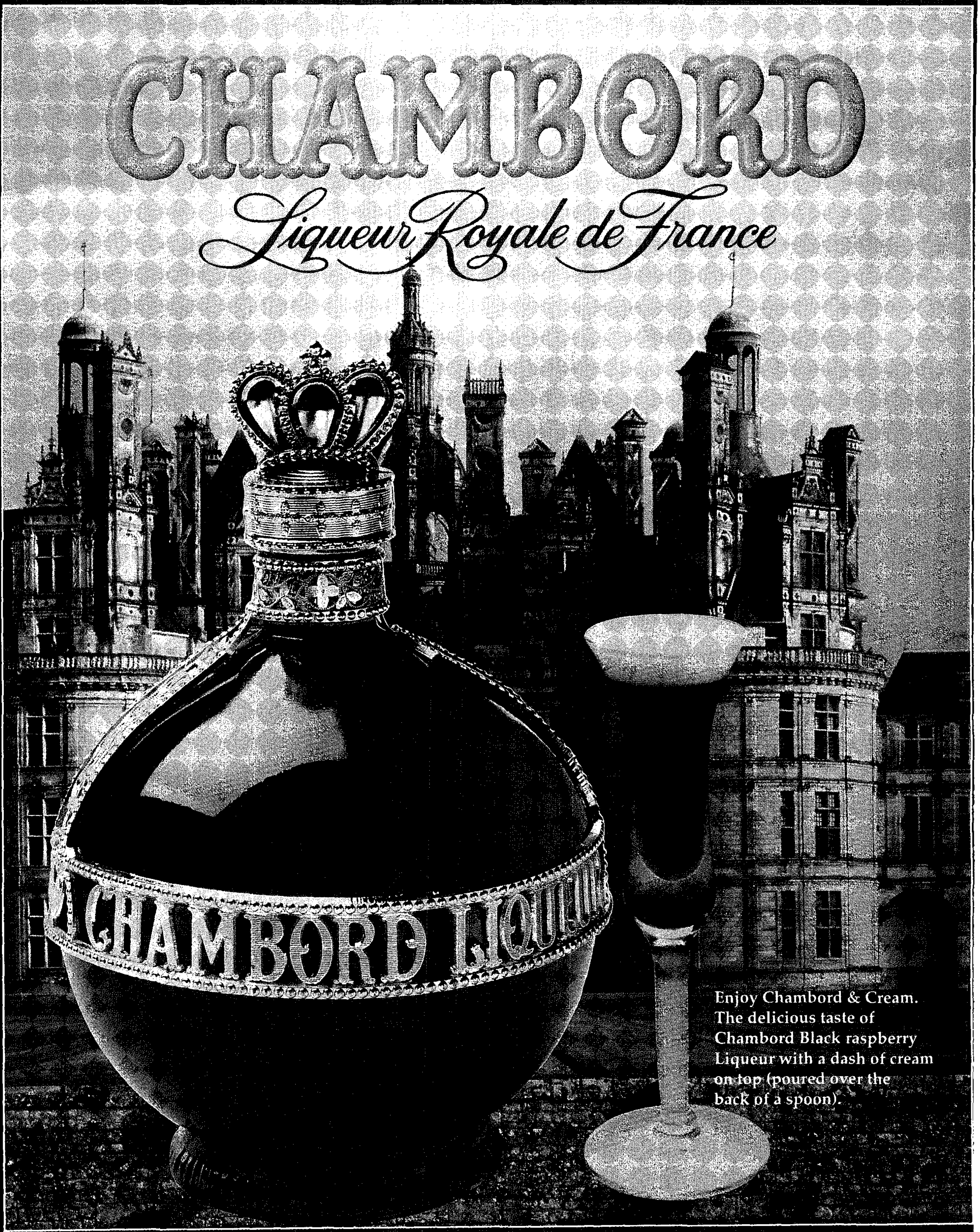
©1994 AT&T


IT'S DOWN-TO-EARTH. IT'S GLAMOR
IT'S INFATUATION. IT'S REAL LOVE.
IT'S A TEASE. IT'S A PROMISE.
IT'S WITTY. IT'S PROFOUND.
IT'S HOT. IT'S GOLD.
18 KARAT GOLD JEWELRY BY ROBERTO COIN FOR GREGG RUTH
GOLD
NOTHING MAKES YOU FEEL
AS GOOD AS GOLD.®

©1994 World Gold Council.

US.

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE
WORLD RENOWNED JEWELERS SINCE 1832
1-800-651-4BBB



Enjoy Chambord & Cream. The delicious taste of Chambord Black raspberry Liqueur with a dash of cream on top (poured over the back of a spoon).

Imported prepared and bottled by La Maison Delan et Cie., Phila., PA 33 Proof

IN THE GLORIOUS TIME OF KING LOUIS XIV THE NOBILITY OF FRANCE JOURNEYED TO THEIR GREAT CHATEAUS WHERE THEY HAD FEASTS CROWNED BY ELEGANT LIQUEURS. CREATED IN THIS ANCIENT TIME, CHAMBORD IS A MAGNIFICENT LIQUEUR MADE WITH RICH FRAMBOISES NOIRES (SMALL BLACK RASPBERRRIES) AND OTHER FRUITS AND HERBS COMBINED WITH DELICIOUS HONEY.

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

six-night run. Working as an ensemble, rather than a group of soloists backed by a rhythm section, Marsalis's septet combines skill and smarts, while leaving plenty of room for the star trumpeter to shine. Reservations are a must. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—Nov. 23-26: **MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH,** a force of nature behind the drum set, leads a septet. No matter what direction the music takes, Smith's percussive whirlwind generates, defines, and determines the course of events. Nov. 29: New York's a treasure trove of exceptional, overlooked saxophonists, and **TED NASH,** a distinguished veteran of the Vanguard Orchestra, is among the most able. He performs with a quartet. Dining.

ROCK, ETC.

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—Nov. 25: The **CRAMPS,** who have been making ghoulish, B-movie rockabilly for more than a decade now. On record, the haunted-house shtick can be tiresome (though the band's new release, "Flamejob," is their best work in years), but live, vocalist Lux Interior and guitarist Poison Ivy can still raise the dead. For concert information, call 249-8870.

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Nov. 24: **MARMALADE** appears, followed by **PROFESSOR SPOON,** on Nov. 25.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Nov. 25: **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Nov. 26: **NRBQ.** Often hailed as the world's greatest bar band, NRBQ can live up to the hype. There just isn't another outfit with such a mastery of virtually every American popular-music idiom, from rockabilly and blues to jazz and swing. Nov. 30: **ADRIAN LEGG.** Located somewhere between Michael Hedges and John Fahey, the English acoustic guitarist Adrian Legg is a brilliant player whose sensitivity and tone are as astounding as his vast technical skills.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A narrow graffiti-strewn cave packed every evening with new and used bands. Nov. 23 belongs to Hoboken's own **SWEET LIZARD ILLTET.** . . . ¶ Next door, at the clean and comfortable CB's Gallery, the **DAGAZ TRIO** plays on Nov. 29.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Nov. 25-26: **PISTOL PETE AND THE PROFESSIONALS.** Nov. 29: **MOOSE AND THE BULLETPROOF BLUES BAND.**

Cleopatra Supper Club, 327 W. 44th St (262-1111)—Live music, belly dancing, and an honest-to-God whirling dervish, every Wednesday through Sunday.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, a skinhead or two—your typical East Village bar. **SEA MONSTER** plays on Nov. 26.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Nov. 25: **RISE ROBOTS RISE.** Every Monday in November, members of the **SCREAMING HEADLESS TORSOS** curate a free evening of noise and art. Wednesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spinoffs.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Nov. 26-28: On the heels of "From the Cradle," his best record in years, **ERIC CLAPTON** appears for three nights of red-hot blues. Tickets should be extremely difficult to come by. . . . ¶ Every Sunday night, the Swing Dance Society salutes the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Kaptain Banana, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—French cabaret *en travesti* in SoHo. Ten dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Dining.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Nov. 25-26: **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS.**

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Nov. 23: **G. LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE.** This dynamite new trio from Philadelphia plays amazingly loose and swinging rap songs—funky odes to John Lee Hooker, hoops, beer, and other low-down pleasures. Vocalist G. Love is boyishly handsome, like the young Elvis, and together with Jeffrey Clemons (on drums) and Jimmy Prescott (on stand-up bass) he has molded a distinctive sound that combines a chicken-shack hip-hop groove with bluesy guitar riffs. In a rap market crowded with busy, overproduced gangsta records, "G. Love and Special Sauce," the band's début, is one of the necessary albums of the year. **FREEDY JOHNSTON** kicks off a two-night run on Nov. 25. Johnston is a young singer-songwriter from Kansas, who has already produced a remarkable batch of tough, literate, haunting songs. He brings a country-punk spirit to folk-rock music, and he has a shot at attracting the kind of intelligent audience that Mary Chapin Carpenter has built for herself. His latest album, "This Perfect World," is another required purchase.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Nov. 26 belongs to the great singer-songwriter **PIERCE TURNER.** Nov. 27: Guitarist **MARC RIBOT** performs solo.

• •

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

Songs from our own hit parade.

MISIRLOU (Dick Dale & His Del-Tones, "Music from the Motion Picture Pulp Fiction").

CRUSH WITH EYELINER (R.E.M., "Monster").

THE WILD ONES (The London Suede, "dog man star").

SUPERSONIC (Oasis, "Definitely Maybe").

SUPERNOVA (Liz Phair, "Whip-Smart").

IF I ONLY KNEW (Tom Jones, "The Lead and How to Swing It").

SECRET (Madonna, "Bedtime Stories").

SO REAL (Jeff Buckley, "Grace").

HOW DO YOU STOP (Joni Mitchell, "Turbulent Indigo").

MOCKINGBIRDS (Grant Lee Buffalo, "Mighty Joe Moon").

THIS AIN'T LIVING (G. Love and Special Sauce, "G. Love and Special Sauce").

DRIVEBY (Neil Young and Crazy Horse, "Sleeps with Angels").

SOUR TIMES (Portishead, "Dummy").

YOUR PAINTED SMILE (Bryan Ferry, "Mamouna").

DANNY BOY (Black 47, "Home of the Brave").

FEET TO THE SUN (Dada, "American Highway Flower").

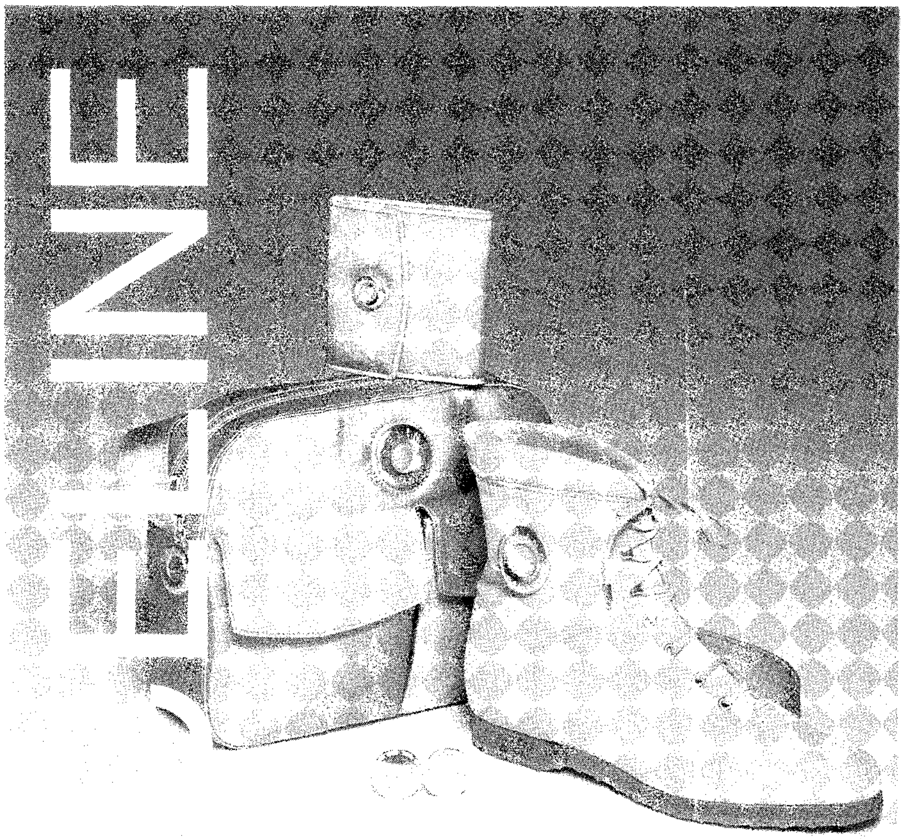
SOMEDAY AFTER A WHILE (Eric Clapton, "From the Cradle").

WHAT YOU WANT IT TO BE (Sugar, "File Under: Easy Listening").

I'VE GOT THE BLUES (Lyle Lovett, "I Love Everybody").

KILLING THE BLUES (Shawn Colvin, "Cover Girl").

THE VANISHING BREED (Robbie Robertson & the Red Road Ensemble, "Music for the 'Native Americans' ").



Shoulderbag $525, wallet $190, boot $485, earrings $115.
Available in black or beige colors, grosgrain canvas or smooth leather.
NEW YORK 51 East 57th Street
For more information, please call 1 800-486-9711

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the cha-cha. **LA ROCKABANDA** is in the house on Nov. 25, followed by **JOHNNY RAY** and **MANNY PACHECO.** Dining.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week, it's another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and a whirling mosh pit. **CANDLEBOX** finishes up a three-night stand on Nov. 23. The **RADIATORS** arrive on Nov. 26. Nov. 28: The heavy-duty Elvis-in-hell sounds of **DANZIG.**

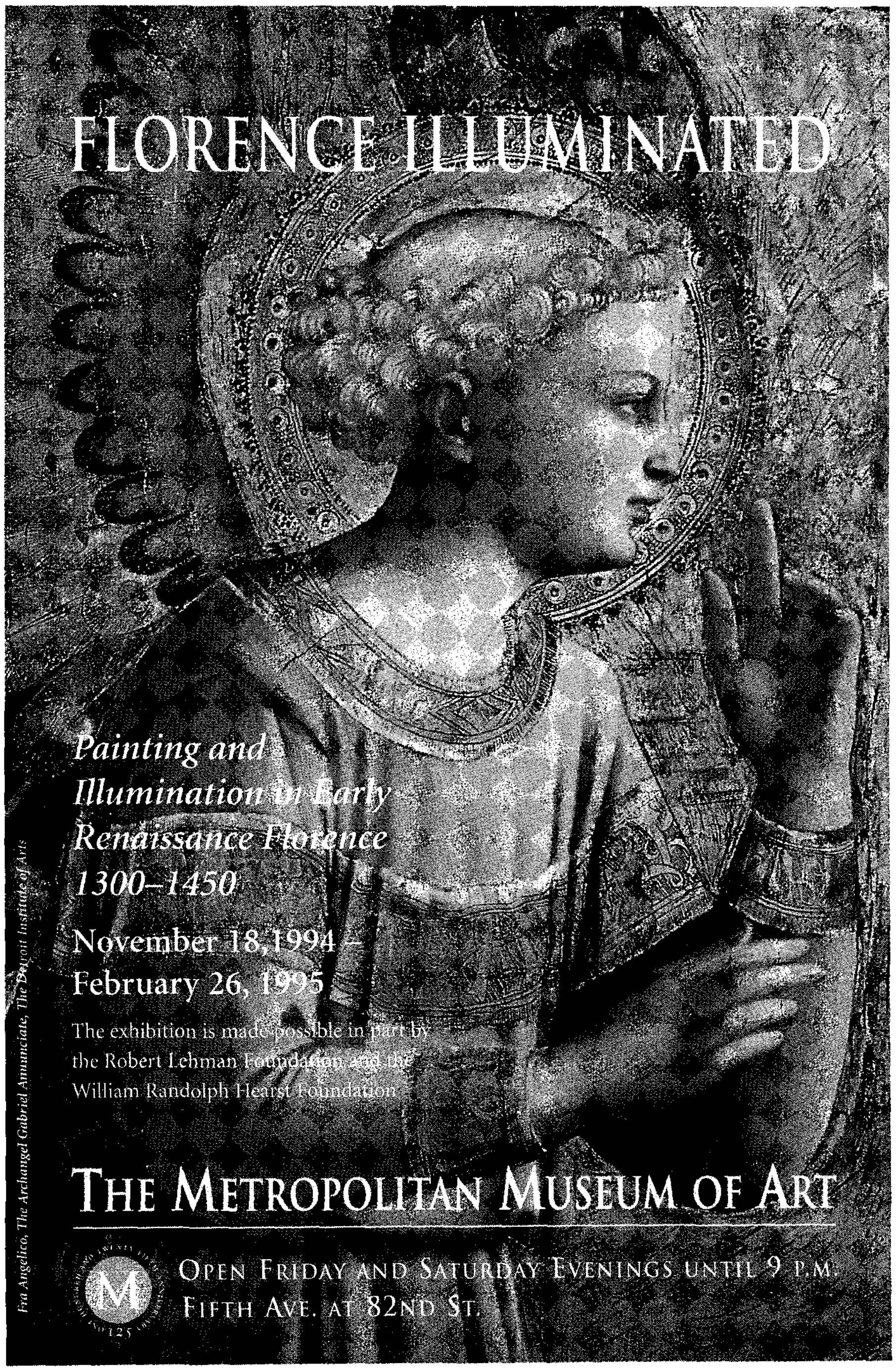
Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On Nov. 23, S.O.B.'s presents an evening of ska music, with **THE TOASTERS** and **SCOFFLAWS.** Nov. 26: The **MIGHTY SPARROW.** Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—**MARISA MONTE,** who performs on Nov. 23, represents the best fusion of Latin passion and Western cool to appear in a long time. Monte's excellent new record, "Rose and Charcoal"—featuring such unlikely collaborators as Laurie Anderson and Philip Glass—was exquisitely produced by former Ambitious Lover Arto Lindsay. Her work sounds like a cross between Antonio Carlos Jobim and Rickie Lee Jones: overflowing with acoustic guitar, hand cymbals, lush bossa-nova grooves, and her effortless Portuguese melodies. Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This broad, spacious, and agreeable club offers a consistent lineup of blues greats, like **JOHNNY COPELAND,** who stops by on Nov. 26.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Nov. 25: The **AUTHORITY** and **BROTHER MUSTARD.**


FLORENCE ILLUMINATED
Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence 1300–1450
November 18, 1994 – February 26, 1995
The exhibition is made possible in part by the Robert Lehman Foundation and the William Randolph Hearst Foundation
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
M
125
OPEN FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 9 P.M.
FIFTH AVE. AT 82ND ST.
Fra Angelico, The Archangel Gabriel Annunciate, The Detroit Institute of Arts

ART

The Spirit Is Willing

Hugh Steers has AIDS, and every one of the paintings and oil sketches in his show at Anderson (476 Broome Street; through December 3) touches on that theme. But the show isn't grim. There's a lot of caustic humor—which somehow gives the paintings an even deeper pathos. And while the artist's figurative approach is traditional, the sensibility behind it, with its mixture of menace and manic energy, is harshly contemporary.

Steers constantly courts failure with his reachy conceits—he draws his ideas from the frayed extremes of metaphor—and the risks give his work its uncomfortable tension. The best of his paintings are like hallucinations. In one picture, a fragile man dressed in white high-heeled mules and a hospital gown has become mysteriously airborne, like a baroque saint. In another, the same man, in the same heels, precariously navigates a bathtub's edge, extending a hand to a figure seated inside in a gesture of strange solicitude. Superhuman feats, envisioned by a painter who has reason to know that the flesh is all too frail.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thomas Eakins and the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Opens Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "The Violin Masterpieces of Guarneri del Gesù." Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ "Painting and Illumination in Early Renaissance Florence, 1300-1450." . . . ¶ "Lucie Rie / Hans Coper: Masterworks by Two British Potters." . . . ¶ "Willem de Kooning: Paintings" includes "Marilyn Monroe" (1954), a powerful evocation of soft female sexuality. Unlike most of the terrifying de Kooning women, it's actually alluring. (There is a concurrent show of de Kooning's work at the Stone gallery.) . . . ¶ "The Photographs of Édouard Baldus: Landscapes and Monuments of France." Shots from the nineteenth century. . . . ¶ "Origins of Impressionism" begins with paintings seen at the historic and influential Salon of 1859 and includes nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. . . . ¶ Gowns, daywear, and costume jewelry by Mme. Grès, a French designer active from 1930 to 1988, are on display in the Costume Institute. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "Pharaoh's Gifts: Stone Vessels from Ancient Egypt." . . . ¶ The Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works includes paintings by Picasso and Renoir. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "American Impressionism and Realism: Drawings, Prints, and Photographs" features work from the museum's collection. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Projects: Ann Hamilton." . . . ¶ "Rem Koolhaas and the Place of Public Architecture." . . . ¶ "A Century of Artists Books." . . . ¶ "Mapping" features some twenty works of art devoted to the role of cartographic fact and fantasy in contemporary art. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ "American Politicians: Photographs from 1843 to 1993" bears witness to the metamorphoses in our notions of the private and the public self.

"Marques De Villena" Parador, Alarcon. Cuenca.

We built them to keep you out. We've rebuilt them to keep you in.

When the first drawbridge was lowered on a Spanish parador, castles in Spain became more than a dream. Since then, these state-owned inns, many of which are ancient monuments, have opened up some of Spain's more remote and beautiful countryside. You could easily find yourself staying in a king's palace or a centuries-old convent. Of course, active diversions abound: many paradors have swimming pools, tennis courts, golf courses, water sports, fishing and even big-game hunting at their doorsteps. All boast some of Spain's finest regional cuisine – many of the recipes are as old as the buildings themselves. Traditionally, paradors are located a day's car ride apart. So you can relax even further, knowing that you won't have to fight your way into your hotel. And with today's strong dollar you may never want to say good-bye.

ESPAÑA

Spain. Passion for life.

Yes, I want to take advantage of today's strong dollar. Please rush me information on Spain.

Tourist Office of Spain • New York: 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. Tel: (212) 759-8822 • Chicago: 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611. Tel: (312) 642-1992 • Miami: 1221 Brickell Ave., Suite 1850, Miami, FL 33131. Tel: (305) 358-1992 • Los Angeles: 8383 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Tel: (213) 658-7188

Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________ State ______ Zip ______

AMNKK28C

ART–Cont'd

The enormous variety of images ranges from the well-known, carefully posed Brady and Gardner portraits of Lincoln to more recent and spontaneous-seeming pictures that have had just as much to do with our perceptions of public figures—Jacques Lowe's images of the Kennedys, for example. Lowe's photographs, with their Camelot-era exhilaration, seem almost surreal, like frozen slices of performance art. But then politics has always been a performance art. . . . ¶ "Cy Twombly: A Retrospective." (A concurrent show of his works is at the Gagosian gallery.) . . . ¶ "The Prints of Louise Bourgeois" focusses on the artist's etchings and lithographs. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943-68." Chairs, typewriters, a case of fabulous shoes, a car, a vacuum cleaner—even some painting and sculpture. Although this massive exhibition, which examines the way Italy reinvented itself after the Second World War, sprawls around the rotunda with no real logic, it's a potent reminder of the impact that Italian art and design have had in the past half century. And it's a fun crawl. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Black Male: Representations of Masculinity in Contemporary American Art." . . . ¶ "Jess: A Grand Collage, 1951-1993." Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ "Neil Jenney: Natural Rationalism." Oil-on-wood landscape paintings from the past fifteen years, by the genius of the short-lived "bad painting" movement of the late sixties and early seventies. Jenney's landscapes speak to the anxieties of the post-industrial era rather than reflecting the expansive optimism of traditional American landscape; characterized by a dry, finicky, seamless finish, the paintings are airtight, formally as well atmospherically. Through Dec. 11. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

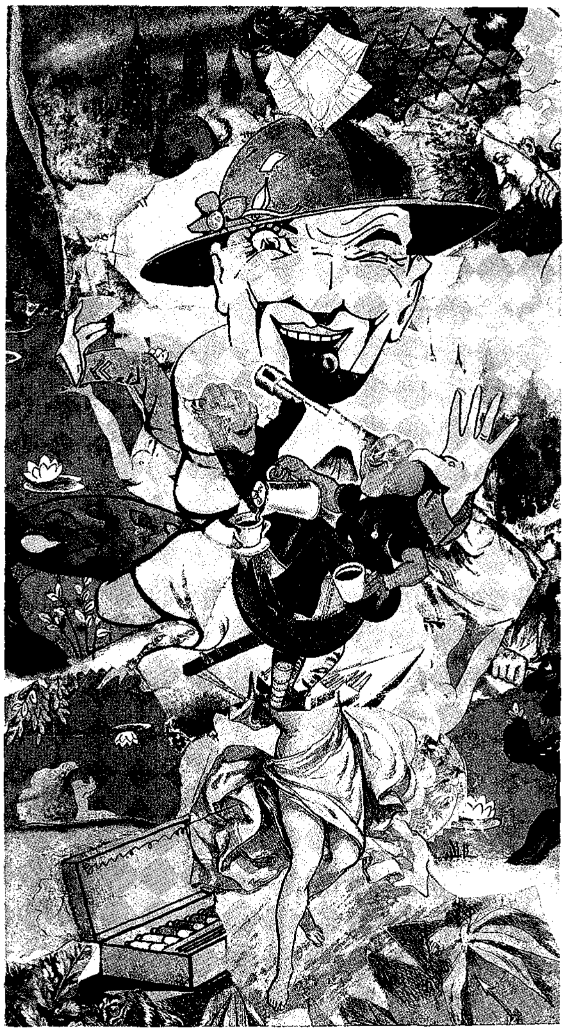
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru and one of the world's major ancient civilizations. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World. . . . ¶ "Empires Beyond the Great Wall: The Heritage of Genghis Khan." Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Realms of Heroism: Indian Paintings at the Brooklyn Museum." . . . ¶ Dale Chihuly's "The Brooklyn Wall," an installation of blown glass, is on view in the lobby. . . . ¶ Selected works of Leon Polk Smith, an American abstract painter. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Revivals! Diverse Traditions: 1920-45," the second installment in a project devoted to American crafts in the twentieth century, focusses on contributions of African American, Appalachian, Hispanic, and Native American practitioners. . . . ¶ "Form and Light: Contemporary Glass from the Permanent Collection." (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection." Every piece in this exquisite collection of Asian art coolly proclaims quality: a Korean stoneware jar is indescribably elegant; a copper sculpture from India—Krishna dancing over a vanquished demon, its serpentine tail echoing the god's heavenly form—is a little ode to joy. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day and Nov. 25.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"At the Dragon Court." Gorgeous silk-and-gold-embroidered rank badges worn by the mandarins at the imperial court during the Ming and Qing dynasties (from the late-fourteenth to early-twentieth centuries). The symbolism has the usual Chinese felicity, proclaiming status with exactitude and clarity. Civil servants were identified with auspicious birds, from the crane (first rank) to the paradise flycatcher (ninth rank). Military officers wore emblems with ferocious wild beasts—leopards and tigers and bears. Feather-thin gold and iridescent peacock feathers were wrapped around threads, and then laid down as embroidery; coral beads and seed pearls were added, giving the badges a dazzling opulence that would put many a twentieth-century couturier to shame. Through Dec. 22. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)



Self-portrait by Bruce Helander (Bonnier).

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"John Constable: Drawings, Watercolors, Oil Sketches, and Paintings from a Private Collection." (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—"Ôtsu-e: Japanese Folk Paintings." (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered." . . . ¶ "Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912-22" features thirty-six paintings, both interiors and portraits, by Cavaglieri (1887-1969), an Italian Jew, whose work recalls the bright colors and thick brushwork of the Fauves. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Day Without Art, December 1, 1994: 'Images of Job.'" Opens Nov. 29. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ "From Patriot to Traitor: Benedict Arnold and the Betrayal of West Point." Opens Nov. 23. . . . ¶ "Charles Dickens: 'A Christmas Carol.'" Opens Nov. 23. . . . ¶ "The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions." The word "great" is overused in the art world: it should be reserved for occasions like this one. All the major schools are represented in this collection, but the French drawings are especially fine, from a sparkling gouache of the Villa d'Este, by Fragonard, to Étienne Louis Boullée's highly finished drawing of a visionary library. Not to mention the Cézannes. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Recovering Popular Culture" includes a bodega exhibit, work by contemporary craftspeople, and an exhibit pairing work from the permanent collection with that of contemporary artists. Next to woven baskets are Rene David Chamizo's undulating rattan wall hangings; the chock-full bodega setup ties in nicely with Pepón Osorio's "La Cama," a heavily decorated bed. If the theme of the show occasionally seems forced, the momentum makes up for it. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

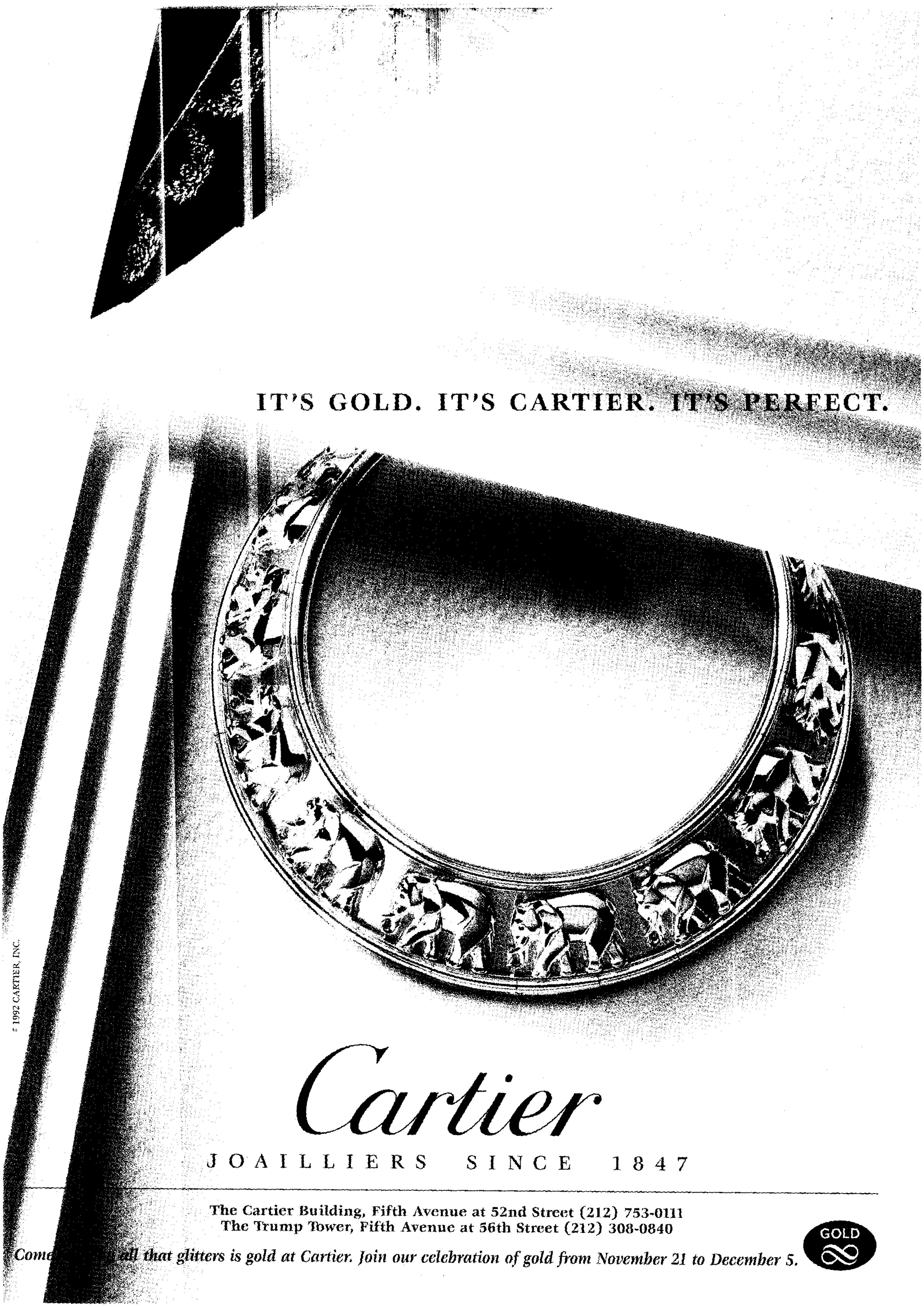
Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Exhibition-*ism*: Museums and African Art." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Ferdinand Hodler: Views and Visions." . . . ¶ "Altered States: Conservation, Analysis, and the Interpretation of Works of Art." Through Nov. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S.—"Contemporary African-American Artists: 1980-94." Through Nov. 27. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, 2 to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green—"Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief." . . . ¶ "All Roads Are Good: Native Voices on Life and Culture." . . . ¶ "This Path We Travel: Celebrations of Contemporary Native American Creativity." (Open daily, 10 to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Visiting Hours: An Installation by Bob Flanagan in Collaboration with Sheree Rose." Flanagan, who has cystic fibrosis, will hold public visiting hours from his hospital-bed installation,



IT'S GOLD. IT'S CARTIER. IT'S PERFECT.

Cartier

JOAILLIERS SINCE 1847

The Cartier Building, Fifth Avenue at 52nd Street (212) 753-0111
The Trump Tower, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street (212) 308-0840

Come [illegible] all that glitters is gold at Cartier. Join our celebration of gold from November 21 to December 5.

GOLD

© 1992 CARTIER, INC.

Did You Know...

...That Julie Andrews is returning to Broadway to star in *Victor/Victoria*?

...That Tuesdays are the easiest nights to get Broadway theatre tickets?

...That you can get all the latest theatre news sent directly from industry insiders to your home, absolutely free?

CELEBRATE BROADWAY

Now, Broadway invites you to receive exclusive bulletins highlighting special opportunities on the Great White Way.

You'll enjoy:

☆ Advance information on Broadway touring productions.

☆ VIP access to special discount offers, packages, events, and the best seats in the house.

☆ Behind-the-scenes insights on the latest productions.

Be among the first to know what's running and how to catch it.

Simply call
1-800-447-6553,
from any touch tone phone
and follow the instructions for code:
30252.

where he will be available to discuss his illness and masochism. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Garbage! The History and Politics of Trash in New York City." . . . ¶ "e.e. cummings @ 100: An Anniversary Exhibition." . . . ¶ "The Raw and the Cooked: Images of Food from the Renaissance to the Present." On the menu are a Dürer engraving of Adam and Eve sharing an apple, and a Berenice Abbott photograph of potatoes. . . . ¶ "Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books." (Open Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Georges Barrère and the Flute in America." . . . ¶ "Screams on Screen: 100 Years of Horror Films." . . . ¶ "New Performance in Found Spaces: Documentary Photographs by Tom Brazil and Dona Ann McAdams." (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. Closes for the season on Nov. 30. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"Invoking the Spirit: Worship Traditions in the African World." Photographs by Chester Higgins, Jr. . . . ¶ "Art in the Service of the Lord: Sacred Art of the Black Church." Contemporary art with religious themes. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1993-94" features work by Bright Bimpong, Russell Malcolm Hamilton, and Marilyn Nance. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day. The following lists lead off with new shows.)

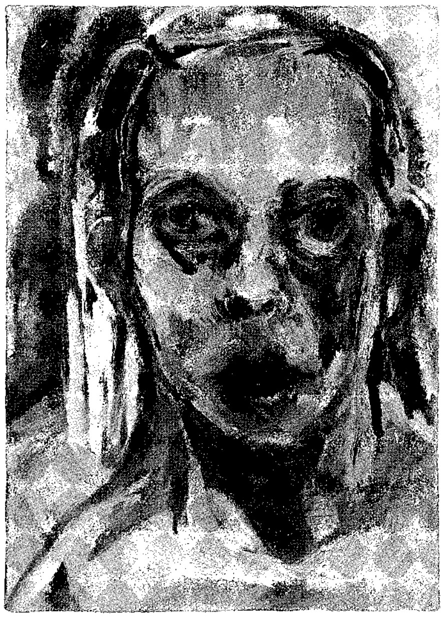
Michael Byron—Representational oil-on-plaster paintings of animals, landscapes, and figures. Opens Nov. 23. Through Jan. 14. (Baron/Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kulicke—Still-lifes of fruits and flowers, mounted in frames designed and made by the artist. Opens Nov. 26. Through Dec. 23. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Fifteen bronze reliefs depicting wartime evils. Opens Nov. 29. Through Jan. 28. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

"Galerie Gérald Piltzer"—Paintings by artists associated with the Paris gallery, who are noted for their use of advanced materials and fluorescent color. Also, abstract works on paper by Clifford Ross. Opens Nov. 29. Through Dec. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St.)

•



Self-portrait by Judy Glantzman (Blum Helman).

Antoine-Louis Barye (1795-1875)—Barye was a careful observer of nature, especially of the big cats in the zoos and menageries of Paris. His mature watercolor style, dark and precise, anticipates Arthur Rackham and other turn-of-the-century book illustrators. The exhibit is a must for children- and animal-lovers. (W. C. Fields would hate it.) Through Dec. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays. A benefit show; general admission is three dollars.)

Niki de Saint Phalle—After the death of her husband, Jean Tinguely, in 1991, a shattered de Saint Phalle envisioned a group of paintings "exploding, then coming together again." The result, on display in two shows, is "Tableaux Éclatés," in which figures affixed to the canvas break apart and reassemble electronically. Despite their anguished origin, the pieces are colorful, flamboyant, and often humorous—children will enjoy them. The exhibit at the James Goodman gallery features paintings done after a recent visit to New York, including "Ganesh," a characteristically bulbous female figure with an octopus-like head and a big belly button. At the Davidson gallery are works done after a revitalizing visit to San Diego. Through Dec. 17. (Both located at 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn (1922-93)—Fifty small oils that show what this versatile paint handler, best known for his large, borderline-abstract landscapes, could do in his spare time. A splashy little canvas of a folded newspaper anticipates Pop art; a row of heads demonstrates his complete mastery of the French and Russian Post-Impressionist idiom. Even the slightest paintings here (a sliced tomato, a coffee cup) have grace and eloquence. Through Dec. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Judy Glantzman—Female adolescence is a risky subject, but these big, untitled, expressionistic paintings are a long way from saccharine. The figures might be de Kooning's women done from the inside—querying instead of menacing, tremulous instead of terrifying. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—Paintings with a black-and-white palette. Through Jan. 7. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Fifty-five paintings from the early thirties to the late sixties. Through Jan. 22. (A retrospective of the artist's work is currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum.) (Stone, 113 E. 90th St.)

Alberto Giacometti (1901-66)—Sixty-three sculptures and ten paintings, ranging from the early twenties to 1965. Through Dec. 10. General admission is five dollars. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Morris Graves—Thirty floral paintings from the past three decades, by an eighty-four-year-old artist. Through Dec. 20. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) / **Katsura Funakoshi**—An exhibit designed to show the monumentality of the artist's small works. / Sculptures and drawings by the Japanese figurative sculptor. Through Jan. 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rebecca Horn—New mechanical sculptures and an installation. Through Dec. 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Reuben Nakian—Mythological bronzes and drawings. Through Dec. 31. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Matthew Radford—Cityscapes of New York and London. Through Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, still-lifes, and self-portraits, by an eighty-two-year-old artist. Through Dec. 23. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

"Head and Shoulders"—A show demonstrating how the classical form of the bust has been reinvented by such contemporary artists as Jeff Koons, Tom Otterness, and Kiki Smith. Also, multilayered works done in chalk and chalkboard paint by Federico Guzmán and friends. Opens Nov. 26. Through Dec. 30. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

◆

Bruce Helander—New collages. Working with printed paper from the twenties through the fifties, the artist that Henry Geldzahler called "the magpie accumulator" weaves together dreamlike images, landscape elements, and snippets of old cartoons. "Coastal Confusion," with its derailed Washington, D.C., trolley and out-of-control conductor, seems particularly pointed after the elections. Through Dec. 3. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Tony Oursler—"Dummies, Flowers, Alters, Clouds, and Organs," a collection of mixed-medium son-et-lumière absurdities. Some are just engagingly dumb, but the best chart fresh terrain in the union of laughter and horror that has remained a constant in the art of this century. Through Nov. 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Charles Arnoldi—Abstract paintings reflecting the environment in California, where the artist lives. Through Dec. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Jean Charles Blais—Abstract works on paper by an artist living in Paris. Through Dec. 3. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Lex Braes—Abstract paintings in the hues of the Scottish highlands, by an artist who knows the landscape. Through Dec. 30. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Mike Cockrill / **Peter Mayer**—Paintings on the theme of the American Dream. / Representational cityscapes. Through Dec. 24. (Foster, 62 Crosby St.)

Chuck Connelly—Paintings of animals dressed up and engaged in human activities. Through Dec. 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Ellen Lanyon—Two series of paintings, the first of metaphysical landscapes and the second of mythical figures in classical friezes. Through Dec. 3. (Zarre, 48 Greene St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Recent paintings of nudes. Through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Marisa Merz—Abstract sculptures made of copper, wax, lead, and clay, by a prominent figure of the Italian Arte Povera movement. Through Dec. 17. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Lee Tracy / **Mark Wright**—Abstract paintings incorporating figures and objects. / Large canvases based on photographs of human cells. Through Jan. 8. (Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Cy Twombly—"Untitled Painting," a monumental, primarily abstract triptych, begun in Italy in 1979. Through Dec. 17. (A retrospective of the artist's work is at the Museum of Modern Art.) (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Juan Usle—Organic abstract paintings by a Spanish artist. Through Dec. 17. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Allan Wexler—Two new sculptures of a mobile expandable kitchen unit and a prefab house. Through Dec. 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Michael Zwack—Paintings and sculptures with images reflecting the artist's memories of his travels. Through Dec. 23. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ilse Bing—Vintage photographs of Parisian dance halls. Through Jan. 7. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David Levinthal—Fifteen large-scale prints that examine Nazi iconography and the horror of the Holocaust. Through Dec. 5. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Gjon Mili (1904-84)—Photographs of actors, entertainers, and other celebrities, taken between 1930 and 1970. Through Dec. 3. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Mario Cravo Neto—Black-and-white prints by a Brazilian photographer. Through Dec. 3. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Leo Rubinfien—Photographs taken from airplanes. Through Dec. 10. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

Cindy Sherman—Four large self-portraits from 1981. Through Dec. 17. (Skarstedt, 42 E. 76th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Three decades of panoramic photographs of urban sites. Through Dec. 3. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

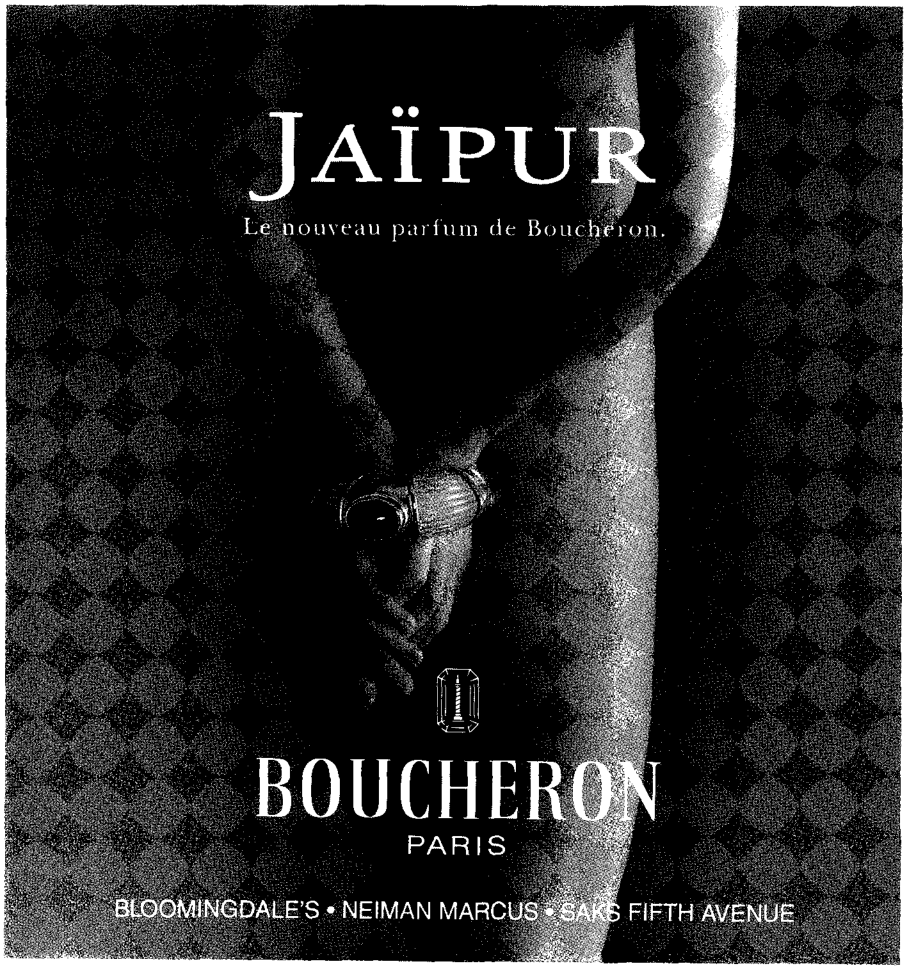
Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—Vintage images of the Appalachia and Gullah regions of South Carolina. Through Dec. 3. (Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St.)

Nick Waplington—More than ten images by an artist best known for surreptitiously placing his own image within his landscape photography. Through Dec. 3. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave. at 94th St.—A retrospective of the work of Cornell Capa, featuring work from *Life* and other magazines. . . . ¶ Forty images of contemporary Russian life, by Hans-Jürgen Burkhard. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Talking Pictures," a delightful exhibition that features photographs and commentary by individuals not generally associated with the medium—Dennis Hopper on Henri Cartier-Bresson, Tony Bennett on Gjon Mili, John Epperson (a.k.a. Lypsinka) on a clip from "Bye Bye Birdie." The show is organized around a simple and ingenious conceit. You wander around with what looks like a cellular phone, dial the number of a particular photograph (there are more than fifty), and listen to, say, Naomi Campbell musing on a great anonymous photograph of Josephine Baker. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Photographs by Arthur Rothstein, who is best known for his work for *Look*. . . . ¶ More than thirty black-and-white photographs of Appalachian Kentuckians, by Shelby Lee Adams. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, and the Schomburg Center.)


JAÏPUR
Le nouveau parfum de Boucheron.
BOUCHERON
PARIS
BLOOMINGDALE'S • NEIMAN MARCUS • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

WARDROBE VERSITILITY

$395 & $495

Dyed-to-match jackets and trousers in superb, year round worsted wool.

Brooks Brothers

VISIT ONE OF OUR 65 BROOKS BROTHERS LOCATIONS ACROSS THE U.S. PLEASE CALL 1-800-274-1816 FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU.

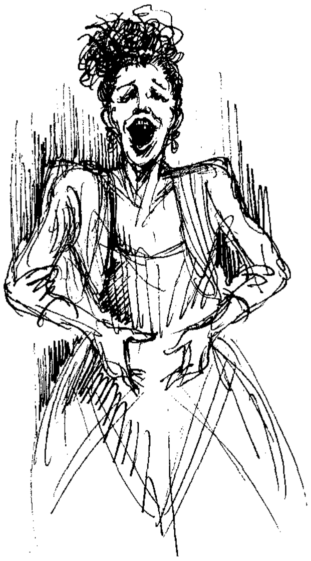
CLASSICAL MUSIC

Finnish Lines

THOUGH it stands at the fringe of Europe, Finland is anything but an artistic outback. High-calibre orchestras and opera companies dot the tundra, and every summer the Savonlinna Opera Festival makes an international splash. The most visible Finn in our own musical landscape has been the Los Angeles Philharmonic's music director, Esa-Pekka Salonen. He and his orchestra will alight at Avery Fisher Hall on November 27-28 with programs that star Finnish music (Sibelius's Symphony No. 2) and talent (pianist Olli Mustonen, playing Ravel), though they also showcase the conductor's affinity for other niches of the repertoire (Bartók, Lutoslawski). The up-and-coming generation also gets a boost on November 29, at the 92nd Street Y, when Young Concert Artists turns its season-opening spotlight on the cellist Jan-Erik Gustafsson.

Both of Finland's major recording labels have recently souped up their American marketing. "A Portrait of Olli Mustonen" (on Finlandia Records) shows off Mr. Salonen's soloist as a persuasive composer as well, in a grab bag of his piano and chamber works. The Ondine label has a potential superstar in Ralf Gothoni, whose disk of Einojuhani Rautavaara's two piano concertos is a must-hear, and whose new recording of Britten's Piano Concerto is nothing short of stunning.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)



Sylvia McNair at Alice Tully Hall.

HANK BLAUSTEIN

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—RIGOLETTO, with Young Ok Shin, Ramon Vargas, and Paolo Gavanelli; conducted by Christian Badea. (Nov. 23 and Nov. 26 at 8.) . . . With Juan Pons instead of Mr. Gavanelli in the title role. (Nov. 29 at 8.) . . . DON GIOVANNI, with Sharon Sweet, Carol Vaness, Hei-Kyung Hong, Jerry Hadley, James Morris, and Bryn Terfel; Leopold Hager. (Nov. 25 and Nov. 28 at 8.) . . . LADY MACBETH OF MTSENSK, by Shostakovich, with Carole Farley, Vladimir Bogachov, Mark Baker, and Valery Alexeyev; James Conlon. (Nov. 26 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

La Gran Scena Opera Company—The guys in guises are back. Heading this year's cast are the imperious Vera Galupe-Borzkh (who uncannily resembles Ira Siff), the telegenic Sylvia Bills ("America's Most Beloved Retired Diva," when not impersonating Joe Simmons), and the ample Gabriella Tonnoziti-Casseruola ("The World's Oldest Living Diva," who, in her salad days, might have been mistaken for Keith Jurosko). (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Nov. 26 at 8 and Nov. 27 at 7. Through Dec. 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 23 and Nov. 25-26 at 8 and Nov. 29 at 7:30: Kurt Masur conducts Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Elisabeth Leonskaja) and a selection of the composer's waltzes. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2: An ensemble from the orchestra plays Tchaikovsky's D-Major String Quartet, and Mr. Masur leads a selection of the composer's waltzes.

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Presenting Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 5 (with Yaakov Rubinstein) as well as concertos by Vivaldi (with trumpeters Alex Holton and Yossi Clement) and Leopold Mozart (with Mr. Holton). (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Nov. 27 at noon.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting. Nov. 27 at 3: Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra" (Op. 16), Ravel's G-Major Piano Concerto (with Olli Mustonen), and Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 8: Beethoven's "Consecration of the House Overture," Lutoslawski's Symphony No. 4, and Sibelius's Symphony No. 2.

Philadelphia Orchestra—David Zinman conducts Haydn's Symphony No. 87, Sibelius's Symphony No. 7, and Beethoven's Violin Concerto (with Kyung Wha Chung). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 29 at 8.)

RECITALS

Piano à la Française—A mini-festival of French keyboard music, at Alice Tully Hall, played on historic and modern instruments. Nov. 23 at 8: Piano works by Debussy, Ravel, Messiaen, Fauré, and Satie, as well as a movement from Chausson's Piano Quartet, harpsichord pieces by the eighteenth-century composer Pancrace Royer, and jazz improvisations (with Kenny Barron). . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 8: Pianist Ivo Kaltchev performs Debussy's "Images" (Books One and Two) and "Préludes" (Book Two). . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: Ilana Vered is featured in Germaine Tailleferre's Ballade for Piano and Orchestra; she and Mr. Kaltchev are the soloists in Poulenc's Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra. Jonathan Sheffer conducts the Rutgers Summerfest Festival Orchestra, which will also perform Bizet's Symphony in C.

Bargemusic—Pianist Anne-Marie McDermott performs Haydn's C-Minor Sonata (No. 20); Nathaniel Rosen joins her for Hindemith's Cello Sonata; and violinist Nai-Yuan Hu completes the ensemble for Smetana's G-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 24 at 7:30 and Nov. 27 at 4.)

Norwegian Music Festival—A free celebration of Norwegian composers and performers, at the Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Nov. 26 at 4:30: Per Brevig conducts an ensemble in works by Arne Nordheim, with soprano Anne-Lise Berntsen and percussionist Odd Børge Sagland. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 5: Violinist Ole Bøhn plays Elliott Carter's Violin Concerto, which was written for him, and discusses it with the composer. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: Mr. Bøhn and pianist Einar Steen Nokleberg offer an all-Grieg program.

MUSIC TO THE EYES

Music may hover intangibly in the ether, but the objects that anchor it to the physical world have a beauty of their own. Music lovers can currently sample several exhibits devoted to musical instruments, musical personalities, and musical life in New York.

The Violin Masterpieces of Guarneri del Gesù (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.)—String fanciers are calling this the event of the century: twenty superlative violins by Giuseppe Guarneri "del Gesù" (1698-1744), brought together to mark the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of their maker's death. Scion of a legendary family of Cremonese luthiers, Guarneri brought the art of violin making to what many have considered its apex: Paganini, Joachim, Ysaÿe, Kreisler, and Heifetz were all Guarneri men. Apart from their lustrous sound and responsive acoustics, the instruments are exceptionally beautiful, their attenuated lines enhanced by an array of woods and variously tinted varnishes. During his final decade Guarneri went wild with his designs, combining the skills of a master luthier with the abandon of a mad sculptor. Don't put off your visit: because many of the instruments on display are in active service, the show must close on Dec. 4. After that, you can see these Guarneris only one at a time—under the chin of a Stern, a Perlman, or a Zukerman. . . . **NOTE:** A symposium on Guarneri's work will be held on Dec. 3, from 10 to 5. For information, call 570-3919. . . . **NOTE, TOO:** On Dec. 2 at 8, well-known violinists will play on instruments from the exhibit. On Dec. 3 at 8, the Guarneri Quartet will perform at the museum, preceded at 7 by a discussion of Guarneri's work. For concert information, call 570-3949.

Mahler in America, 1907-1911 (Rose Museum, Carnegie Hall)—Though music lovers may think of him as an emblem of neurotic fin-de-siècle Vienna, Gustav Mahler spent most of his final four years in New York, initially as a conductor at the Metropolitan Opera, and then (beginning in 1909) as music director of the New York Philharmonic. It was a heady period for Mahler, including the première of his massive Eighth Symphony, the composition of his Ninth and unfinished Tenth, and encounters with personalities ranging from Toscanini to Freud. For the first time ever, autograph manuscripts (including several complete scores) relating to all ten of Mahler's symphonies plus "Das Lied von der Erde" have made their way into a single exhibit. (Through March 1. Open daily, except Wednesdays, from 11 to 4.)

Georges Barrère and the Flute in America (New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center, Music Division Reading Room, Third Floor)—Barrère (1876-1944) earned his niche in the flautistic firmament both as a legendary performer and as the teacher who brought the esteemed French school of flute playing to America (where he moved in 1905). The New York Flute Club, which Barrère founded seventy-five years ago, observes the semicentennial of his death with an exhibit that includes manuscripts and autographs of his own compositions and of now-classic pieces written at his instigation, including Griffes's "Poem" and Varèse's "Density 21.5" (the title of which immortalized the specific gravity of Barrère's platinum flute). Through Feb. 4. For hours, call 870-1600. . . . **NOTE:** The current exhibit in the library's Amsterdam Gallery spotlights Composers Recordings, Inc., which has promoted contemporary American music since its founding forty years ago. Through Jan. 7.

Puccini at the Met (The Gallery at Lincoln Center, on the concourse level, beneath the Metropolitan Opera House)—Some three thousand evenings of Puccini provided fodder for this display of costumes and memorabilia relating to Met productions of eleven of the composer's operas. (Dec. 1 through Jan. 2. For information, call 580-4673.)

Justin Kolb—Pianist, performing Liszt's transcription of Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, as well as keyboard works by Robert Starer as early as the 1946 "Prelude and Toccata" and as recent as the Piano Sonata No. 3, which here receives its première. In addition, Mr. Starer will join in for some four-hand playing. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 27 at 2.)

Sylvia McNair—Soprano, singing songs by Purcell, Mozart, Bizet, Debussy, and André Previn; with pianist Martin Katz and cellist Carter Brey. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 27 at 3.)

Venezuelan Festival—Opening events of a week-long celebration of music from Venezuela. Nov. 27 at 4: Flutist Luis Julio Toro and classical guitarist Rubén Riera play music written for them by Alonso Toro, Adina Izarra, Eduardo Marturet, Julio d'Escriván, Antonio Lauro, and Rodrigo Riera. (Thalia Spanish Theatre, 41-17 Greenpoint Ave., Sunnyside, Queens. 1-718 729-3880.) . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: The Cuarteto Latinoamericano plays string quartets by Efraín Amaya and Inocente Carreño; pianist Antonio Fermín, cellist Paul Desenne, and classical guitarist Rubén Riera assist them in music by Ms. Izarra, Gonzalo Castellanos-Yumar, and Mr. Desenne. (Weill Recital Hall. . . . **NOTE:** A pre-concert composers roundtable, open to ticket holders, will begin at 7.) (The series continues through Dec. 4.)

Salon Soirées—Oboist David Kossoff, bassoonist Kim Laskowski, and pianist Ilan Rechtman offer a program of Mr. Rechtman's compositions. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Nov. 27 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Sylvan Winds—Performing the United States première of Peter Blackford's "Portrait of Hans Sachs," Beethoven's Octet (Op. 103), and Gounod's "Petite Symphonie," among other works. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 28 at 8.)

John Friesen—Cellist, with pianist Nelson Padgett, performing sonatas by François Francoeur, Shostakovich, Debussy, and Brahms (his Second). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Nov. 28 at 8.)

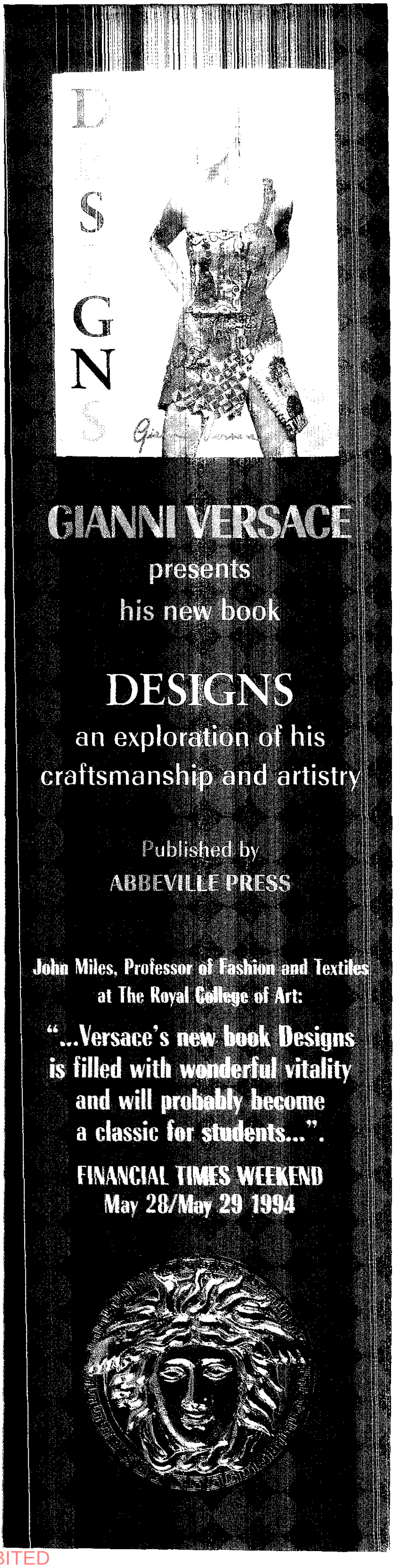
Eugenia Zukerman and Anthony Newman—The flutist and the harpsichordist present music and readings redolent of eighteenth-century London, with the musical fare coming from the pens of Purcell, C. P. E. Bach, and Mozart. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571. Nov. 29 at 6.)

Benita Valente and the Juilliard String Quartet—The soprano (with pianist Cynthia Raim) performs songs by Rodrigo (his "Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios"), Roberto Gerhard, and Fernando Obradors; she assists the foursome in Ginastera's String Quartet No. 3; Ms. Raim offers an excerpt from Granados's "Goyescas"; and all join, in various combinations, for Turina's nine-movement "Las Musas de Andalucía." (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Nov. 29 at 8.)

David Buechner—The pianist performs Bach transcriptions by Egon Petri and Wilhelm Kempff, Bach's "Goldberg" Variations (played without repeats, as freely arranged by Busoni), Janáček's "Sonata 1. X. 1905," five Czech Dances by Smetana, and Martinů's "Fantaisie et Toccata." (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Nov. 29 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jan-Erik Gustafsson and Heini Kärkkainen—The cellist and the pianist—both Finns—perform sonatas by Poulenc, Beethoven (his Fourth), and Chopin. Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 29 at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Society—Performing Stefan Wolpe's "The Man from Midian," Mel Powell's "Setting for Two Pianos," Harbison's "The Natural World," and works from the current decade by Louis Karchin, Bruce Taub, and Jeff Nichols (a première). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Nov. 29 at 8.)



GIANNI VERSACE
presents
his new book

DESIGNS
an exploration of his
craftsmanship and artistry

Published by
ABBEVILLE PRESS

John Miles, Professor of Fashion and Textiles
at The Royal College of Art:
"...Versace's new book Designs
is filled with wonderful vitality
and will probably become
a classic for students...".
FINANCIAL TIMES WEEKEND
May 28/May 29 1994

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Gobbling—The annual inflating of the giant balloons for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade will take place in the shadow of the American Museum of Natural History (Central Park W. at 77th St.), on Nov. 23, from 6 to midnight. On Nov. 24, from 9 to noon, the parade, complete with the Cat in the Hat and that "lovable purple dinosaur" Barney (both measuring in at fifty-nine feet), will wend its way down from 77th St. along Central Park West, through Columbus Circle, and along Broadway to Herald Square. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 10:30: Participation in the annual Turkey Trot 5 Mile Run in Prospect Park will help *you make room for extra gravy.* For more information, call the New York Road Runners Club at 860-4455. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at noon: Follow the Big Onion Walking Tour guides through the Lower East Side for a multiethnic binge. Bialys, dim sum, and cannoli are on the menu. Sorry, no turkey. For more information, call 439-1090.

Commuter Marketplace—Beginning Nov. 29, the main waiting room of Grand Central Terminal will turn into a holiday bazaar with dozens of booths brimming with Christmas-tree ornaments, hats, and antiques, among other items. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, from 11 to 7. Through Dec. 24. No tickets necessary.)

The Ups and Downs of Crafts—Two locations. Three days. Scores of artisans. We're talking about the fifteenth annual Uptown/Downtown Crafts Festival, where woven-chenille clothing, stained glass, and wooden toys just scratch the surface of what's available. (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. . . . ¶ Loeb Student Center, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. Nov. 25, from noon to 6, and Nov. 26-27, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the doors on the days of the shows.)

News from New York—Minnesota's sombre wit, Garrison Keillor, is back in the town he has been known to call home. For the first of four live local broadcasts of "A Prairie Home Companion," he'll share the stage with the Heartbeats Rhythm Quartet and Tom Paxton. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 26 at 5:45.) . . . ¶ On Nov. 28, Mr. Keillor will stop by the 92nd Street Y to be interviewed by George Plimpton, at 6, and to read from "The Book of Guys," at 8:30. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Feets Don't Fail Me Now—The annual AIDS Danceathon, wherein participants boogie for pledges, will take place on Nov. 26, from 6 to midnight. (Jacob J. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. For more information, call 807-9255.)

Myself and Others—Stanley Kunitz will read from and discuss the work of his favorite poets, and read from his own work. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Square S., at Macdougal St. Nov. 29 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Making a Scene—Readings of a musical, a play, and a screenplay. Nov. 27 at 7: "Quimby," a musical based on the writings of Phineas Parkhurst Quimby and his contemporaries. The book is by Drew Scott Harris, with music and lyrics by Mr. Harris and Steve Hinnenkamp. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For tickets, call 769-7028.) . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: "Tiny Tim Is Dead," by Barbara Lebow. (Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: The Nuyorican Poets Café Fifth Night screenplay series will present "Reel Men: The Oscar Micheaux Story," by Kent Faulcon. (236 E. 3rd St. 529-9329.)

Readings—Nov. 29 at 6: Leticia Benson, the Nuyorican Poets Café grand-slam winner, will host "Mining Our Heritage: A Poetry Performance." (American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St. 956-3535.) . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 7:30: Yehuda Amichai will read from his new book, "A Life of Poetry, 1948-1994." (Shakespeare & Co., Broadway at 81st St. No tickets necessary.)

Walks & Tours—Nov. 26 at 1: A tour of Mark Twain's Greenwich Village and SoHo will meet at the corner of Broadway and Spring St. For more information, call 242-5546. . . . ¶ Nov. 26-27, from 1 to 5: The observation deck of the arch at Grand Army Plaza, in Brooklyn, will be open free of charge. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 9:30: The 92nd Street Y will lead a ten-mile hike in and around the Palisades, including a walk along a cliff's edge to the Weehawken Ferry. For more information, call 996-1100.

Memorandum—Hanukkah begins at sundown on Nov. 27.

SPORTS

HORSE RACING

HolidayFest—Three graded stakes races—the Remsen, the Demoiselle, and the New York Racing Association Mile—will be included in this nine-race-card day, on Nov. 26. The first race is at 12:30. (Aqueduct, Rockaway Blvd. at 110th St., Ozone Park, Queens. For tickets, call 1-718 641-4700.)

BASKETBALL

Knicks—Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Nov. 26 at 1.

Nets—Vs. the Los Angeles Lakers, Nov. 29 at 7:30.

FOOTBALL

Giants—Away until Dec. 11, when they'll host the Cincinnati Bengals.

Jets—Vs. the Miami Dolphins, Nov. 27 at 1.

(The Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; and the Giants and the Jets at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Holiday Tales—Get a head start on Hanukkah at the Bank Street College Bookstore's story hour, for children aged five to eight. (Broadway at 112th St. Nov. 26 at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

Feathered Friends—You can learn to identify birds, use binoculars, and differentiate birdsongs at one of the Family Bird Watching Club's Saturday-morning excursions. (Central Park's Dana Discovery Center, 110th St. near Fifth Ave. Nov. 26, from 11 to 1. No tickets necessary.)

Howl—Gerald McDermott, author-illustrator of "Anansi the Spider" and "Arrow to the Sun," will read from his new book, "Coyote." (Books of Wonder, 132 Seventh Ave., at 18th St. Nov. 26 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Theatreworks/USA—Presenting a musical version of C. S. Lewis's "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe" (Nov. 26) and an adaptation of Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland" (Nov. 27). (Promenade Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Performances at 12:30.)

Musical Note—The Amato Opera company has a new family series, which starts Nov. 26 with a ninety-minute program. (319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Nov. 26 at 11:30.)

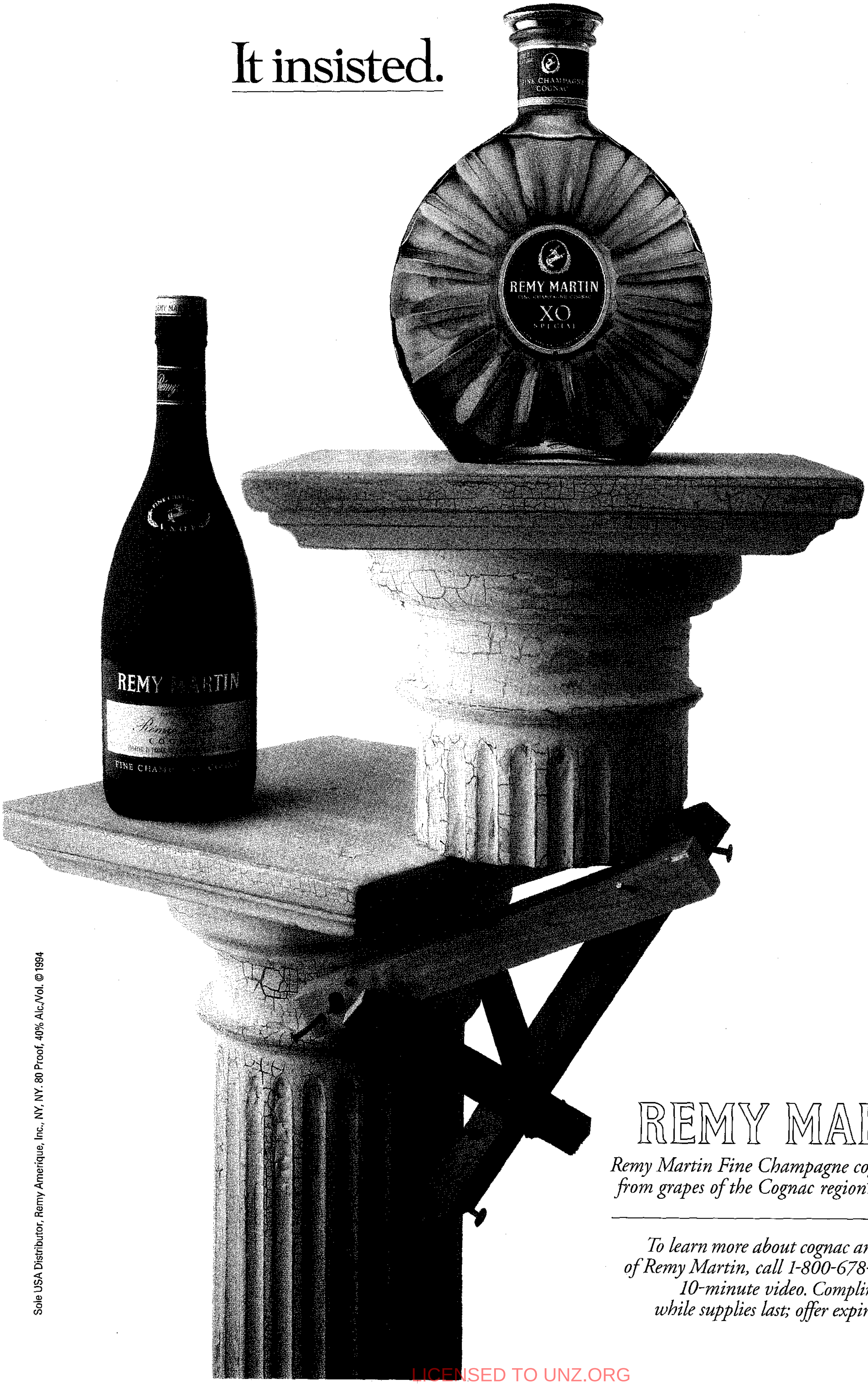
"Killooleet Sing"—The Seeger family and friends, in a sing-along concert of folk music. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Nov. 26 at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the event.)

"Harmony Castle"—The Puppet Company's marionettes perform a new musical fairy tale. Recommended ages: three to eleven. (Metropolis Café, 31 Union Square W. Nov. 27 at 1 and 3. For reservations, which are required, call 741-1646.)

And Don't Forget—The Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. . . . ¶ The Radio City Christmas Spectacular (247-4777) and the Big Apple Circus (268-0055), both through Jan. 8.

Inflationary activities on the evening before the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade.

MAXINE HENRYSON

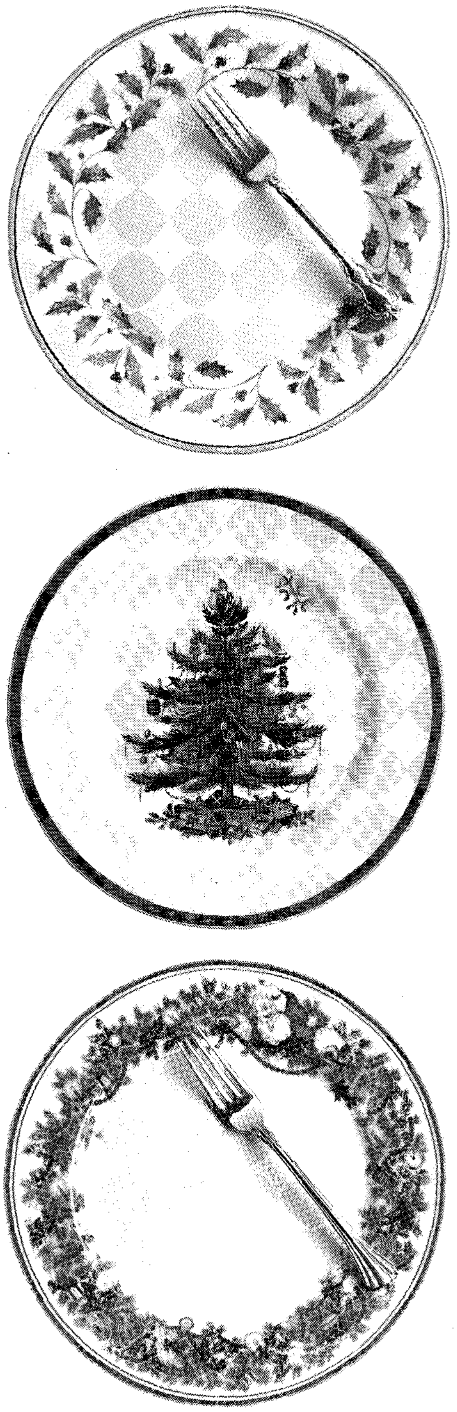

It insisted.
REMY MARTIN
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
XO
SPECIAL
REMY MARTIN
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

REMY MARTIN

Remy Martin Fine Champagne cognac. Exclusively from grapes of the Cognac region's two best areas.

To learn more about cognac and the world of Remy Martin, call 1-800-678-REMY for our 10-minute video. Complimentary, while supplies last; offer expires 8-31-95.

Sole USA Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY. 80 Proof, 40% Alc./Vol. © 1994



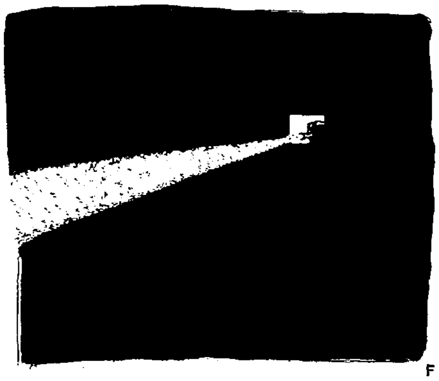
40% OFF THIS,
50% OFF THAT.
OBVIOUSLY, THERE'S
A PATTERN HERE.

Of the hundreds of exquisite patterns in china, flatware and crystal you'll find at Ross-Simons, they all share one thing in common. Savings of up to 70%. From Lenox to Orrefors to Reed & Barton. With outstanding service. Call for immediate pricing on your patterns and for a free catalog.

Ross-Simons

1-800-826-1508

MNYM1 9 ROSS SIMONS DRIVE, CRANSTON, RI 02920-4476



THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

THE BEANS OF EGYPT, MAINE—Jennifer Warren directed this adaptation of Carolyn Chute's 1985 novel about a clan of rural lowlifes. With Kelly Lynch, Martha Plimpton, Rutger Hauer, and Patrick McGraw. Screenplay by Bill Phillips. Opening November 23. (Village East Cinemas and 57th St. Playhouse.)

JUNIOR—Arnold Schwarzenegger, pregnant. With Danny DeVito and Emma Thompson; directed by Ivan Reitman, and written by Chris Conrad and Kevin Wade. Opening November 23. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

LOVE & A .45—Gil Bellows, Renee Zellweger, and Rory Cochrane in a violent road movie set in Texas, written and directed by C. M. Talkington. Opening November 23. (Village Theatre VII and 84th Street Sixplex.)

A LOW DOWN DIRTY SHAME—Keenan Ivory Wayans stars in a private-eye picture that he also wrote and directed. Opening November 23. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

MRS. PARKER AND THE VICIOUS CIRCLE—The Algonquin Round Table as envisioned by Alan Rudolph, with Jennifer Jason Leigh as Dorothy Parker, Campbell Scott as Robert Benchley, and Matthew Broderick as Charles MacArthur. Rudolph and Randy Sue Coburn wrote the script. Opening November 23. (Angelika Film Center, Baronet, and Lincoln Square.)

NOSTRADAMUS—Roger Christian's historical drama about the sixteenth-century visionary features Amanda Plummer, Julia Ormond, Assumpta Serna, Rutger Hauer, F. Murray Abraham, and, in the title role, Tcheky Karyo. Written by Knut Boeser and Piers Ashworth. Opening November 23. (Quad Cinema.)

THE PAGEMASTER—Macaulay Culkin and Christopher Lloyd, along with the voices of Whoopi Goldberg, Leonard Nimoy, and Patrick Stewart, in a part live-action, part animated-fantasy adventure set in a library. Opening November 23. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Embassy.)

RED—The Polish writer-director Krzysztof Kieślowski closes his "Three Colors" trilogy with this account of a fashion model (Irène Jacob) and a retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintignant). In French. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening November 23. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

RESISTANCE—Two women, one (Helen Jones) returning to her hometown in Australia, the other (Lorna Lesley) a waitress there, come up against a violent militia. Directed by Paul Elliott and Hugh Keays-Byrne. Opening November 23. (Angelika 57.)

STEFANO QUANTESTORIE—Maurizio Nichetti ("The Icicle Thief," "Volere Volare") takes on six different roles in a madcap comedy that he also co-wrote (with Laura Fischetto) and directed. In Italian. Opening November 23. (Film Forum.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 42.)

THE ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA QUEEN OF THE DESERT—Paragons of camp become campers, of sorts, in this cult-pleasing tale of a transsexual (Terence Stamp) and two drag queens (Hugo Weaving and Guy Pearce) who take a lip-synching act from Sydney to a resort in arid central Australia. Stephan Elliott, the writer-director, has one original idea—posing creatures of the night in wild sunbaked settings. As crossover drag sagas go, it's neither as robustly funny as "La Cage aux Folles" nor as lively and poetic as the best parts of "Outrageous!"—M.S. (Village East Cinemas.)

BARCELONA—The second film by the writer and director Whit Stillman ("Metropolitan") is a culture-clash comedy about a pair of conservative young Americans (played by Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman) in early-eighties Barcelona. Although the picture begins promisingly, its charm peters out fast. Every scene seems to make the same not very interesting point: that Americans get a bum rap from foreigners. Stillman's style is placid and a little smug—prematurely gray. In just two movies he has found the sort of rut that most filmmakers take decades to settle into. Also with Tushka Bergen and Mira Sorvino.—T.R. (8/15/94) (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

BULLETS OVER BROADWAY—A nicely structured piece of silliness from Woody Allen, set in the theatre world of the nineteen-twenties. John Cusack is the Woody substitute, an earnest young playwright who needs to discover an existence beyond the stage; Chazz Palminteri steals the picture as the taciturn gangster who swaps places with him, becoming as ruthless in his aesthetics as he is with a gun. Around this neat switch Allen assembles a crowd of near-caricatures—opportunities for Dianne Wiest, Jim Broadbent, Jennifer Tilly, and others to show their stuff.—A.L. (10/24/94) (19th Street East 6, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

CLERKS—Dogged, responsible Dante (Brian O'Halloran) does a slow burn over a long day at the Quick Stop cash register. His girlfriend Veronica (Marilyn Ghigliotti) shocks him with her record of casual fellatio; his buddy Randal (Jeff Anderson) shocks customers at the adjacent video store with casual insults. The humor of two clerks arguing about ethics and sex deflates before the halfway mark, but the writer-director, Kevin Smith, dishes up some funny profanity in his low-budget black-and-white début.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center and 68th St. Playhouse.)

DINGO—A famous jazz musician (Miles Davis) crash-lands in the Australian outback and befriends a boy who grows up to become a dingo trapper and part-time trumpet player. Colin Friels co-stars. Rolf de Heer's film was shot in 1990, the year before Davis died. Written by Marc Rosenberg. Michel Legrand and Davis collaborated on the score. (Cinema Village; through Nov. 24.)

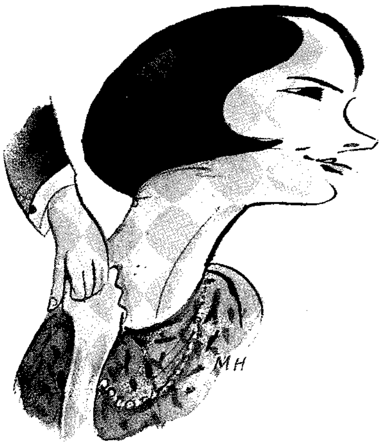
EAT DRINK MAN WOMAN—Another film comedy from Ang Lee, the director of "The Wedding Banquet." The aging Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) is a widowed chef, living in Taipei with his three daughters, each of whom is getting itchy for the world beyond. (Watch out for the exquisite Chien-Lien Wu as Jia-Chien, the pushiest of the three.) Mr. Chu is a King Lear of the kitchen: a master on his own ground, slapping fish around and blowing air into a boiled duck, but gradually losing his sense of taste and his power to rule. The movie is more likable than memorable; you come out running for the nearest restaurant. In Mandarin.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas and Plaza.)

ED WOOD—Tim Burton's biography of the filmmaker who inflicted "Plan 9 from Outer

Space" and "Glen or Glenda" on fifties moviegoers tries to persuade us that its hero is a sort of holy fool of cinema. The picture is superbly shot, in black-and-white, by Stefan Czapsky, and most of the actors—Bill Murray, Sarah Jessica Parker, Jeffrey Jones, and Martin Landau (as Bela Lugosi)—are engaging. But there's a strong whiff of pointlessness to the whole enterprise. Wood (played by Johnny Depp) is depicted as a wide-eyed, boyish innocent, and he simply isn't interesting enough to hold our full attention for two hours.—T.R. (10/3/94) (Village East Cinemas.)

Forrest Gump—As all the world now knows, Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character, and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. With Sally Field and Gary Sinise. Directed by Robert Zemeckis.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex and 59th Street East Cinema.)

Heavenly Creatures—Peter Jackson's film tells the true story of a pair of New Zealand teen-agers, Pauline Parker (Melanie Lynskey) and Juliet Hulme (Kate Winslet), who murdered Pauline's mother, Honora (Sarah Peirse), in 1954. The girls have the sort of passionate friendship that unhappy adolescents are prone to: a union that begins with mutual infatuation and shared artistic interests but develops into an embattled us-against-the-world alliance. Although this is a fascinating story, the movie's style is so frenzied and hyperbolic that it tends to validate the heroines' warped perspective—to glamorize their art-fuelled contempt for ordinary people and everyday life. With the director tagging along faithfully behind Pauline and Juliet as if he were hoping to be invited into their sect, this folie à deux turns into a disastrous folie à trois. Screenplay by Jackson and Frances Walsh.—T.R. (11/21/94) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)



Opening November 23, Jennifer Jason Leigh in "Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle."

MARCELLUS HALL

Hoop Dreams—This engrossing documentary tells the stories of two inner-city Chicago teen-agers, William Gates and Arthur Agee, who aspire to careers in professional basketball. The filmmakers—Steve James, Frederick Marx, and Peter Gilbert—follow them all the way through high school. In the course of the movie's patient, sympathetic narrative (the running time is close to three hours), our reaction to the heroes' progress changes decisively, and for the better: at first we're assessing their chances, measuring them for N.B.A. uniforms; by the end we're rooting for them simply to survive the process without losing all their exuberance and drive and creative spirit.—T.R. (10/17/94) (Eastside Playhouse, Film Forum, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

I Like It Like That—It's macha versus macho in the Bronx, as a young mother of three (Lauren Vélez) takes an assistant's job at a record company to bail her husband (Jon Seda) out of jail, only to rouse gossip and jealousy in the barrio. Darnell Martin's enjoyably brash début movie has originality and feeling beneath the look-at-me theatrics. It's about the comedy and pathos of people taking on more responsibility than they can handle; the best moments come when the characters (and Martin) catch their breath and crack some jokes. There's riotous sexual vaudeville provided by Vélez and Seda. With Jesse Borrego, Lisa Vidal, and Griffin Dunne.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Interview with the Vampire—The film version of Anne Rice's immensely popular 1976 novel is less a horror movie than a luxurious reverie on horror-movie themes. The director, Neil Jordan, and his cinematographer, the great Philippe Rousselot, have given the movie an extraordinary seductive look, but Rice (who wrote the screenplay) doesn't provide enough narrative to keep the audience satisfied. Her vampires are so isolated from the world that there really isn't much for them to do except go on their nightly rounds and squabble—suck and bicker, suck and bicker, in scene after scene. Gorgeous as the picture is, the endless elaborations on the vampire story's obvious eroticism become very tiresome. This movie is convincing evidence that in popular genres subtext should stay where it belongs—underground. If it's brought into the light, it shrivels and dies. With Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Kirsten Dunst, Antonio Banderas, Stephen Rae, and Christian Slater.—T.R. (11/21/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Last Seduction—A star turn from Linda Fiorentino as Bridget, a woman with a frozen wasteland where her moral landscape should be. In New York, she cheats her husband (Bill Pullman) out of their illegal earnings; upstate, she cheats Mike (Peter Berg) out of everything but his life. The movie has a hard forties snap to it—lust is a weapon and love is a letdown. Directed by John Dahl ("Red Rock West").—A.L. (10/24/94) (Village Theatre VII and Paris.)

The Lion King—Disney's new animated feature is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. The hero, a young lion named Simba, is born to the purple, but before he can ascend to the throne he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, and see his father die (in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its counterpart in "Bambi"). Between traumas, the movie serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and Lincoln Square.)

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein—Kenneth Branagh as the young doctor with the big idea, Helena Bonham Carter as the love of his life, and Robert De Niro as the disgruntled creature who comes between them. Branagh, who also directed and co-produced, has transformed Shelley's cautionary tale into a restless farrago: schlock without horror. There are some potent sights here, like the bare-fleshed Frankenstein wrestling with his new creation, but the power is frittered away by a camera that refuses to calm down, and by performances that strain beyond earnestness without ever touching the heights of camp. (De Niro is more scarred than Boris Karloff, but also more sentimental.) The film won't let you have a good, messy time; it has more important things on its mind.—A.L. (11/14/94)

IT SLEEPS ALONE

A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOT, LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the oaken casks which had been used for bringing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed thereafter to *mature malt whisky.*

A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The casks (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden colour and a beguiling hint of redolence to the malt.

SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THE PRACTICE, in fact, that soon all the malt whiskies (among them The Macallan) were matured in this way. But time passed.

SHERRY CASKS ONCE TO BE HAD FOR A FEW PENCE NOW COST SCORES OF POUNDS. And first one and then another *faint-heart* settled for more expedient alternatives, with the result that today The Macallan is the last malt whisky to be *exclusively* so matured. However...

A PROFUSION OF OPTIMUM RATINGS IN SUNDRY 'BLIND' TASTINGS of top malts has convinced us of the wisdom of our solitary course. Putting it another way, you might say *our virtue is your reward.*

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1991

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

(Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Manhattan by Numbers—Iranian director Amir Naderi's first English-language feature follows an unemployed journalist (John Wojda) as he wanders from Washington Heights to the Lower East Side in search of cash for his back rent. (Quad Cinema.)

Miracle on 34th Street—Richard Attenborough and Mara Wilson as Kris Kringle and Susan Walker, the roles made famous by Edmund Gwenn and Natalie Wood. With Elizabeth Perkins and Dylan McDermott. George Seaton (the writer and director of the 1947 version) and John Hughes collaborated on the script, and Les Mayfield directed. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Metro Cinema.)

Natural Born Killers—"Bonnie and Clyde" in a blender. Oliver Stone uses fractured, blindingly fast editing to depict the warped consciousness of Mickey (Woody Harrelson) and Mallory (Juliette Lewis), a pair of young sociopaths in love. They're familiar types, and Stone's "ideas" about American violence turn out to be the same glib received notions that we've seen in countless other outlaw-couple movies. The oddest thing about this would-be satire is that, for all the gore and hysteria, the film doesn't feel particularly impassioned; it's a frivolous barrage.—T.R. (9/5/94) (Village East Cinemas and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Only You—Norman Jewison pulls together elements from "Roman Holiday," "Summertime," and "Cinderella," as well as his own "Moonstruck," and comes up with a negligible comedy about a jittery bride-to-be (Marisa Tomei) who jets from Pittsburgh to Italy in search of the true love prophesied by a Ouija board and a fortune-teller. Robert Downey, Jr., plays the American in Rome who may be her one and only. Diane Drake's script doesn't help an audience share Tomei's fantasy.—M.S. (First & 62nd Cinemas.)

The Professional—In the first American film from French writer-director Luc Besson ("La Femme Nikita"), an orphaned twelve-year-old (Natalie Portman) takes shelter with a neighboring loner (Jean Reno) who turns out to be a hit man for the mob. With Gary Oldman as a corrupt D.E.A. agent, and Danny Aiello as the hit man's boss. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Astor Plaza.)

Pulp Fiction—In Quentin Tarantino's new picture, John Travolta, Samuel L. Jackson, Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken, and Bruce Willis parade through two and a half hours of complicated, cross-weaving Los Angeles plots, some of which are more gripping than others; the talk is dirty and funny, the violence always waiting just around the corner. It's a bright and startling picture, but the next day, it seems like a dream: the film attacks your senses and gives you almost nothing to remember it by, let alone to nourish you. It had to happen, and Tarantino is the man to deliver it: cinema as fast food.—A.L. (10/10/94) (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Beekman, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Quiz Show—Robert Redford's movie is a speedy, absorbing chronicle of a trivial show-business scandal of the fifties: the rigging of big-money quiz shows. The screenplay, by Paul Attanasio, tries hard to sell some sweeping ideas about the class dynamics of American society, and doesn't quite succeed. The picture's real strength is its witty, vigorous evocation of the fifties media world. It hums along like a well-constructed farce, and its crazy momentum carries it over the bumps of social significance. Ralph Fiennes, John Turturro, and Rob Morrow have the largest roles, but they're outshone by the supporting players: Paul Scofield, Mira Sorvino, Christopher McDonald, Allan Rich, Hank Azaria, Barry Levinson, and—best of all—David Paymer.—T.R. (9/19/94) (Columbus Circle.)

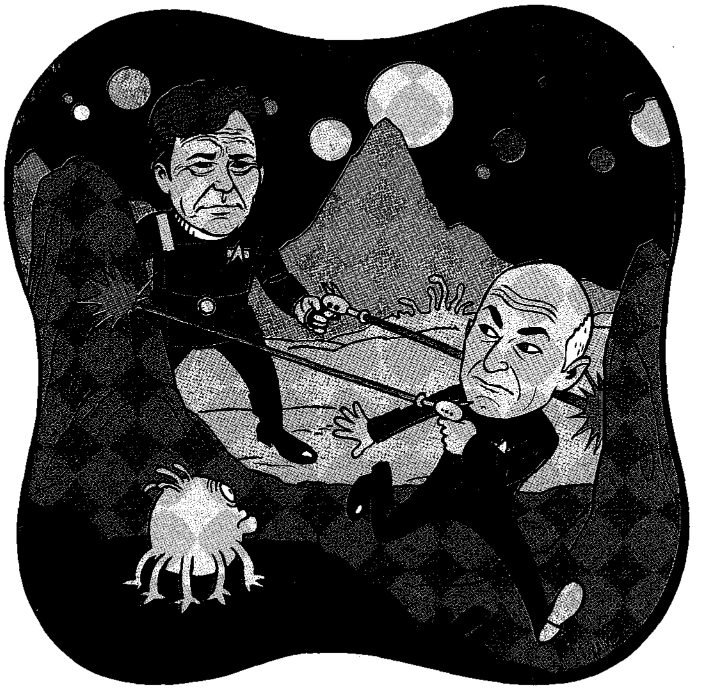
Sankofa—A model (Oyafunmike Ogunlano) on a photo shoot in West Africa is hurled back in time to the era of slavery, in a film written and directed by Haile Gerima. (Thalia.)

The Santa Clause—After Santa suffers a workplace accident, a divorced father (Tim Allen, of the TV sitcom "Home Improvement") has to prove himself to his son by stepping into the sleigh and delivering the presents himself. He has second thoughts when he finds his body shaking like a bowlful of jelly. Leo Benvenuti and Steve Rudnick wrote the script, and John Pasquin directed. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

The Shawshank Redemption—Tim Robbins returns to his best form with his haunted, cunning portrayal of Andy Dufresne, a young banker sentenced to life imprisonment in the nineteen-forties. Frank Darabont's movie never grabs at you, preferring to work patiently on your sympathies and nerves while finding time for casual jokes. What at first seems like a plotless tale of companionship—principally between Andy and a fixer named Red (Morgan Freeman)—tightens into excitement. The picture stays on track and leaves you, appropriately enough, with a surging sense of release.—A.L. (9/26/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema.)

The Specialist—Cheesecake meets beefcake as Sharon Stone persuades an ex-C.I.A. explosives ace (Sylvester Stallone) to wreak vengeance on Miami mobsters. Stallone's archenemy (James Woods, of course) heads security for these Cuban bad guys (led by Eric Roberts and Rod Steiger). The screenwriter, Alexandra Seros, gives every character a wit impediment. Steiger's accent prompts nervous laughter: "You bastard!" comes out "Jew bastard!" Luis Llosa directed.—M.S. (Manhattan Twin, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

StarGate—Elementary sci-fi about a hieroglyphics expert (James Spader) and a U.S. military squad (led by Kurt Russell) who zip to a distant planet via the title portal, last used in ancient Egypt. They discover that Ra (Jaye Davidson), the sun god of the Pharaohs, is alive and well and a vicious alien. The intended audience seems to be ten-year-olds, who'll be dazed by the props



William Shatner and Patrick Stewart in "Star Trek Generations."

JAIME HERNANDEZ

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (513-5408).
Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (513-5402).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st (247-5070).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
Lincoln Square, B'way at 68th (336-5000)
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Thalia, B'way at 95th (316-4962)
Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

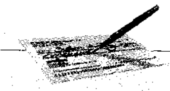
Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy I, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

intel inside
pentium

Astonishing performance. By all accounts.

intel inside
pentium™ PROCESSOR

Want to see a snapshot of all your finances with a click of your mouse? Or balance your checkbook instantly? With a PC based on the Pentium™ processor, you can. The fact is, all PC software runs better on a Pentium processor-based PC. But the more incredible the software, the more it demands Pentium processor performance. A PC based on the Pentium processor is also a good investment, since it will still have plenty of horsepower to run tomorrow's applications. That, plus the fact that these PCs are now so affordable, makes today the right time to buy a Pentium processor-based PC. For more information, call 1-800-333-4161, Ext. 218.

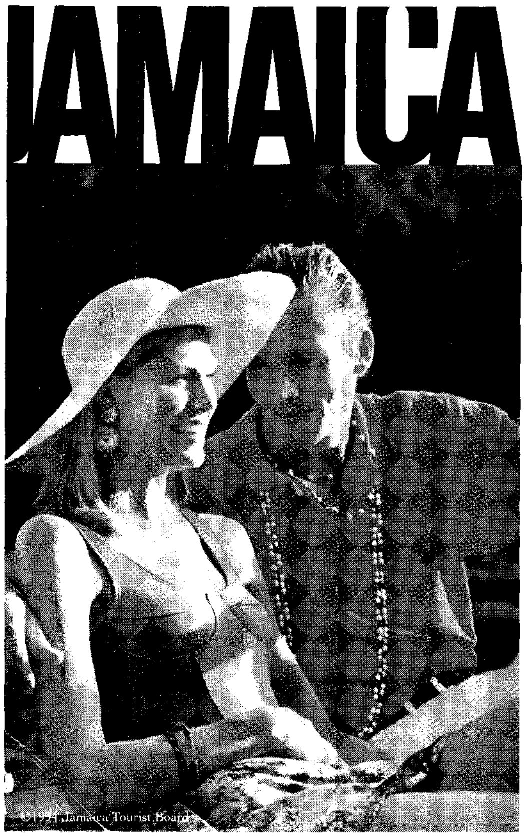


Quicken® lets you organize all your home finances quickly and easily.

intel®

©1994 Intel Corporation. All brand and product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective owners.

JAMAICA



Elegant Resorts

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club

Plantation Inn
Hotel & Suites

Round Hill
Hotel & Villas

Trident
Villas & Hotel

Four very famous,
very exclusive
Jamaica resorts, where
the accommodations
are baronial,
the surroundings are lush,
and the couture is
decidedly haute.
Call 1-800-237-3237
for brochures.
See your Travel Agent.

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

and designs; Davidson is like a camp Disney witch. Directed by Roland Emmerich from a script by Emmerich and Dean Devlin.—M.S. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

STAR TREK GENERATIONS—Captain Kirk (William Shatner) meets Captain Picard (Patrick Stewart, from "Star Trek: The Next Generation") in the Starship *Enterprise's* seventh trip to the box office. The screenplay is by Ron Moore and Brannon Braga. Directed by David Carson. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

THE SWAN PRINCESS—An animated version of the Swan Lake legend, directed by Richard Rich and featuring the voices of John Cleese, Jack Palance, Steven Wright, and Sandy Duncan, as well as eight new songs by Lex de Azevedo and David Zippel. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

TERROR 2000—German director Christoph Schlingensief's violent satire about neo-Nazis on the rampage. In German. (Quad Cinema.)

TO LIVE—This Chinese epic follows a husband and wife (Ge You and Gong Li) through the Civil War, the Great Leap Forward, the Cultural Revolution, and beyond. Directed by Zhang Yimou. The screenplay, by Yu Hua and Lu Wei, is based on Yu Hua's novel. In Mandarin. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

AN UNFORGETTABLE SUMMER—Lucian Pintilie's new movie—his first since the triumph of "The Oak," in 1993, and just as weird—is set in southeastern Romania in 1925. An army captain (Claudiu Bleont) and his loving wife (Kristin Scott-Thomas) have been exiled to a barren, beautiful outpost, where they survive on limp salads and live in fear of brigands. It's hard to tell who is more difficult and determined: Scott-Thomas, who belies her frail features and lace dresses with a startling portrait of a troublemaker, or Pintilie himself, who marks out the plot in a series of clearly lit, unnerving scenes. Too much of a surrealist for political satire, too earthy to be a dreamer, he sneaks past your defenses like the young Taviani brothers and explodes his images in style. In Romanian.—A.L. (11/14/94) (Quad Cinema and Cinema 3.)

VANYA ON 42ND STREET—Louis Malle's astonishingly beautiful film documents a stage production, directed by André Gregory, of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya." The conceit is that the actors—wearing street clothes and clutching take-out coffee—have gathered for a run-through; as it goes along, our sense of the theatrical reality gives way to the more intimate feeling of belief that movies create. The style of the movie seems, finally, to merge with the play itself: nothing appears to be happening, yet everything is transformed. With Wallace Shawn, as Vanya, and Julianne Moore, as Yelena; also with Brooke Smith, Larry Pines, and George Gaynes. The superb adaptation is by David Mamet.—T.R. (10/31/94) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE WAR—Rural Mississippi, circa 1970. Dad (Kevin Costner), a traumatized Vietnam vet, is having a tough time staying employed and communicating with Mom (Mare Winningham). Their daughter (Lexi Randall) and son (Elijah Wood) build a tree house and wage turf wars against a family of bullies. It's hard to know what's worse, the trumped-up collisions or the drawling rhetoric of healing that follows them. ("I think the only thing that truly keeps people safe and happy is love. And in the absence of love, there's nothing in this world worth fightin' for.") Kathy McWhorter wrote the script; Jon Avnet directed.—M.S. (Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the film-library listings following these notes.)

THE COTTON CLUB (1984)—The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners and the "tall, tan, and terrific" Cotton Club Girls performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. The staccato imagery fragments the musical numbers, and knocks the life out of the performers. The tall, sinuous Lonette McKee, with her long, expressive arms upraised, actually gets to complete a number (the torchy "Ill Wind"), Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Francis Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, Larry Fishburne, and Joe Dallesandro as Lucky Luciano.—P.K. (Whitney Museum; Nov. 23.)

FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH (1982)—Not bad. It may fall into the general category of youth-exploitation movies, but it isn't assaultive, and when the scenes miss they don't thud. In this movie, a gag's working or not working hardly matters—everything has a quick, makeshift feeling. The friendship of the two girls—Jennifer Jason Leigh as the fifteen-year-old Stacy who is eager to learn about sex and Phoebe Cates as the jaded Valley Girl Linda who shares what she knows—has a lovely matter-of-factness. With Sean Penn as the surfer-doper Spicoli—the most amiable stoned kid imaginable. Penn inhabits the role totally; the part isn't big but he comes across as a star. The script, by Cameron Crowe, was adapted from his book about the year he spent at a California high school, impersonating an adolescent. Directed by Amy Heckerling.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 26.)

JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY (1960)—The 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, with Anita O'Day, Big Maybelle, Dinah Washington, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and other joys. Bert Stern's camera style infectiouly conveys the festival's happy, lazy-day atmosphere; the America's Cup observation trials, which are also going on, are an unstressed part of the film's visual texture. In the evening, when Mahalia Jackson, with her majestic chest tones, sings the word "soul," she defines it for all time. This is one of the most pleasurable of all concert films. Aram Avakian edited.—P.K. (Queens Museum of Art; Nov. 26.)

KISS OF DEATH (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With the talented, refreshingly unactressy Coleen Gray as the hero's new wife.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 27-28.)

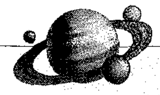
MURMUR OF THE HEART (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954 at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle's bourgeois bestiary is funny and ap-

intel inside
pentium
PROCESSOR

Astonishing performance. Anywhere in the universe.

intel inside
pentium™
PROCESSOR

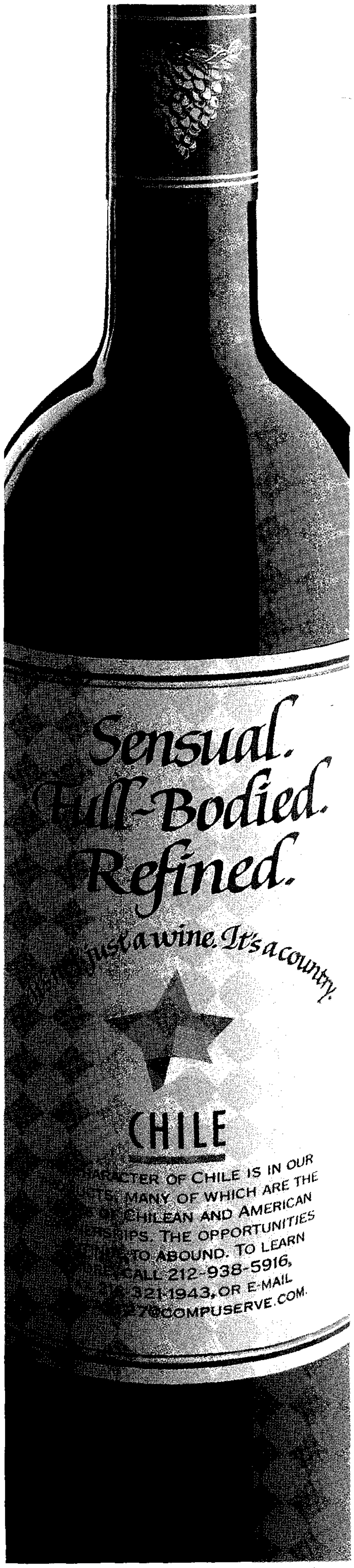
Want to examine the rings of Saturn at close range? Or defend the Earth from its galactic rivals? With a PC based on the Pentium™ processor, you can. The fact is, all PC software runs better on a Pentium processor-based PC. But the more incredible the software, the more it demands Pentium processor performance. A PC based on the Pentium processor is also a good investment, since it will still have plenty of horsepower to run tomorrow's applications. That, plus the fact that these PCs are now so affordable, makes today the right time to buy a Pentium processor-based PC. For more information, call 1-800-333-4161, Ext. 215.



RedShift from Maris lets you explore the universe in 3-D, right from your PC.

intel®

©1994 Intel Corporation. All brand and product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective owners.



REVIVALS—Cont'd

palling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother; she's loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. The story moves toward its supremely logical yet imaginative conclusion so stealthily that the kicker joke is perfect. In French.—P.K. (Symphony Space; Nov. 29.)

Porky's (1981)—Mindless raunch mixed with right-thinking uplift and homilies about growing up. In Florida circa 1954, red-blooded seventeen-year-olds surmount the villainy of adults: a gym teacher called Miss Ballbricker, who considers flirtation a sin, and the grotesque Porky, who humiliates them when they venture into his sex joint. The kids' revenge is so extreme you may wind up rooting for Porky. Bob Clark wrote and directed.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 27.)

Revenge of the Nerds (1984)—Campus computer wizards Anthony Edwards and Robert Carradine open a frat house and lead a band of misfits into their college's Greek Council. With its underdog slapstick and its awestruck view of sex, this standard teen romp found an audience beyond the pocket-calculator set—it became a surprise hit that spawned two sequels. The funniest bit is Carradine's series trademark: a gum-baring guffaw. Jeff Kanew directed.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 25.)

The Southerner (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic account of the year of a poor white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. Zachary Scott, who usually played lounge lizards, is almost unrecognizable as a young tenant farmer; it was the performance of his career. Betty Field plays his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, J. Carol Naish, and, regrettably, Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. Though William Faulkner worked on the screenplay, Renoir is the only one listed, with Hugo Butler credited for the preliminary adaptation. Werner Janssen did the music.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 25 and 27.)

Where the Sidewalk Ends (1950)—Ben Hecht wrote and Otto Preminger directed this trim film noir—one of those ninety-five-minute wonders that whisk an audience through a couple of twisty homicides and leave a whiff of melancholy in their wake. A violent New York City cop (Dana Andrews) wants to clear an innocent suspect of murder and accidentally kills him. Then he falls in love with the suspect's widow (Gene Tierney). The way Andrews mingles sadism and sadness gives the movie pungency; Tierney is a tender woman of destiny, and Gary Merrill and Karl Malden head a gritty supporting cast.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 25-26.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)—"Natural Born Killers" (†). . . . "True Lies" (James Cameron). . . . "Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce). . . . "The Mask" (Chuck Russell). . . . "Speed" (Jan De Bont). . . . "Corrina, Corrina" (Jessie Nelson).

Film Forum 2 and 3, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—**theatre 2**: Through Nov. 24: "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957, Alexander Mackendrick). . . . ¶ Nov. 25-26: "Laura" (1944, Otto Preminger) and "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (†). . . . ¶ Nov. 27-28: "Kiss of Death" (†); and "The House of 92nd Street" (1945, Henry Hathaway). . . . ¶ From Nov. 29: "Cry Terror!" (1958, Andrew Stone) and "The Tattooed Stranger" (1950, Edward J. Montagne). . . . **theatre 3**: "Dr. Strangelove, or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb" (1964, Stanley Kubrick).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-1717)—"Against the Odds: BBC Drama, 1975-1994." Nov. 23 at 7: "Song of Experience" (1975, Stephen Frears) and "Three Men in a Boat" (1975, Frears). . . . Nov. 23 at 9:30: "Memento Mori" (1992, Jack Clayton). . . . Nov. 25-27 at 3: "Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit" (1990, Beevan Kidron). . . . Nov. 25-27 and Nov. 29 at 7: "Family, Part 1" (1994, Michael Winterbottom). . . . Nov. 25-27 and Nov. 29 at 9:15: "Family, Part 2." . . . Nov. 28 at 7: "Tutti Frutti, Part 1" (1987, Tony Smith).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—From Nov. 25: a program of thirty-two films shown under the umbrella title "Contemporary Films of the African Diaspora Festival."

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films by Denys Arcand. Nov. 25 at 2:30 and Nov. 27 at 5: "Montreal Sextet" (1991). . . . Nov. 25 at 6 and Nov. 27 at 2: "Jesus of Montreal" (1989). . . . Nov. 25 at 8:30: "The Decline of the American Empire" (1985). . . . Nov. 26 at 2: "Gina" (1974). . . . Nov. 26 at 5: "Réjeanne Padovani" (1972). . . . Nov. 28 at 3 and Nov. 29 at 6: "Quebec: Duplessis and After" (1970). . . . Nov. 28 at 6: Four short films, 1962-67. . . . Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Comfort and Indifference" (1981). . . . ¶ A program of films directed by, or about, Jean Renoir. Nov. 25 at 3: "La Chienne" (1931). . . . Nov. 25 at 6 and Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The Southerner" (†). . . . Nov. 25 at 8 and Nov. 27 at 5: "French Cancan" (1955). . . . Nov. 26 at 2:30: "The Woman on the Beach" (1946). . . . Nov. 26 at 5: "Jean Renoir" (1993; David Thompson), a documentary.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Through Nov. 30: A program of films from Germany, 1933-45. . . . ¶ Nov. 26-27 at 2: "Kidnapped" (1960, Robert Stevenson).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films and videos by, or about, black American males. Nov. 23 at noon: "Jack Johnson" (1970, Jim Jacobs) and "Eyes on the Prize, Part II: Ain't Gonna Shuffle No More, 1964-72" (1990). . . . Nov. 23 at 3:30: "Black and Tan" (1929, Dudley Murphy) and "The Cotton Club" (†). . . . Nov. 25 at noon: "Go Tell It on the Mountain" (1984). . . . Nov. 25 at 3:30: "To Sleep with Anger" (1990, Charles Burnett). . . . Nov. 26 at noon: "Chameleon Street" (1990, Wendell B. Harris, Jr.). . . Nov. 26 at 3:30 and Nov. 27 at noon: "Ganja and Hess" (1970, Bill Gunn). . . . Nov. 27 at 3:30: "Mingus" (1967, Thomas Reichman) and "Midnight Ramble: Oscar Micheaux and Race Movies" (1993).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Nov. 27 at 7, the feature will be "The Star" (1953, Stuart Heisler), with Bette Davis and Sterling Hayden.

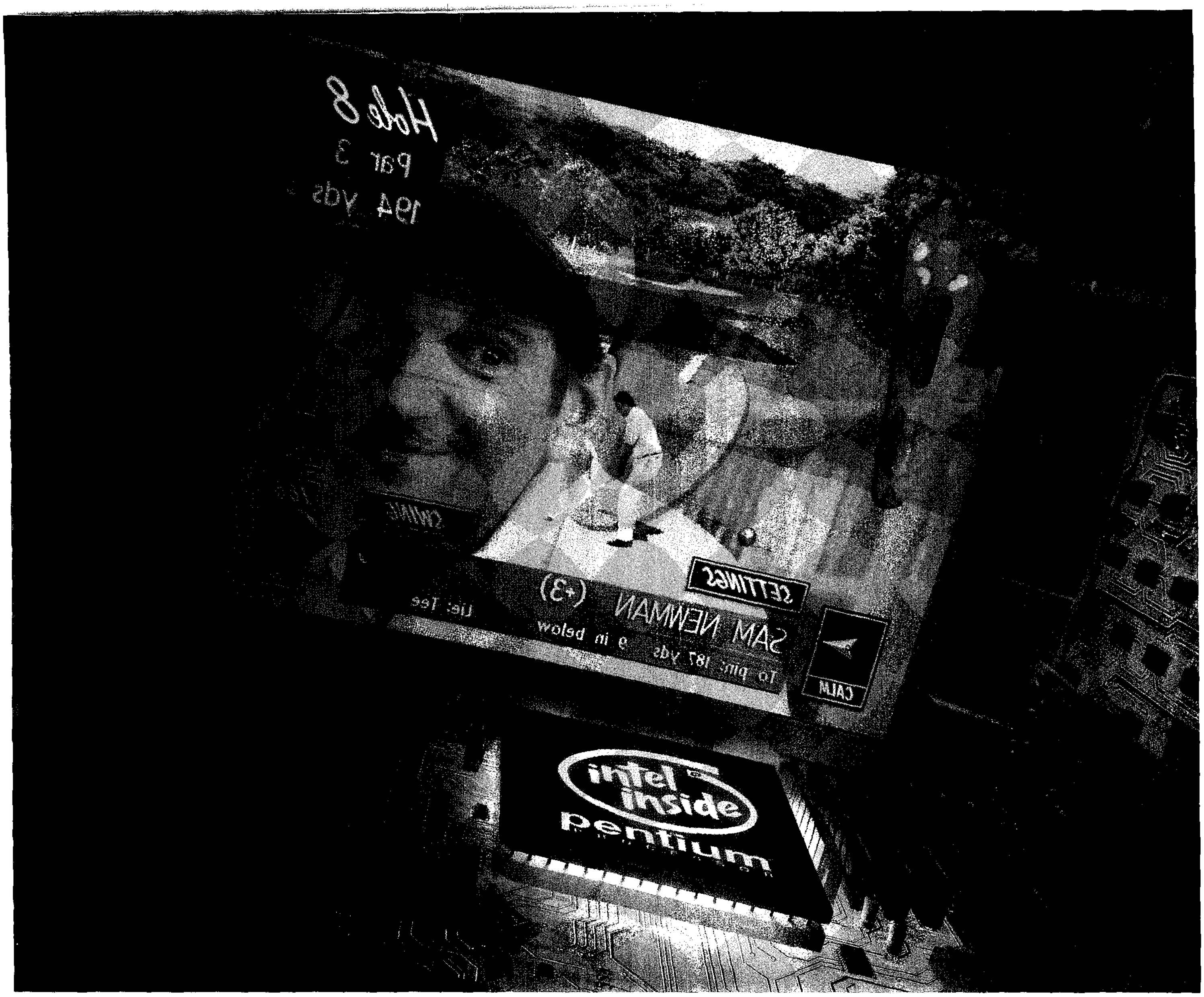
Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through Dec. 4: "The Belle of 14th Street" (1967), with Barbra Streisand. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.) . . . ¶ Through Nov. 27: A series of videos about Martha Graham and her dance works. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 3:30.)

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Nov. 29 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Scent of Green Papaya" (1994, Tran Anh Hung; in Vietnamese).

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—Nov. 29 at 7: "Murmur of the Heart" (†). . . . Nov. 29 at 9:15: "The Baker's Wife" (1938, Marcel Pagnol; in French).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Nov. 25 at 2: "Revenge of the Nerds" (†). . . . Nov. 25 at 4: "The Shining" (1980, Stanley Kubrick). . . . Nov. 26 at 2: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (†). . . . Nov. 26 at 4:30: "Carrie" (1976, Brian De Palma). . . . Nov. 27 at 2: "It's Alive" (1974, Larry Cohen). . . . Nov. 27 at 4:30: "Porky's" (†).

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadows Park. (1-718 592-9700)—Nov. 26 at 2: "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (†).

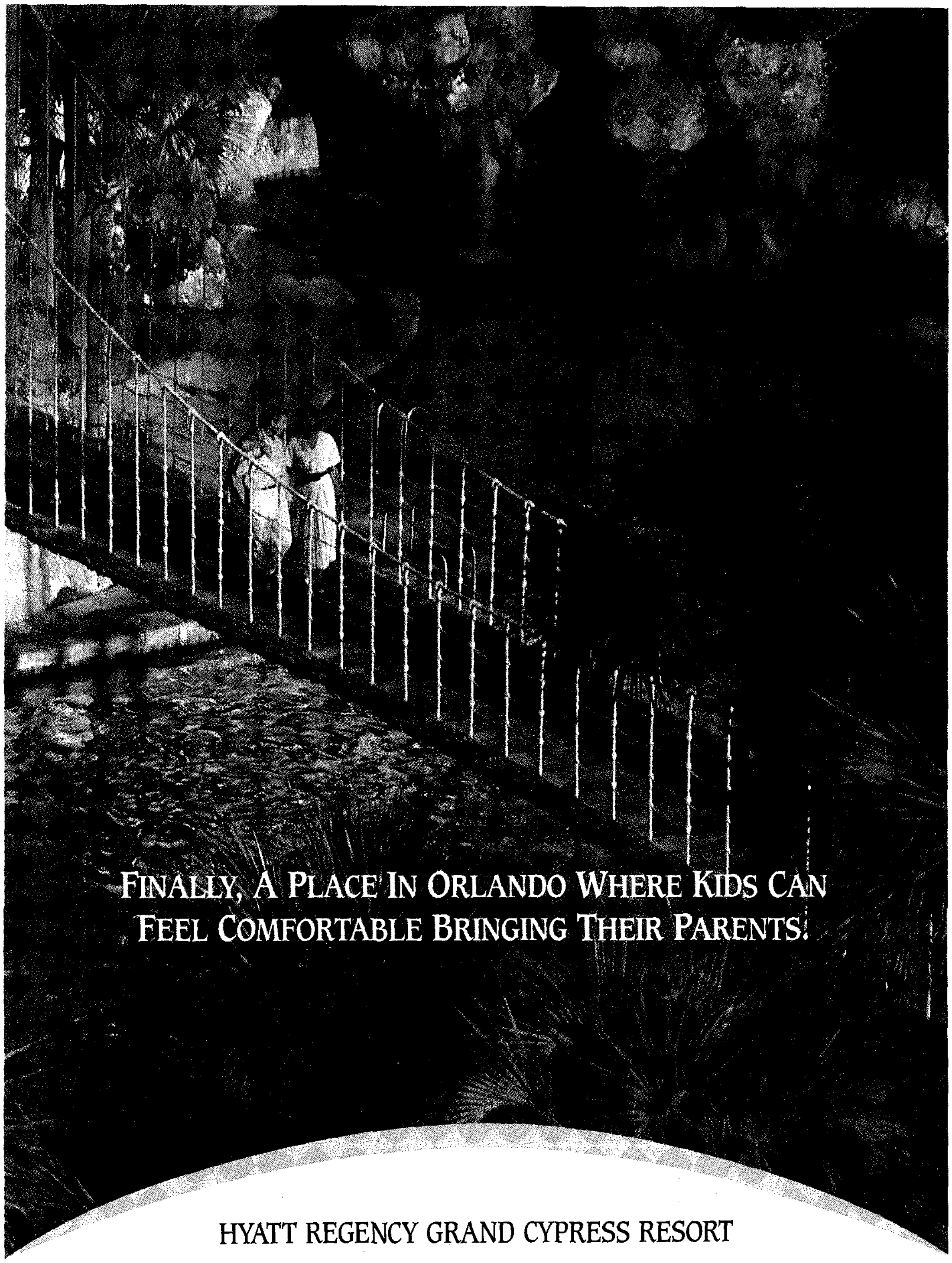


Astonishing performance. Any way you slice it.

Want to work on your chip shot without leaving your desk? Or hear the crowd roar when you sink your hole-in-one? With a PC based on the Pentium™ processor, you can. The fact is, all PC software runs better on a Pentium processor-based PC. But the more incredible the software, the more it demands Pentium processor performance. A PC based on the Pentium processor is also a good investment, since it will still have plenty of horsepower to run tomorrow's applications. That, plus the fact that these PCs are now so affordable, makes today the right time to buy a Pentium processor-based PC. For more information, call 1-800-333-4161, Ext. 220.

PGA Tour® Golf from EA Sports™ brings all the sights and sounds of real golf to your PC.

©1994 Intel Corporation. All brand and product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective owners.


FINALLY, A PLACE IN ORLANDO WHERE KIDS CAN
FEEL COMFORTABLE BRINGING THEIR PARENTS.

HYATT REGENCY GRAND CYPRESS RESORT

No mouse ears. No 3-hour lines. No height requirements. Just the most spectacular family resort under the Florida sun. The Hyatt Grand Cypress in Orlando. Minutes from Walt Disney World® and Busch Gardens®, but a million miles away. Championship golf courses. Cascading waterfalls. A world-class equestrian center. Just use that nearby theme park as your alibi. Call your travel planner or Hyatt at 1-800-233-1234.

HYATT
REGENCY
GRAND CYPRESS ®

We've Thought Of Everything.®

Hyatt Hotels and Resorts are managed by two separate groups of companies – companies associated with Hyatt Hotels Corp. and companies associated with Hyatt International Corp. © 1994 Hyatt Corp.

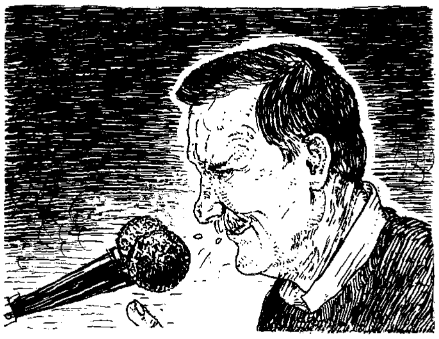
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE MAN BEHIND THE VOICE BEHIND THE 1994 ELECTIONS

YOU have heard it, over and over again, perhaps hundreds of times in the past four months. It became part of the unwanted Muzak of your mind—that unstoppable, slightly nauseating loop of half-remembered songs, conversations from old, unhappy affairs, and "The Simpsons." It was the voice of the 1994 elections—or, rather, the voice-over, insidious and invidious, hissing and muttering at you from the television set in the corner. So ubiquitous was this voice, and so universal its tone, that it almost seemed as if there were a single source for it, some master voice, someone sitting alone in a room somewhere laying down the soundtrack for angry ads from Oregon to Massachusetts to Texas to Florida.

Actually, there was. The voice of the most famously negative and nasty elections since, well, the last elections was, to a surprising degree, the voice of Scott Sanders, a forty-seven-year-old ex-actor who lives in Philadelphia and is one of the leading political voice-over artistes in the nation. Reached at his office, Sanders couldn't say precisely how many thirty- and sixty-second spots he provided the voice for during the 1994 elections, but guessed the number was between seven hundred and fifty and eight hundred. "In October alone, I did from twenty-five to thirty ads a day," he said.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JARRETT HUDDLESTON

Mr. Sanders is successful in part because he is a thorough professional—it usually takes him no more than a couple of takes to nail what he calls "a political"—but also because he has a gift. "When I first started doing this work," he explained, "someone said to me, 'You can insinuate really well. You can be nasty without people thinking you're being nasty.' "

Since Sanders began doing politicals, in 1986, he has worked hard to hone the natural edge in his voice into the razor-sharp beauty it is today. "This is an acting job," he says. "When I got out of college, that's what I wanted to be—an actor. And now I am. Every time I go out there, it's literally a tiny performance, and a good performance elicits an emotional response in people. And that's what I aim for. I ask myself, 'Is this making the hair on my neck stand up? Is this *real*?' "

THE basic idea behind Sanders' approach is that the voice of outrage, which is the essential voice of a negative commercial, is not the voice of some angry street-corner man ranting at you but the voice of *you* ranting at you. "It's not the way people talk—it's the way they think," he says. "It's the voice that is in your mind speaking to you when someone has really hurt you, when you've been outraged and you are playing back the outrage in your mind. What I try to do is to take that voice and put it into what I say, so that when you hear the commercial you hear it in this voice that is in your mind already. It is much more *intense* than if I just said it."

To achieve the desired effect, Sanders breathes, always, from the diaphragm. This gives his voice resonance. He speaks in a low pitch, and with carefully controlled energy. "Some people have a tendency to shout when they are doing negative ads," Sanders says with a sniff of disdain, "but that's all wrong. One of the tricks I've learned is to come back off my voice—actually pull back on the amount of volume. It lowers the pitch, and gives you that intimate effect you want." And he handles the words themselves with individual precision, eliding one here and drawing out one there, to add emotional emphasis. "To make a word sarcastic, you stretch it out," Sanders says. "If I say to you, 'Mitt Romney—he's lying,' that's only moderately effective. But if I say, 'Mitt Romney.' Pause. 'He's lyyyying,' that's much, much stronger."

The main problem with this approach is that all the things that add emphasis also add time, turning a twenty-nine-and-a-half-second script into an unusable thirty-one- or thirty-two-second spot. "It's difficult," Sanders says. "Sometimes, all you need is a sixteenth of a second to make a word drip with sarcasm, but if you have eight words like that in a spot, they put you over the top." The solution is technology. "They use digital editing machines, which translate the voice into a line on a computer screen, like an electrocardio-

graph, with the waves spiking up when you speak and going flat when you are not speaking. Then they move the cursor to the flat parts and cut them out, so you can get from, say, thirty and one-tenth to twenty-nine and a half just by editing out breaths and closing up words a little."

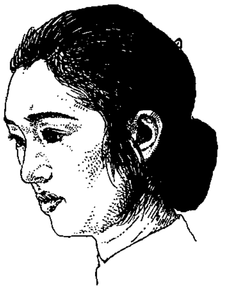
It's obvious from listening to him that Sanders takes a craftsman's pride in his work, but, not surprisingly, he is a little defensive about it, too. "It's a peculiar position to be in," he says. "I can't sit here and tell you that I don't have favorite candidates, or that it doesn't bother me saying things I know are not true. But if I'm being paid for a performance I have to put my personal preferences, and even my personal philosophy, behind me, because they're paying me to do the best job I can, and my job is to get the candidate elected."

And, let's face it, it's just plain fun. "There's a high in politicals, for sure," Mr. Sanders says. "I get real depressed after the season is over."

CHINA'S SCREEN SIREN, GONG LI

According to a 1993 poll, the twenty-eight-year-old film star Gong Li—the muse of China's Fifth Generation school of film directors, and the star of "Farewell My Concubine," "Red Sorghum," and the new movie "To Live," which opened last week in New York—is the seventh-most-popular person in China. The remarkable thing about Gong Li's ranking is not so much the number of people in China who are less popular than she is (about 1.2 billion) as the fact that she puts next to no effort at all into being popular. She does not seem particularly impressed by the adulation that she receives throughout Asia, nor does she seem fazed in Europe, where her appearance at the Cannes or the Venice film festival is as eagerly awaited as the awarding of the top prize. She does not try to charm or seduce; she is like a country girl who has found herself in a very sophisticated world and is doing just fine.

At three o'clock one afternoon earlier this year, Gong Li arrived at the Zen Restaurant in the Pacific Place mall in Hong Kong. Her driver was with her, holding a cellular telephone. He was invited to have lunch, too, and after carefully placing the telephone on the lazy Susan in the center of the table, he stood to prepare plates of food—first for Gong Li and then for the others. Gong Li does not speak English, and is always addressed as Gong Li (it would be bad form to address her otherwise). She and Zhang Yimou, the director of "To Live," who was No. 6 in the popularity poll and is the man Gong Li lives with, use each other's full name in conversation, and in interviews she calls him Director Zhang.



She is about five feet six inches tall, and slender, with narrow hips. Her arms are thin and shapely. Her skin really is the color of old ivory. Her lips are full, and her teeth are a bit uneven. She wore tight black jeans, a black jacket, and a thin white sweater. She took a jar of Tiger Balm from her pocket and, with the tip of her baby finger, delicately applied the aromatic ointment to the nape of her neck and under her nostrils. When asked if she would ever work in America, she said, "I've never thought about it. I'm already old." When it was suggested that it would not be long before Hollywood would come seeking her—offering her all the tea in China, someone said, with an embarrassed, high-spirited yelp—she looked up, mildly interested, but said nothing. She chose another dumpling with discernment and ate with concentration—not with the concentration of someone who is either shy or gluttonous but, rather, with the solemnity of a performer who is seemingly unaware that she is being watched.

AN "ARAB TRAUMA" DEFENSE FOR BAZ

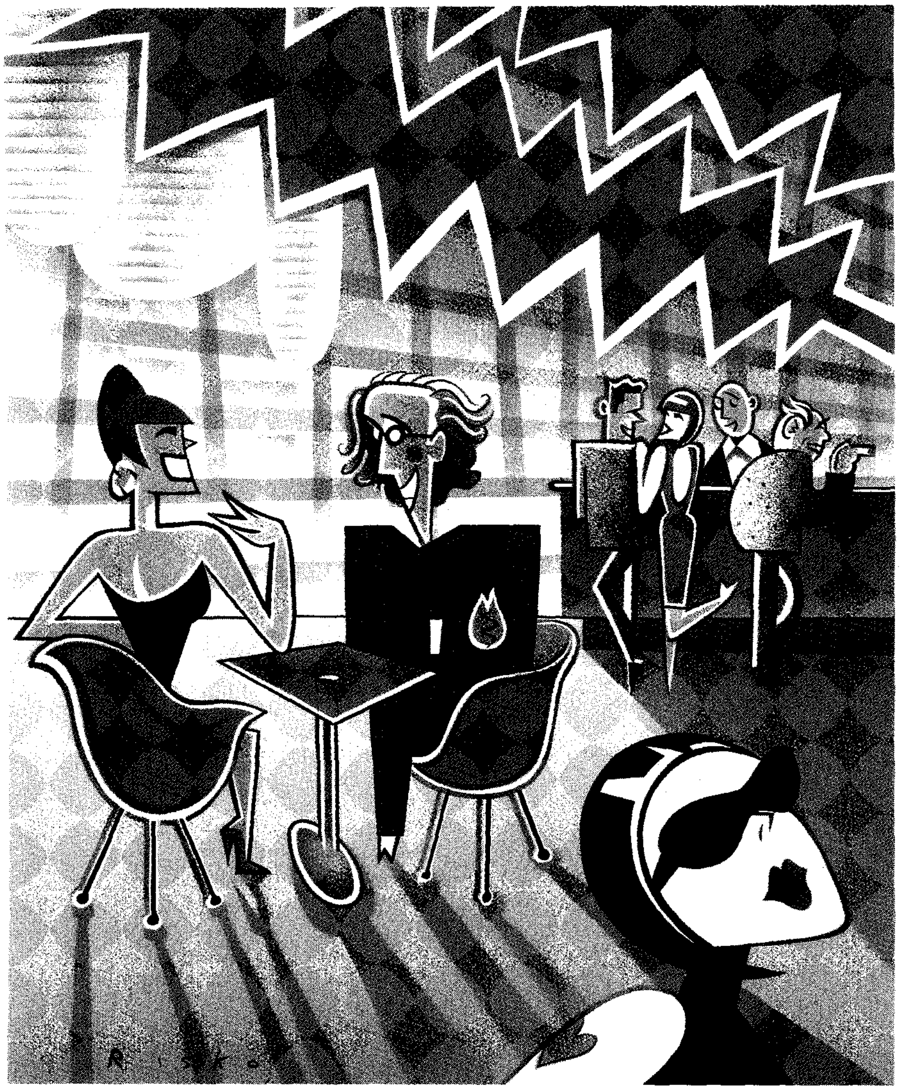
Earlier this month, when the defense attorney Eric M. Sears told a Manhattan jury that his client, Rashid Baz, was "not legally responsible" for the shooting attack last March on a van carrying fifteen yeshiva students over the Brooklyn Bridge, a murmur of disbelief emanated from the rows of the victims' supporters who, attired in traditional Hasidic garb, had crowded into Judge Harold Rothwax's courtroom for opening arguments. The gunfire killed sixteen-year-old Aaron Halberstam and wounded three other students. The defense lawyer did not deny that his client, a twenty-nine-year-old Brooklyn resident who grew up in Beirut, had indeed fired into the van that day; rather, he confidently declared that Rashid Baz was himself a victim. In his opening statement, Sears promised to call a psychiatrist and a forensic psychologist to support what amounts to an insanity defense. Growing up for eighteen years in the midst of Lebanon's civil war had so psychologically damaged Baz, Sears said, that he had no more control over his own actions "than a fire once lit understands why it's burning."

When Sears presents the defense case this week, he plans to call a Washington-based psychologist, Dr. Nuha Abudabbeh, and a Manhattan psychiatrist, Dr. Douglas Anderson. Dr. Anderson has been asked to testify for the Baz defense team on the nature of post-traumatic-stress disorder, which used to be referred to as shell shock, and Dr. Abudabbeh is expected to testify about psychological damage inflicted on children who grow up in war-torn areas—specifically, Beirut. Although Abudabbeh has testified at more than three hundred trials during a career of nearly twenty years, she is getting particular attention these days for her work on a syndrome she calls "Arab trauma."

Dr. Abudabbeh, a Palestinian, received her Ph.D. in psychology from the University of Maryland in 1974. Since then, she has lived in the Washington area, dividing her time between patients, research, and court testimony. For the last four years she has also been the host of a syndicated radio call-in show broadcast, in Arabic, to Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, and Pittsburgh. Every Thursday afternoon in the Waldorf, Maryland, studios of WNTO, she takes ten or fifteen calls, usually on issues of mental health and current events. Abudabbeh doesn't shy from heated debate: on a recent broadcast, for example, she argued with an irate caller who objected to her suggestion that Susan Smith, the South Carolina woman who confessed to drowning her own children, might be mentally "sick." Later, Abudabbeh conceded that sometimes "I am too nice, that's my prob-

BOWERY CHUMS

The music at the Bowery Bar, housed in a renovated gas station downtown, is loud and seventies. The dress code is relaxed. The atmosphere is "multicool," as one patron put it, yelling into the phone to a friend. The forecourt, where the gas pumps used to be, has been transformed into a handsome courtyard with its own forest of locust trees. On leaving the restaurant the other night, a diner came across a curiously medieval sight: a small crowd of Bowery denizens were peering over the courtyard wall, like serfs at the castle gates. In the courtyard, a young woman with a negligible pink garment arranged around her impressive embonpoint, looked at them and waved. "Come on in!" she called. A multicool moment.



lem." Then she took some time to explain what Arab trauma is.

"The field of Arab trauma is relatively new," she explained. "This is something that Freud talked about way back, but we are reëxamining it. It's stuff that Genet talked about in terms of dissociation. And now, after the Vietnam War, we saw a whole kind of syndrome that occurred when these guys came back. And after that we've been studying victims and people who've been continually exposed to violence. You're talking about children who grew up with a great deal of violence in front of them, who had to see relatives killed, who had to see relatives kidnapped, who had to see bombs coming apart. This happened in Lebanon for seventeen years. I mean, they saw devastation I don't think Palestinians ever saw."

"There is so much trauma," Dr. Abudabbeh added, almost wistfully. She thought of another example: Hurricane Andrew. "The impact of the hurricane on the people—how did it affect their lives? This is what we talk about. This is all trauma."

MORE THAN FRIENDS

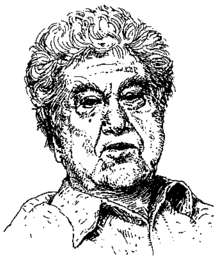
DAN ALGRANT, the director of "Naked in New York," was discussing Los Angeles. "There are only three types of people you know in Los Angeles," he said. "Friends, people you're friendly with, and frenemies."

Enemies who are friends, friends who are enemies—"frenemies." Algrant explained that the term is a spiritual cousin of the maxim "Be nice to people on the way up—they're the same people you'll pass on the way down," and a descendant of the Sicilian proverb "Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer."

The former TriStar chairman Mike Medavoy had never heard the word "frenemy," but he said, "Most people in Hollywood are too insecure to tell people the truth about how they feel about them. They never know when they may need them. Sincerity is not one of Hollywood's main attractions." Adam Fields, who is the president of Jon Peters' company, Peters Entertainment, grasped the concept immediately: "Frenemies are the people you like the least but one day might need the most."

A WORD WARRIOR

AZIZ NESIN has lost track of the number of times he's been hauled off to jail in the course of the last half century, for writing books, essays, and newspaper columns that have infuriated the Turkish government. Nesin, who at seventy-nine is an elfin figure with a soft puff of white hair, seems to gravitate toward the lion's jaws. Earlier this year, he tried to find someone in Turkey willing to translate and publish Salman Rushdie's "The Satanic Verses," an effort that won him a *fatwa* from a high-ranking Iranian mullah and a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar price tag on his head from a Turkish businessman.



Nesin was in town recently to receive

TOP RIGHT ART: ROBERT RISKO

an International Press Freedom Award at the annual gala of the Committee to Protect Journalists. Earlier that day, between press conferences and editorial briefings, he stopped off for lunch. Nesin ate heartily, though he neither smoked nor drank coffee, thus exploding at least two national stereotypes. He sipped placidly from his water goblet as his translator, Yalman Onaran, recounted an incident last year in which a mob burned down the hotel where Nesin was staying, killing thirty-seven people. As Nesin climbed down a ladder, a fireman tried to beat him to death. Nesin said, "I've never hesitated to write or say what I believe, and I never gave a second thought to the consequences for myself." And then he told Onaran to stop translating and enjoy his pasta.

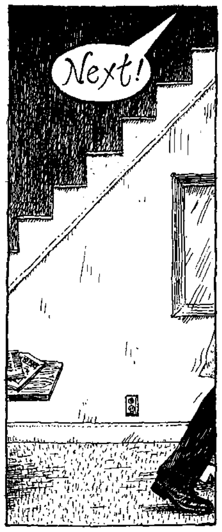
Nesin was too much the realist to believe that any substantial good would come of his award. "A lot of people will be so jealous that they will read my books a second time to find something else to convict me on," he said, with a laugh. That night, however, amid a blaze of tuxedos and evening gowns, Nesin received his due. Barbara Walters, who introduced him, said she couldn't quite believe that the sweet man eating strawberry ice cream next to her had defied the power of the state and the rage of the mob. She quoted him as saying "If a book can still be banned in a country in the nineteen-nineties, that nation is not a civilized and modern nation." And as Nesin pushed back his chair and walked slowly to the podium, the crowd rose to give him an ovation.

EXIT LAUGHING

The wake for Michael O'Donoghue, the onetime "Saturday Night Live" writer and occasional performer of darkly brilliant comedy, was held in the West Village apartment that O'Donoghue had shared with his wife, Cheryl. O'Donoghue died of a cerebral hemorrhage on November 9th, so the décor included a display of his CAT scans—a touch he would have loved. Various people spoke their piece, but the famously rancorous spirit of "Saturday Night Live" didn't bite until Chevy Chase offered to say a few words. "Are they going to be about Mike?" barked somebody at the back, provoking laughter.

Chase praised O'Donoghue's "impression" of Merv Griffin having knitting needles plunged into his eyes. But somebody else pointed out that O'Donoghue had actually been impersonating another talk-show host, Mike Douglas. Chase then noted, with odd wistfulness, that O'Donoghue had once told him that he could see him becoming "a mediocre movie star." Things swiftly returned to "S.N.L." normality, with the next speaker, Buck Henry, telling Chase, mordantly, "We all know how much Michael loved *you*." Suddenly, it was as if Michael O'Donoghue's saturnine spirit were scripting the whole affair.

A FARCE ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE



As James Lipton remembers it, the front-door buzzer of his Upper East Side town house sounded at about four o'clock in the afternoon. His wife let the guest in. Lipton saw him some time later, upon coming down from his upstairs office. Somewhat preppy-looking, as Lipton remembers him—coat and tie, standing with a young woman who had come in with him.

"This is my fiancée," the young man said.

"That's fine," Lipton said. The couple went to the living room, where a number of young people were seated, almost all of them in animated discussion.

"Do have a seat," Lipton said. "We'll call you."

Lipton is a man of many parts: director, producer, playwright, and the author of, among other works, "An Exaltation of Larks." Recently, he's become the chairman of a new M.F.A. program—an amalgamation (for which he was largely responsible) of the venerable Actors Studio, which has remained a private and extremely exclusive workshop for actors, playwrights, and directors for forty-seven years, and the New School for Social Research, which is currently celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary.

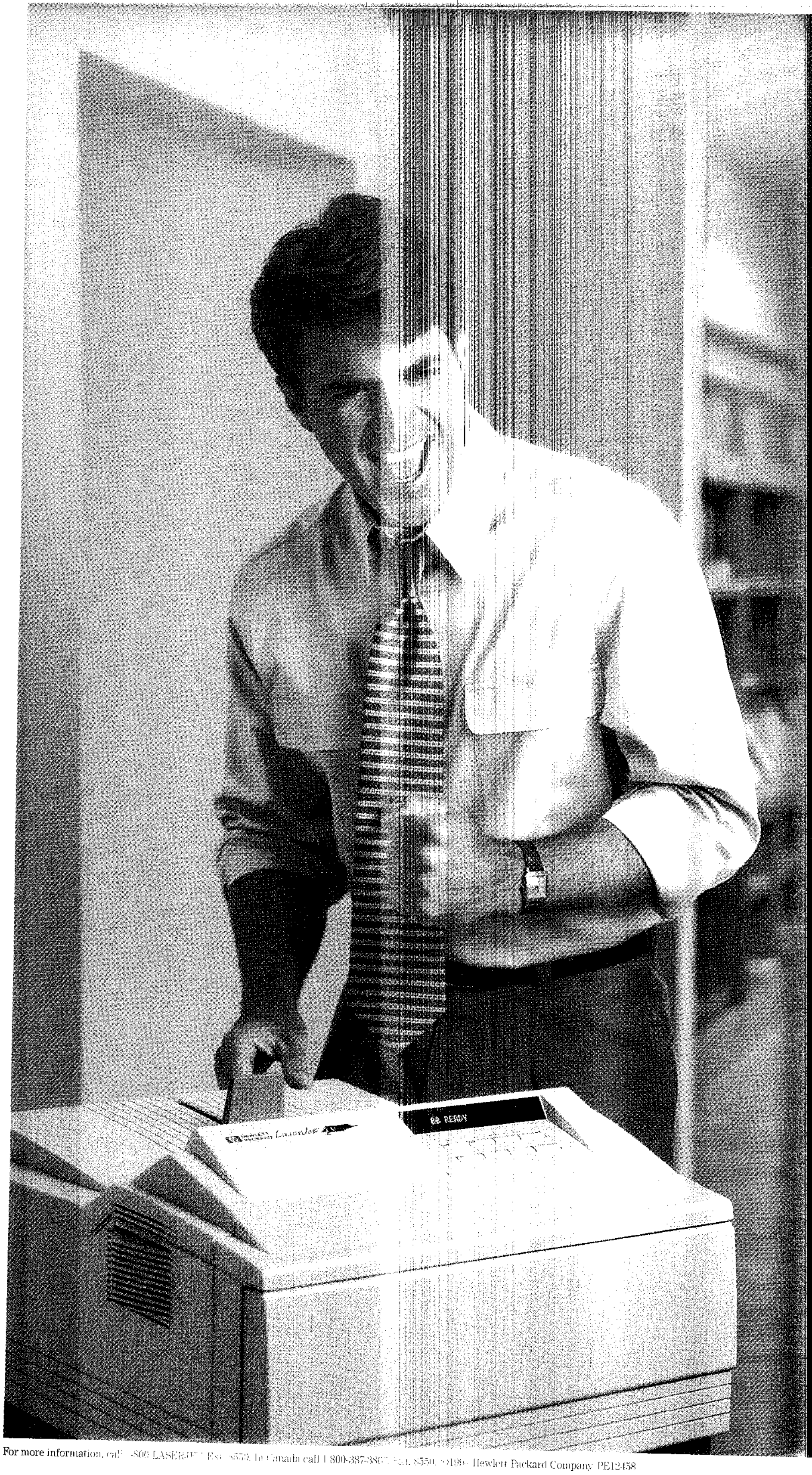
Word about the program had gone out last summer, and over a thousand applications had come in. The afternoon the young man and his fiancée turned up, Lipton, who is a life member of the Actors Studio, and Carlin Glynn, another member, who won a Tony for her performance in "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," were talking to some of the applicants who hoped to become directors. Each candidate was interviewed in Lipton's office for more than half an hour. Very thorough—but not surprising, since over the years the Actors Studio itself has been notorious for its stinginess in electing new members: it reputedly took Jack Nicholson five tryouts, Dustin Hoffman six, and Harvey Keitel eleven to get in. (This year, no one made it.)

Each time Lipton went to the head of the stairs to summon a candidate by calling out "Next!" he noticed the young man with the fiancée, at first looking rather forlorn, but then, as the afternoon wore on, obviously becoming increasingly agitated. "Finally," Lipton recalls, "when I said 'Next!' the young man sprang to his feet, his eyes as round as Orphan Annie's, and he called up the stairs, in considerable anguish, 'Are you Dr. Bryskin?' "

"I knew who he was talking about," Lipton went on. "A psychiatrist in the town house next door. When I explained this, the two of them raced out in a state of panic, the young woman's pocketbook flapping." Back in his office, Lipton told Carlin Glynn what had happened. It was a few minutes before the two could compose themselves sufficiently to call in the next candidate.

Lipton remembers Glynn wondering aloud what the couple had been thinking as they sat there for more than an hour among people they must have assumed were Dr. Bryskin's patients. Lipton had come up with an answer: "Surely that they were surrounded by real crazies—people all thinking they're directors!" Lipton went on, "It's interesting. The first question we often put to our applicants is 'Tell us about yourself.' We like those who can really open up. This young man, sitting there in my office, could have been absolutely spellbinding. Who knows? He might have wound up in the program. I mean, everyone wants to be a director." ♦

This week's contributors: Michael Kelly, Susanna Moore, Warren St. John, Tom Teicholz, James Traub, Anthony Haden-Guest, George Plimpton.



Double time.

HP LaserJet 4V
Documents in half the time.

If your printer keeps you waiting too often, you're ready for the new HP LaserJet 4V printer. The one that can give you 16 pages per minute instead of the usual eight.

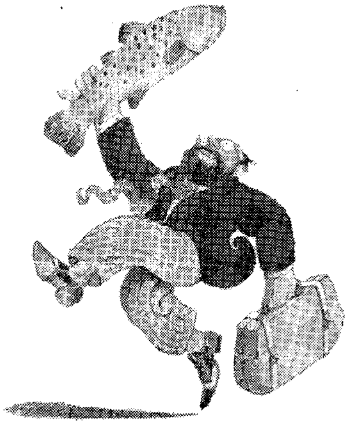
The LaserJet 4V handles a variety of paper sizes, including 11″ x 17″. It's got more memory. And it fits on a desktop. When you hit print, you get HP's true 600-dot-per-inch resolution. It's sharper. Crisper. Blacker. And only $2,449 U.S. list.

If you need to turn up the speed on your network, choose the LaserJet 4MV. Get your work in half the time it ordinarily takes. Just look in the Yellow Pages for the HP dealer nearest you.

You do your job. We'll do ours.
HP LaserJet Printers

HEWLETT® PACKARD

For more information, call 1-800-LASERJET, Ext. 8550. In Canada call 1-800-387-3867, Ext. 8550. ©1994 Hewlett-Packard Company PE12458



Umberto Eco

How to Travel with a Salmon & Other Essays

Translated by William Weaver

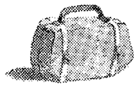
A new book of essays by the bestselling author of *The Name of the Rose* and *Foucault's Pendulum*

Written in the late 80's and early 90's as his *diario minimo* (minimal diaries), these essays are Eco's playful but unfailingly accurate takes on militarism, fax machines, computer jargon, cellular phones, even maniacal taxi drivers—all of the absurdities of modern life.

"Roland Barthes by way of Woody Allen. Eco takes . . . delight in the absurd, the surreal, and the wildly fanciful."
—*Boston Phoenix*

Jacket illustration by Tullio Pericoli

HARCOURT BRACE
AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ROYAL MESS

How much trouble is King Fahd in? He faces cash crises, divisive heirs, and a new opposition that may create a dilemma for the United States.

BY LESLIE AND ANDREW COCKBURN

AT two-thirty in the morning on May 15, 1993, Lujain al-Iman, a twenty-six-year-old native of Missouri, was awakened in the bedroom of her house in Riyadh by the sound of doors slamming downstairs. She lived, with her husband, Muhammad al-Masari, in a large villa with stuccoed walls, servants' quarters, and well-tended gardens on the King Saud University campus. Lujain (she changed her name from Cathy after marrying Masari) had left Denver, Colorado, to join her husband, a physics professor at the university, just eight months before. She had told her mother at the airport that she was looking forward to "a nice, quiet, uneventful life," which would be largely taken up with children—four stepchildren from Masari's first marriage, and her own son from her first marriage, Ali, who was five and was still adjusting to a mob of new brothers and sisters after his years as an only child in Denver.

The Saudi dissident leader Muhammad al-Masari with his American wife, Lujain, and their son. Masari's group is the first to publicly criticize the corrupt dynasty.

DAVID GAMBLE

Lujain was seven months pregnant, and she had slept badly since just after midnight, when her husband arrived home and presented her with the phone numbers of two diplomats at the American Embassy. "If anything should ever happen," he said, "just remind them of their promise."

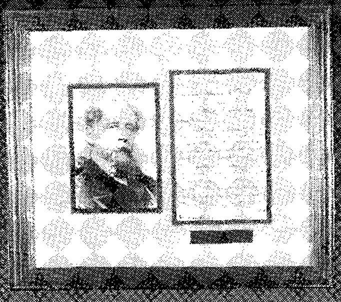
Masari, forty-six, was one of Saudi Arabia's leading theoretical physicists; he had participated in top-secret government meetings to discuss whether Saudi Arabia should build a nuclear weapon. (His father had dined regularly with King Feisal.) He was also a scholar of the *shariah*, the Islamic code of civil and religious law. But now he was in very serious trouble.

Crashing through the garage entrance to the house, a dozen or so heavily armed Mabaheth—secret police—had entered the servants' quarters, on the ground floor. They were Bedouin tribesmen from the Saudi interior; red-and-white checked *ghutrahs* masked their faces, so that only their eyes showed. They held a maid at gunpoint until she waved them toward the study, where Masari's eldest son, eighteen-year-old Anmar, was sleeping. They woke him and smashed his head against the wall, shouting, "Where is your father?"

Upstairs in the master-bedroom suite, Lujain, her husband fast asleep beside her, was straining to hear. "I saw the door handle was moving, so I called out, 'Who is it?' " she recalls.

An unfamiliar voice answered, "I'm a

Charles Dickens



Charles Dickens
Autograph Letter Signed, 1844
about A Christmas Carol $4750

ORIGINAL LETTERS
& DOCUMENTS

Literature, Music, Art,
Presidential, Business, Science, History,
Military, Law and other fields

Framed with Portraits & Unframed

Special Christmas Catalogue $5

THE
Kenneth W. Rendell
GALLERY
989 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10021
(212) 717-1776 • Hours: Mon-Sat 10-6
Established 1959

Gallery

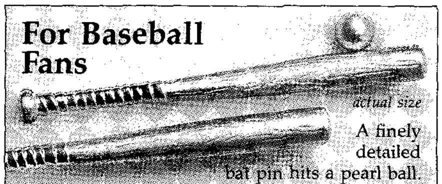
Luxurious Town House Hotel
Quietly situated in the heart of Kensington.
36 individually and sumptuously furnished
Club Rooms with Butler Service.
Your ideal residence in London.

8–10 Queensberry Place
London SW7 2EA

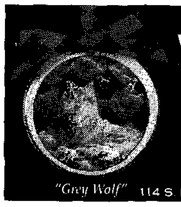
Tel: + 44 (71) 915 0000
Fax: + 44 (71) 915 4400

London

For Baseball
Fans



A finely
detailed
bat pin hits a pearl ball.
Sterling, $95. 14K gold, $355. Stickpin (no pearl) in sterling, $70. 14K gold, $320. $4 shipping. In NY add tax. Catalogue on request. VISA/MC/AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check: **EAST END SILVER**
Dept. N2, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956



"Grey Wolf"

COLLECTIBLE
WILDLIFE ORNAMENTS
FROM ALASKAN ARTIST
JOANNE GEORGE
1 IN A SERIES OF 5

CALL TO ORDER:
1-800-552-2880
$18 PLUS S&H · VISA/MC
114 S. FRANKLIN ST., STE. 100 · JUNEAU, AK 99801

friend of Muhammad's. Open the door!"

"I told him, 'No! I'm not gonna open the door!' " Lujain finally shook her husband awake. "He got up and looked out the window, and there were all these Chevy Blazer trucks parked out there. He checked the phone, and it was dead."

Masari, a devout Muslim, shouted through the door that he needed time to wash "for prayer" and dress. The voice on the other side threatened to shoot off the lock. Lujain said, "What is this? Did I wake up in Russia this morning?" Then seven masked Bedouin rushed through the door and dragged Masari away. Lujain had a severe asthma attack.

"I was trying to get my passport out of my purse and hide it under my *abaya*"—her cloak. "At the same time, I was trying to use my inhaler," she recalls. "That guy from the Mabaheth just rushed at me, grabbed me around my arms, and took my medicine from my hand." The leader of the group confiscated her American passport.

Ransacking the house, the intruders carted away seven trunkloads of books and papers. "Anything written in English—even cookbooks," Lujain says. Books on political theory and on Islam and dense works on physics in German and English were of particular interest. For good measure, the men ripped down curtains and slashed carpets. Masari was driven away in the back of a Blazer. There was nothing for Lujain to do but follow her husband's instructions. The following morning, she went to the American Embassy.

MASARI had been participating in clandestine meetings to build an opposition movement to the Royal House of Saud, the dynasty that has held absolute power in Saudi Arabia since 1932, when King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud united the country under his control. Just the week before, on May 5th, Masari and a group of some half-dozen highly respected professors, lawyers, and judges of impeccably orthodox Islamic credentials had publicly unveiled the Committee for the Defense of Legitimate Rights.

Their manifesto, filled with references to the Koran and Islamic law, did not explicitly attack the ruling family. Nevertheless, it posed a direct threat to the authoritarian regime of the seventy-three-year-old King Fahd, son of Abdul Aziz—a regime that had already been buffeted by a growing cash crisis and

Magical Asia Awaits
Your Discovery

Singapore
&
Bangkok

6 Nights from
$1450.00*

Your Asian vacation begins on the tropical island of Singapore, where you can experience all the mysteries of the East without sacrificing the luxuries of the West.

Singapore's extraordinary location at the crossroads of Asia serves as a convenient gateway to your next stop: the exotic city of Bangkok.

Step into magical Bangkok, where glittering palaces and sacred temples will delight your eyes. Discover colorful floating markets, exciting night bazaars and a world of gracious people that will make your trip truly memorable.

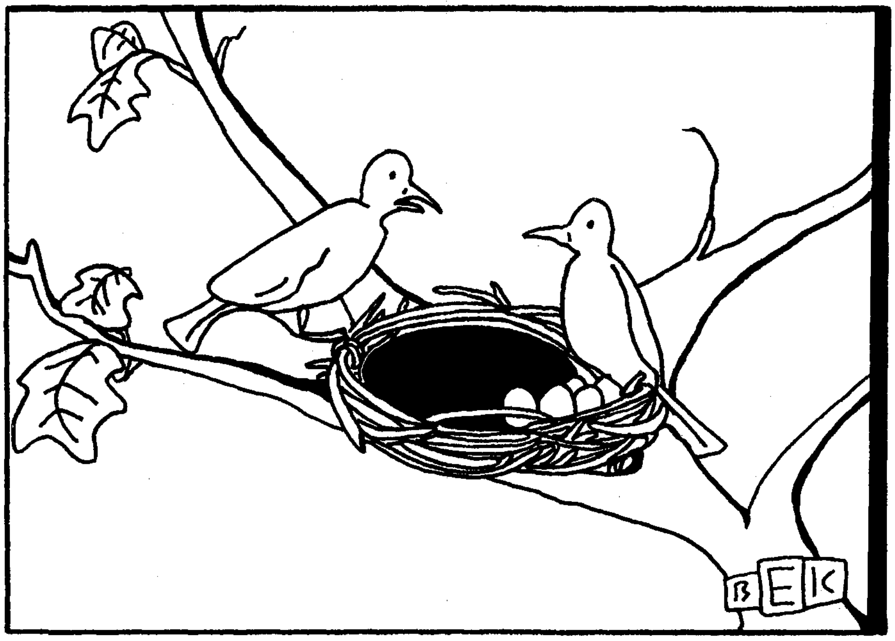
Call your travel agent for details.

For a free brochure call
1-800-742-5742.

Asian Affair
Holidays
SINGAPORE AIRLINES

Singapore
The most surprising tropical island on Earth

*Rate is per person, double occupancy, based on departure from Los Angeles or San Francisco. Package includes round-trip airfare on Singapore Airlines, choice of hotels, daily American breakfast, sightseeing and private car transfers to and from airports in Asia. Package from New York: $1620.



"This whole rustic look is getting to be a bit of a bore."

• •

questions about the royal succession. In a state where all independent organizations must be licensed by the government (a women's private Koranic reading group was shut down last year), the Committee's very existence tested Fahd's adherence to the *shariah*, the alleged law of the kingdom. (The *shariah*, for all its religious restrictions, does allow jurists some degree of independence.) "The people should be a watchdog on the government," Masari explains.

The House of Saud came to power through an alliance with a fanatically conservative Islamic movement called Wahhabism. The alliance gave the regime its justification as the champion of religious orthodoxy and, by extension, as the beneficiary of divine endorsement. King Fahd's official title is Keeper of the Two Holy Shrines—Mecca and Medina. Wahhabism is notably strict on issues of loose living (a glass of wine is a flogging offense) and corruption (the penalty for theft is severed hands). There are royal princes notorious for both, spending billions of dollars in oil revenues on palaces in Spain and at gaming tables in Monaco.

Simply by setting itself up as a watchdog group, the Committee was implicitly demanding something very dangerous: government accountability. Since the princes openly flouted the rules of their own religious sect, they were vulnerable to complaints from subjects forced to live within its strictures. The Committee was taking the government to task on its own ground: Islam.

What made Masari's group remarkable was not radical demands for social change. It was, rather, that a collection of well-established men would risk their villas, their reputations, and their families to criticize the government. They were a disparate group. The aged Abdullah al-Jabrin, for example, from the influential Presidency of Religious Opinion, had issued a *fatwa*, or ruling, a few years before calling the Shia, a minority Muslim sect, "apostates"—a charge that carries the death penalty in Saudi Arabia. Yet Abdullah Tuwaijary, a professor at the Imam Muhammad Ibn Saud Islamic University, is considered a moderate, one of a younger group that endorses such issues as women's rights. Sheikh Abdullah al-Masari, Muhammad's father and the nominal chairman of the Committee, is a retired judge who once headed the Diwan al-Mazalin, Saudi Arabia's equivalent of the ombudsman. After his son was arrested, it was widely reported that the elder Masari once labelled as "prostitutes" the women who defiantly drove their own cars in a well-publicized protest in 1990. (Women are not allowed to drive in Saudi Arabia.) His son indignantly denies this charge, saying that in fact his father has always been liberal—in Saudi terms—on women's issues and, indeed, once said that women should be allowed to compete in sports: "He could have been stoned for that."

Despite these private differences of opinion, the Committee then and subsequently adopted what might be called the mainstream Saudi view on social issues. "The C.D.L.R.," says Aziz Abu-Hamad, an associate director of Human Rights Watch for the Middle East and himself a Saudi by birth, "so far has not come out clearly on the issue of women's rights. In its publications its members have said they are opposed to rights for minorities, such as the Shia. They have run editorials against 'secularists.' On the other hand, no one has ever accused them of advocating violence. They are a peaceful group. There is indeed very little difference on social issues between them and the Saudi government. The key difference is: who gets to interpret Islam."

On May 11th last year, Masari and his associates took a calculated risk. They met with Robert Frazier and Henry Bisharat, political officers attached to the American Embassy. An emissary sent by the Americans insisted that the agenda would be human rights, to help the Embassy gather data for the annual State Department report to Congress. Frazier had written the report for the three previous years. Access to Saudi dissidents was exceedingly rare in what one former denizen of the Riyadh Embassy calls a "totalitarian state."

At the meeting, which lasted two hours and took place at the house of Masari's father, Masari presented a stark picture of the corrosion of support for the regime. He outlined the strength and Islamic cast of the opposition, going far beyond any statements he dared make in public. "Those poor guys were overwhelmed," Masari recalls. "They were facing a new situation." The meeting was cordial, despite the Saudi dissidents' routine complaints about United States support of Israel and neglect of Bosnia. Masari came away believing that the United States was prepared, should it become necessary, to pressure the Saudi government on behalf of the dissidents' human rights.

LUJAIN'S reception at the Embassy after her husband's arrest was cold. There were no promises to help Masari—who was now in Al-Hayer

Ford
CITIBANK
VISA
K LARKIN

5% REBATE

Now after you play with your new toys, you can really go out and have some fun.

Just use the Ford Citibank® Card for everyday purchases and in no time you'll have a new control panel at your hands. Because every time you use the card, you get 5% of what you spend put toward the purchase or lease of any of America's best-selling cars and light trucks. You could save hundreds, even thousands of dollars. That's on top of any incentives available at time of purchase. It's a great way to get a great deal on the most important toy of all. To apply, see your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

Get the card that gets you the car.℠
Apply today. 1-800-374-7777

5% of Ford Citibank Card purchases earn Rebates from Ford (maximum of $700/year, $3,500 over 5 consecutive years) good toward the price of any new Ford, Lincoln or Mercury car or light truck. Some restrictions apply. Details will be provided upon cardmembership.

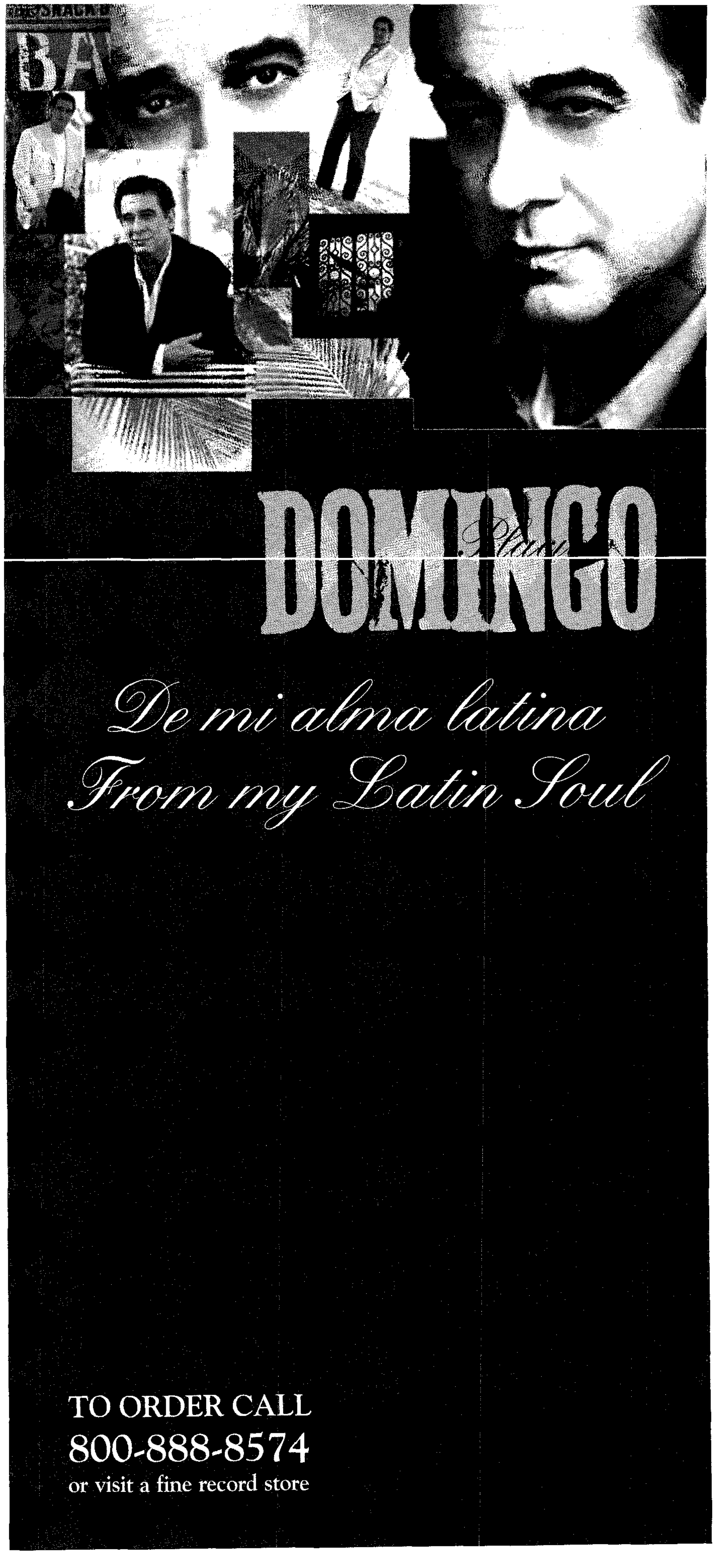
prison, outside Riyadh—from the men who had been at the meeting at her father-in-law's house. She managed to corner Frazier once in an Embassy hallway only to be told, as she remembers, that he and Bisharat had "made a mistake. They shouldn't have been involved. They didn't want to compound the mistake by talking to me. There was nothing they could do."

Rob Frazier, who is now on the night shift as a "nuclear liaison" at the State Department, keeping abreast of Russian missile tests, remembers only that his meeting with Lujain was very brief and that he was anxious to get away. For him, that night at the Masari residence had brought nothing but trouble. He says that he and Bisharat decided that "it was not a good idea to pursue this." He explains, "Otherwise, we might be going home a little sooner than we planned"—expelled. "At the time, it wasn't the right thing to do."

Saudi outrage over the meeting had been swiftly conveyed to Washington. A State Department official recalls that Prince Bandar bin Sultan, the Saudi Ambassador, famous for lavish parties and tennis dates with George Bush, protested loudly. There was to be no more contact with Masari's committee. One American diplomat well versed in Saudi affairs describes Masari and his associates as "brave" and "respected by liberal Saudis even though they were conservative." He adds, "Speaking out against the Saudi government is almost unheard of. Muhammad al-Masari is obviously a leader."

Frazier thought that Masari was "lucid and articulate," but he was less impressed with the Committee's version of human rights: "Religious freedom, forget it." As for women, "human rights for half the population"—although Masari was known to his followers as favoring such "liberal" positions as women's right to drive. Masari himself told us, "I said driving is O.K., and I got bad publicity on that. Everyone said, 'Please don't say that in public.' "

"MASARI'S grievances are reflective of the grievances in the society at large, especially about the royal family and corruption," an American diplomat says. "These guys"—the dissidents—"didn't grow up in tents. They are Western-educated Ph.D.s."



In a kingdom where an investment of three hundred and fifty billion dollars in development has yielded a vulgar display of malls, half-built prefabs, and sterile plazas, the patina of the oil boom is cracking badly. Construction sites sit abandoned for nonpayment of bills, schools and hospitals deteriorate, and power cuts and water shortages disrupt a life that at the best of times had the allure of a dry Holiday Inn cocktail lounge.

A British expatriate who has lived in Saudi Arabia for ten years reports, "Economically, this country is in deep, deep trouble. Everywhere, you can hear the squeal of brakes being applied too late. There are no more jobs."

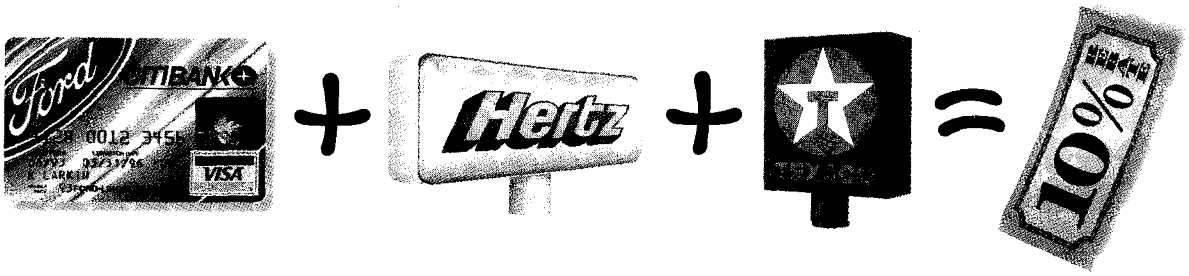
Yet the princes, who are accustomed to measuring their wealth in billions, see no need for personal cutbacks. A former Ambassador laments that princes regularly raid the state treasury through land sales to the government, some of them rigged. "That's the main device to get money into the pockets of the families," he says. The squandering of Saudi Arabia's oil fortune is finally taking its toll. The Ambassador recalls telling the princes, "You have a shower of gold coming into your country. If you fail, your grandchildren will dig up your bones."

The notion that the House of Saud might collapse anytime soon is routinely dismissed in Washington. Nevertheless, the thought of what that might mean causes one American diplomat with an intimate knowledge of Saudi Arabia and the current mood there to draw in his breath and say, "Wow! Not good. The trend lines are there. Five years before the Shah fell, who would have thought *he* would fall?"

This summer, there was a further wave of arrests in Saudi Arabia. In June, a high-ranking Saudi diplomat defected to New York and launched a bitter denunciation of the King. In August, a high-level United States delegation, headed by Thomas (Mack) McLarty, the White House senior counsel, flew into Riyadh for a secret midnight meeting requested by King Fahd. "The primary purpose of my visit was to underscore the special relationship between the United States and Saudi Arabia," McLarty told us. "It was thought fitting that I, having a personal relationship with the President, should be the one to go." Ray Close, who had run the C.I.A. station in Jeddah for seven years and then worked another seven years for the King as an intelligence adviser, is said to have emerged from retirement in September and returned to the kingdom for consultations with the royal family.

After a mass roundup of dissidents, also in September, Christine Shelly, a deputy spokesperson for the State Department, attracted attention in both Washington and Saudi Arabia by announcing that the Clinton Administration had "serious concerns" about human rights in that country.

Last month, when a senior White House official was asked about this unprecedented public statement, he was quick to set the record straight, asserting that the State Department had simply made an error. "I don't know where the guidance came from, but it sure as hell didn't come from the Near East Bureau. We were *not* concerned with the Saudi human-rights performance—they



Use the Ford Citibank® Card at Hertz or Texaco and earn 10% in Rebates.

You'll still get your 5% Ford Rebate on purchases, but now get an additional, unlimited amount of 5% Promotional Rebates at participating Hertz or Texaco locations. No other card gives you savings like these with names like these. So start earning 10% in Rebates toward the purchase or lease of any new Ford, Lincoln or Mercury – the best-selling cars and light trucks in America. To apply see your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

Get the card that gets you the car.℠
Apply today. 1-800-374-7777

5% of Ford Citibank Card purchases earn Rebates from Ford (maximum of $700/year, $3,500 over 5 consecutive years) good toward the price of any new Ford, Lincoln or Mercury car or light truck. An additional 5% Promotional Rebate can be earned at participating Hertz and Texaco locations. Hertz Promotional Rebate is earned only when CDP# 312912 is used. Texaco Promotional Rebate is not earned in New Jersey. Some restrictions apply. Details will be provided upon cardmembership.

arrested some people who had created a problem for them. So I don't know where it came from. But it did not represent the views of the Clinton Administration. The State Department corrected itself, put out a statement about how 'we love the Saudis.' ”

Since 1990, the kingdom has signed up for thirty billion dollars' worth of arms, including M1 tanks, F-15 fighters, TOW missiles, Stinger missiles, Patriot missiles, Apache helicopters, and armored fighting vehicles. Every day, the Pentagon's Defense Security Assistance Agency disburses an average of ten million dollars—some days as much as fifty million—to contractors at work on the Saudi shopping list. A spokesperson for the agency put it this way: "Saudi Arabia is our best customer."

President Clinton has enthusiastically joined in the sales effort. Last February, he called a special press conference to announce "a gold-medal win for America's businesses and workers." King Fahd, after repeated phone calls from Clinton, had agreed to reëquip the Saudi national airline entirely with planes from Boeing and McDonnell Douglas. The contract was worth six billion dollars. Correspondents were told that the deal would provide no fewer than "sixty thousand jobs in the U.S. aerospace industry." Then, in the spring, came news of another Presidential sales success: Fahd had agreed to give a four-billion-dollar telephone contract to A.T. & T. European competitors complained that the American bid had been far higher than theirs—twice as high, in fact. Fahd was prepared to pay dearly for his relationship with the United States.

One awkward fact was not mentioned in the briefings to correspondents: the Saudis have been running out of cash. The days when the oil princes sat on a mountain of money are gone. The "oil shock" of 1979-80, when Iranian exports ceased, because of the revolution, had by the end of 1982 left the country's Central Bank with a hundred and forty-five billion dollars in foreign assets. Then the price of oil—Saudi Arabia's only resource—started sinking, and (except for a few months before the Gulf War) it has stayed low ever since. But the Saudis, who had raised spending to keep pace with income in the good years, would not or could not cut spending by enough when things turned bad. The country racked up a trade deficit of $131.5 billion between 1982 and 1992. By 1988, according to a document that was sent to the opposition this year by a sympathizer in Fahd's own office, the huge reserves had vanished, and the kingdom, despite its trillions of dollars' worth of oil, was forced to start borrowing from local and foreign banks. In 1991, British banks refused to take part in a $4.5-billion Saudi government loan.

The loan was needed, the Saudis claimed, to meet the bills for the Gulf War. When George Bush sent the American military to Saudi Arabia to fight Saddam Hussein, he prevailed upon a pliant Fahd to pay seventeen billion dollars to the United States. The Saudis like to say that their over-all bill for the war, which they put at fifty-five billion dollars, is the source of all their woes. The International Monetary Fund, however, points out that the war and the subsequent sanctions have been very good for Saudi business. The sanctions on Iraqi oil exports have enabled the kingdom to pump millions of barrels of oil more per day to make up for the silent Iraqi pumps. Nor did the whole fifty-five billion dollars leave Saudi hands. The Saudi military commander, Prince Khalid bin Sultan, for example, is reported to have made as much as seven billion dollars in the traditional princely fashion—by extracting a commission on every contract for food, transport, or water for the allied troops.

The United States, for its part, received huge contracts and fees for sending troops to defend the country and for insuring, through sanctions, that Iraqi oil does not reappear on the market. That bargain still holds. Three weeks ago, when President Clinton stopped off briefly at a remote desert airbase to confer with King Fahd, the two leaders discussed the necessity for continued sanctions and for the financing of the latest deployment of American troops. The Saudis reluctantly forked over three hundred million dollars.

"Hi, remember me—the guy with the great buns?"

"Fahd and the Americans are like O. J. Simp-

Our Squall® Jacket. Born and raised in the land of crummy weather.

Don't get us wrong – we wouldn't live anywhere but here in Dodgeville, Wisconsin.

But visitors ask us how we *survive* the winters. Sometimes, it gets so bitterly cold, our local radio station runs frostbite warnings every quarter hour.

The point is, when we say the Lands' End® Squall Jacket can stand up to crummy weather, believe us: we *know* about crummy weather.

How does the Squall do it? First thing is, it has an outer shell of Supplex™ nylon, which shrugs off winter blasts.

Happens that the Supplex we use is *3-ply*, not the commoner 2-ply. So, our Squall is a sturdy tough-skinned bird.

And even in frigid weather, this Supplex nylon stays soft and cottony. Doesn't turn hard and crinkly, a mere shell of the former shell.

Warming up to the subject

But what's *outside* our Squall is only half of it. Inside, we use a toasty-warm lining of Polartec™ 300 fleece.

This light, cuddly fleece outdoes Mother Nature's. It has the warmth of natural fibers twice its weight. Dries faster, too.

Of course, fleece would be a little bulky in the sleeves. So here we put 100-gram Thinsulate.™ Being thin, it leaves your arms plenty of wiggle room.

There are other nice, warm touches. Like the extra-wide storm flap behind the front zipper. And a thermal collar that acts like a built-in muffler.

The price chills our competition.

Would you believe the Squall is only $69.50? We charged that for it a dozen years ago.

And over the years, the only changes we've introduced are things to make it better. Thoughtful new details. More colors. And companion items, from hats and pants to parkas.

Our Lands' End catalog has lots of other clothing for the family. All equally well made, and equally well priced.

Usually, we'll fill your order in one day, deliver it almost anywhere just two business days later. With our absolute, unconditional guarantee.

Why not give us a try? For a catalog, call and talk with our friendly folks here in Dodgeville.

And ask them what the weather's like.

© 1994 Lands' End, Inc.

LANDS' END® DIRECT MERCHANTS

Guaranteed. Period.®

YR

For our free catalog, call anytime

1-800-356-4444

(in Canada, too).

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

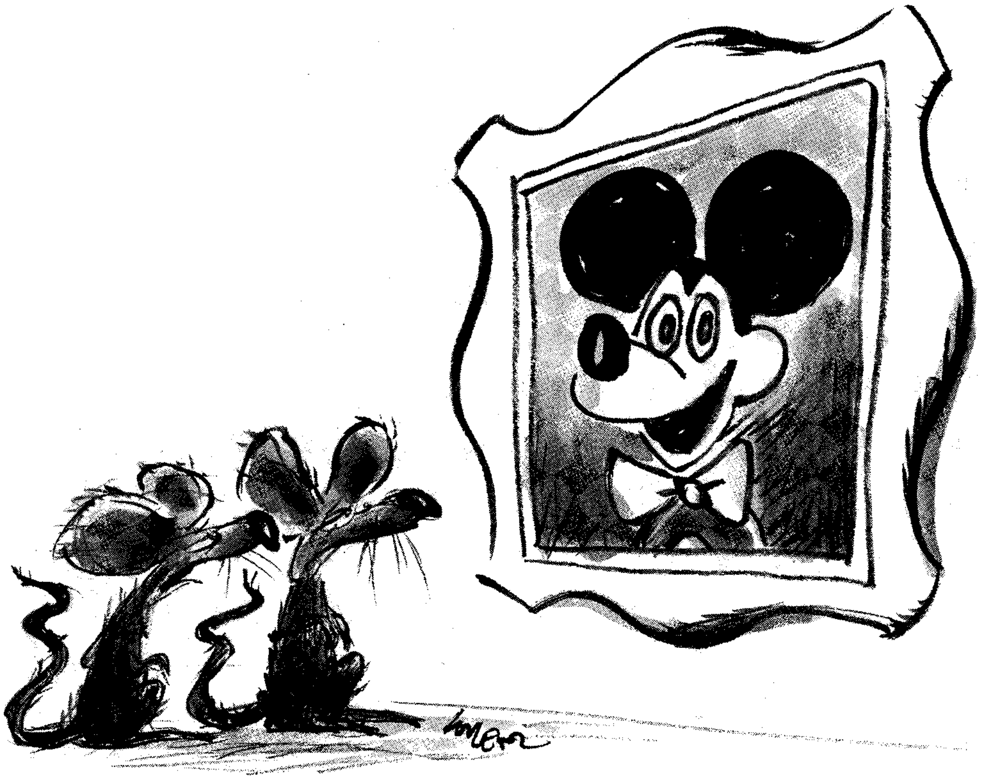
________________ Apt. ______

City ____________________

State ________ Zip __________

Phone (   ) __________ Day/Night (circle one)

Mail to: 1 Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, WI 53595



"Granted, a living legend. But what has he done for his people?"

• •

son and his lawyers," a Gulf Ambassador remarked to us recently. "He needs them, but, whatever happens, he will end up with nothing."

As the till emptied, the Saudis promised that the arms deals would remain firm, despite the increasingly tardy arrival of checks at the Pentagon to pay the weapons makers. Last January, after protracted negotiations, the Pentagon agreed to let the Saudis stretch out their payments. But McDonnell Douglas, which held a crucial order for seventy-two F-15 fighters worth nine billion dollars, could not afford to build the planes at the slower rate. The gap could be filled only after Israel agreed to order twenty F-15s for itself. "If the Saudis had cancelled their F-15 program, Israel probably would not have bought any," a Pentagon officer told us. "Basically, that's the only thing keeping the F-15 line open."

Nine months after the White House announcement, no firm contract has been signed for the six billion dollars' worth of airliners alleged to be on order. Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen paid a flying visit to Riyadh last month to try to hurry the business along. The Bentsen team, according to press reports, admonished the kingdom "to tighten its belt, but when it does spend, it should buy American."

The rush to shore up the special relationship came in the wake of some disturbing accusations about Saudi government expenditures, detailed last summer by Muhammad Khilewi, the high-ranking Saudi defector who abandoned his U.N. post to join the opposition. Khilewi produced documents for the London *Sunday Times* showing payments of up to five billion dollars from the Saudi treasury for Saddam Hussein to build a nuclear weapon. Between 1985 and 1990, up to the time Saddam invaded Kuwait, installments of the generous gift to Saddam from the princes' coffers were paid on condition that some of the bombs, should the project succeed, be transferred to the Saudi arsenal.

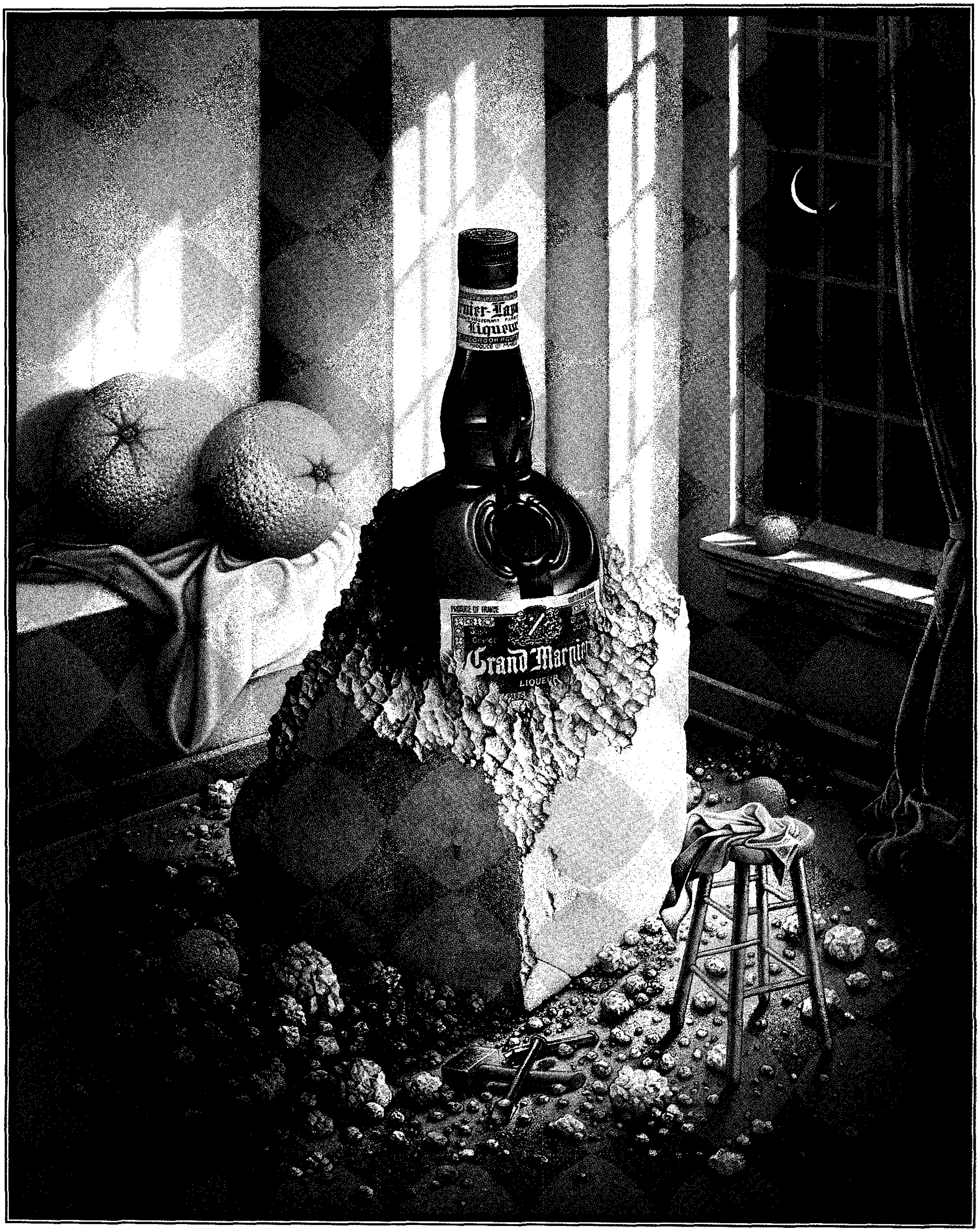
What the defector did not know was that the Fahd-Saddam nuclear project was also a closely held secret in Washington. According to a former high-ranking American diplomat, the C.I.A. was fully apprised. "I knew about it," the diplomat says matter-of-factly, "and so did they." A senior White House official, asked about the Saudi government's involvement and American complicity, told us, "They did spend billions on the Iraqis. It was a different world. We were ready to overlook a lot of things the Saudis were doing for the Iraqis. It's consistent with all the other terrible things we did at the time"—to shore up Saddam.

The former Saudi diplomat went on to expose some worrying recent disbursements from the Saudi government purse. Our "best customer," he said, had been contributing funds to Hamas, the radical Palestinian faction that shook Israel in October by blowing up a crowded bus on Tel Aviv's main downtown thoroughfare, killing twenty-two people. The diplomat's news that Hamas was a Saudi client was followed by fierce denunciations in the Saudi-controlled Arab press, calling Khilewi a "Zionist."

Throughout the summer, Khilewi, his wife, and his three children received death threats from the Saudi government. He now wears a bulletproof vest and travels with bodyguards between safe houses outside New York City.

In the White House, there is a cool assessment of Saudi dissidents: they, too, are a budget item. The senior White House official says that "the King has less ability to buy off opposition," because of the cash problems. "So he's got a lot more difficult act than he had in, say, the last decade. But I've been much impressed by the way he handles things—the way they balance what is a real balancing act."

After being taken from his home at gunpoint, Masari spent six months in jail. He was beaten on the soles of his feet and continuously interrogated during the first two months. After his release, in November of last year, he was warned that the government planned to trump up charges that could get him executed. In March, he slipped away from a secret-police squad dogging his footsteps and disappeared into an under-

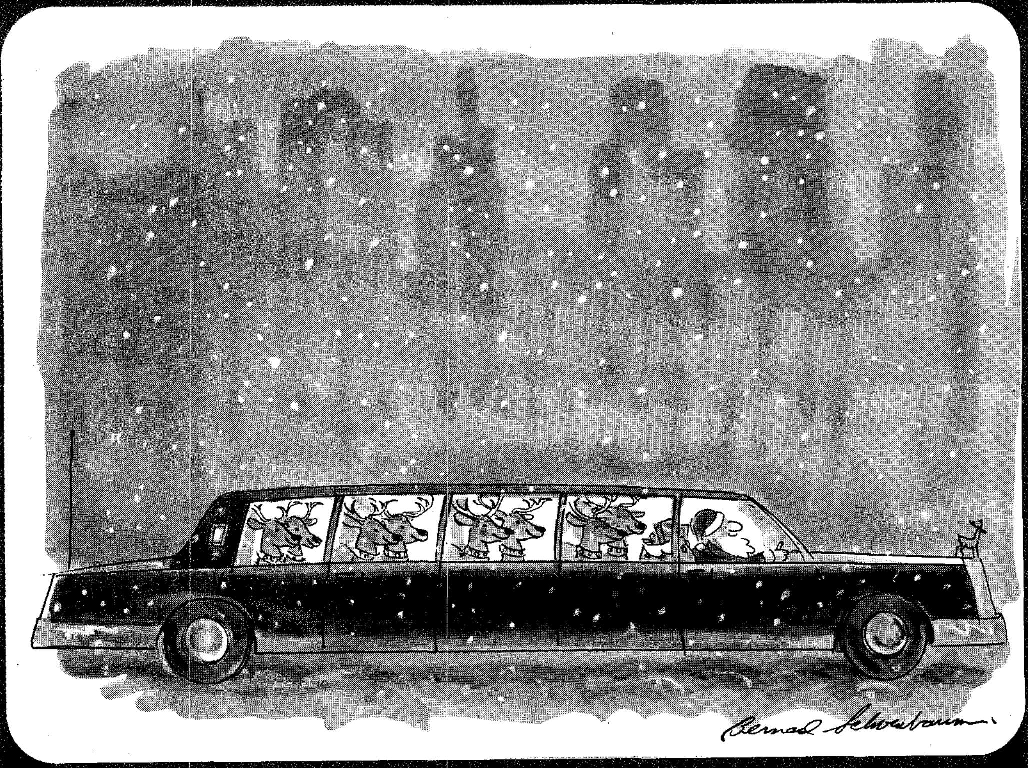

Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR
PRODUCE OF FRANCE

A GRAND INSPIRATION.

For gift delivery of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1992 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOW THEM THE TOWN THIS CHRISTMAS



GIVE THE NEW YORKER

For those people on your holiday shopping list for whom the ordinary won't do…there's *The New Yorker.*

The New Yorker makes a wonderful gift, delivering quality and delight every week, all through the year.

And giving *The New Yorker* is quite economical. Give one gift subscription and pay just $32. That's 50 weekly issues for a low 64 cents an issue. If you give more than one gift, each additional gift costs you only $20, or just 40 cents an issue.

Just use the attached card, or, if it's missing, write to:
The New Yorker, P.O. Box 52312, Boulder, CO 80322-2312.

FOR EVEN FASTER SERVICE, CALL TOLL-FREE:
1-800-444-7630
ABSOLUTELY ANYTIME, DAY OR NIGHT.

2X20

© 1993 The New Yorker Magazine Inc.

ground railroad of sympathizers, which eventually took him to safe exile in Britain.

With her husband on the run, Lujain, now the mother of a second son, Abdullah, was terrified that the King's brother Prince Nayef, the Minister of the Interior and the master of the Mabaheth, might take revenge by locking her up or, worse, locking up the children. She made repeated trips to the American Embassy, where she received warm assurances that because she and her children were American they had the weight of the United States government behind them. Should anything happen, the appropriate officials would be called. Lujain, by all accounts of the meetings, was very scared. She felt a nagging guilt for having brought five-year-old Ali to Saudi Arabia in the first place.

Lujain's own life had begun in tragedy. At six months, she was orphaned. She and her sister were raised by relatives. Lujain's first husband was also a Saudi. He had lived in Denver for five years when she married him, and was "very Americanized." The marriage broke up in 1989. She married Masari after a long phone relationship. (He was a friend of her closest friend's husband.) "He was fascinating. One day he asked, 'Well, are we going to get married?' " Masari flew to Denver, went straight to the mosque, and arranged the marriage before they had even met.

"I thought, I'm a woman of the nineties. What am I doing? Looking back, I don't regret anything. Not even during the worst times."

The "fascinating" professor was now a hunted man, and Lujain was left to fend for herself. What was more, her eldest stepson, Anmar, who was studying to be a physicist like his father, was hauled in for questioning by the Mabaheth, released, then picked up again. "The first time, they beat him up pretty badly," Lujain says. "He had an egg-size knot on his cheek. The second time, they beat him up a little bit worse. The third time, they beat him so badly that when he came home he stayed in bed for three days."

When the BBC World Service announced Masari's successful arrival in London last March, the Mabaheth took their revenge. They jailed and tortured not only Anmar but also Masari's half brother and two brothers-in-law, in Al-Hayer prison, where they remain. Amnesty International calls Anmar a "prisoner of conscience."

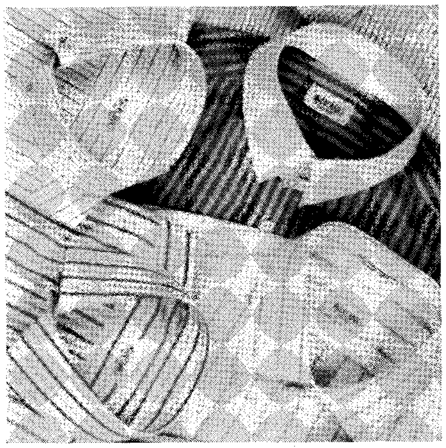
It was time, Lujain thought, to get her five-year-old out of the country, by dispatching him to her family in Denver. Because the Saudi authorities required Ali's father's signature for permission to travel, she arranged for her first husband, Atif al-Ghamdi, a Saudi businessman based in Denver, who was visiting his family in Jeddah, to complete the paperwork. "In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful," the papers read, "I have no objection against the travel of my son." Ghamdi even obliged by buying his son's ticket. The Embassy issued Ali a passport.

On April 14th, as Lujain and Ali headed to the airport, she noticed that they were being followed by three cars, including a white Caprice Classic and a car that looked like a Chrysler LeBaron. She recognized the men inside as being from the Mabaheth, for some of them had been staking out her house for months. At the airport, Ali's bags were checked, and he cleared Customs and Immigration. As she was about to take him into the boarding lounge, the Mabaheth suddenly barked an order to airport security: "Don't let her go through with him. We have orders he's not to leave the country." When Lujain frantically displayed his papers, properly signed and stamped, the secret police countered, "He can't travel out of the country by himself." Lujain explained that he was travelling as an unaccompanied child, he was being met at the other end, everything was in order. If necessary, she would travel with him. "They told me it's *mamnu*—it's forbidden."

Two days after she returned home, Ali's father appeared at the door. He was agitated and afraid. "I have to take him," Lujain remembers him saying. "The secret police came and took me and my father and said if we don't sign papers saying he's not allowed to leave the country they'll put us in jail." The Mabaheth had confiscated his passport. His entire family was banned from travel. What would happen to his business in Denver?

She had to give up her son. "When they wouldn't let Ali go at the airport, it scared him," she recalls. "He was crying and upset. When his father came to

WHY AN ASCOT CHANG SHIRT IS ONE OF THE BEST IN THE WORLD...



Fabrics:
2,500 selections. From 2x2 100's Egyptian to 2x2 200's Swiss poplin.

Stitching:
Special needles create an almost invisible 22 stitches per inch. Other makers are satisfied with 16.

Seams:
All single needle French seams for a neater classic look.

Buttons
Only mother of pearl. Hand picked and matched. Wok shaped bottoms for easy access.

Collar Styles:
Unlimited. Every collar is designed and built to the client specific need.

Cuff Options:
15, to begin with.

Measurements:
Just the collar alone takes 7. There are 31 in all.

Body Reading:
The most critical aspect of custom shirt making. An art.

Trained Fitters:
On premise-minimum 20 years experience in every store.

Referrals:
10% of our new business comes from laundry recommendations.

Guarantee:
The same for 50 years. Satisfaction.

Pricing:
$80. to $400.

PERHAPS THE BEST?

ASCOT CHANG
A Gentleman's Shirtmaker

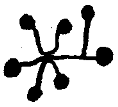
7 WEST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10019 212-759-3333
9551-9553 WILSHIRE BLVD.
BEVERLY HILLS, CA. 90211 310-550-1339
1-800-486-9966

take him, it was very hard for him. The last thing he said to me was 'Don't leave me here in this country. Don't go to America without me.' "

As she tried endlessly to get through to Ali on the phone, her former in-laws were hanging up on her. "Finally, his grandfather said, 'What can we do? Are we supposed to defy the government and get killed? Is that what you want?' "

A hail of calls to the Embassy yielded a chilling rebuff. Lujain says that she was told merely that the Embassy considered the situation "a custody case," and that nothing could be done. (The Embassy subsequently said that she had voluntarily left Ali with his father, and that Embassy officials had attempted to help her.) "This is not a custody case," she argued bitterly. "The government took my son."

In October, six months after Lujain last saw Ali, the State Department informed her that he and his father were "missing." They had disappeared on October 5th, after the Jeddah consulate, prompted by Lujain's ruthless badgering of every Washington office from White House Chief of Staff Leon Panetta's to Secretary of State Warren Christopher's, finally dispatched an employee to check on the boy. The State Department Office of Children's Issues, which has opened a file on the case, reported that Ali's father seemed "pleasant if nervous" during the visit and that Ali was "healthy." An official there declared, "We are trying to help the child as a U.S. citizen. We're taking the mother's concerns very seriously."



Ali's father was less pleasant on the phone to Lujain after the consulate employee's visit. "Now we're really in trouble," he said. "All of these problems are from you and your husband getting involved in things that are none of our business. Forget you have a son."

The previous May, Lujain had finally decided to leave Riyadh and join her husband in London, whereupon the authorities threatened a replay of her experience with Ali. This time, they wanted to detain her nine-month-old infant, Abdullah—another American citizen—who was still breast-feeding. Again, it was a question of paperwork. The signature of his grandfather was insufficient. His father, Muhammad al-Masari—high on the Saudi wanted list—would have to return from London to sign. When Mabaheth men confronted her at the airport, Lujain faced them down. Taking advantage of the fact that the departure lounge happened to be "jam-packed" with British and American travellers, "I told the guy, in a very sweet way, he could take my son if that's what he wanted to do," she recalls. "But I would stand in the middle of the airport and scream my lungs out and tell everybody that passed by exactly what they were doing, and why." She and the baby were ushered through.

She now sits in a tiny North London flat littered with toys. She fingers family photographs: a picnic in the desert with camels; Ali, a huge grin framed by a Dutch cut, hugging his baby brother. Their new address is carefully guarded, out of fear of the long arm of Saudi intelligence.

MASARI meets us at the Deep Pan Pizza, across from the Kilburn subway station, in an area awash with Irish pubs. His serious expression, beneath thin spectacles and a salt-and-pepper beard, is belied by a droll amusement at the enormities of Fahd's "Stone Age" regime.

For the House of Saud, Masari's Committee is a problem because it challenges the government's jealously guarded monopoly on information. The rulers have gone to great lengths to preserve this monopoly, excluding foreign journalists from the country as much as possible, and buying up the once lively expatriate Arab press. When an Arabic-language call-in show in Washington put Masari on the air last September, the host was immediately fired. The regime also uses its checkbook to promote a more benign view of the kingdom. After power passed to the Clinton Administration, for example, the University of Arkansas received a gift of eighteen million dollars.

But cash and withheld visas are no longer enough in the age of E-mail and faxes, especially when dissidents like Masari's informants are affluent enough and well enough educated to afford and use them. "These people live in the real world," says Mamoun Fandy, an Egyptian political scientist specializing in fundamentalism, who keeps in touch with dissidents (by E-mail, from Cedar Rapids, Iowa) in Saudi Arabia. "They are not like the Egyptian fundamentalists, who have to break into jewelry shops to raise money. They all have computers and use E-mail, and E-mail is very hard for the authorities to intercept."

Almost the first thing Masari did when he reached London was to start Monitor, a Saudi electronic samizdat that collects information from the computer network and feeds it back home by fax, where it is enthusiastically copied and distributed to thousands of eager readers. Messages pour into his office from disaffected Saudi businessmen, clerics, military officers, and intelligence officials. They give details of life in the kingdom: another arrest, a demonstration, unpaid pensions, yet another corruption scandal, power cuts, strikes.

Masari is also receiving top-secret documents faxed by sympathizers dotted around government offices, including, he says, the office of the King himself. Masari says that the opposition to the Saud family's ruling monopoly, which is maintained by more than six thousand princes (no one seems to count the princesses), was galvanized by the Gulf War. He also maintains that the Saudis have had trouble digesting the fact that they were asked to pay for a vast army of "infidels," after shelling out nearly thirty per cent of the kingdom's diminishing oil revenues every year for more weapons. "People really felt fed up. This is really just theft, they felt. All that money has obviously gone into the pockets of Sultan and his cronies"—Sultan being the royal brother who heads the Defense Ministry.

The regime's official response to its critics has been to denounce them as "fundamentalists." This is an odd charge from what has long been nominally the most "fundamentalist" of all Islamic regimes, one where beheadings, floggings, and amputations of hands and feet are routine. The dreaded religious police, enforcing women's dress codes with clubs, are on the state payroll. Indeed, the Saudi rulers have been active in exporting fundamentalism, pouring so much money into the militant Egyptian movement that, as Usama al-Baz, President Hosni Mubarak's right-hand man, told us last year, he had to beg them to stop.

"They call us fundamentalists abroad," Masari says, "because they know that means something negative in the West. Inside the country, they call us secularists"—a negative word in Saudi Arabia. "If by fundamentalism you mean sticking to the principles of Koran, yes, I am

E komo mai hou i ko mākou hale.

"Welcome back to our home."
Kiahuna Plantation reopens October 1 – as before, it is truly a special place.

"Don't change a thing" is what everyone told us. And we didn't.

Things of quality don't need to change. The comfortable plantation-style one and two bedroom condominium units are like new. The lush tropical gardens are thriving. The beach is bigger. And our gracious hosts are waiting to share with you, and your clients, their beautiful island and Kiahuna Plantation.

Come join us for our reopening ho' olaule' a, our celebration.

E komo mai. Come share our special place.

KIAHUNA PLANTATION
ON SUNNY POIPU BEACH, KAUAI
800 367-7052

Village Resorts™
A Division of the Horizon Hospitality Group

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

R.S.V.P.

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS BY TELEPHONE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Steuben. Since 1903 Steuben has been an internationally recognized source for innovative American crystal. On December 1, 8, 15, and 22 from 6 to 8 P.M. we invite you to come in from the cold for a taste of Godiva Liqueur. (At Fifth Avenue and 56th Street Manhattan location only.) For information or catalog, call: **1-800-424-4240.**

BOOK LINES

"INSOMNIA." Stephen King knows the terrors that lurk in the darkest corners of our minds. Follow him there...if you dare. Call *New Yorker Reader Services* from any touch tone phone: **1-800-447-6553 ad code number 30250.**

EDUCATION

Oxford/Florida State University Summer Program. Educational, cultural opportunity of a lifetime. Experience the intellectual heritage of Oxford, a world-renowned center of learning: **1-800-374-8581.**

FINANCIAL SERVICES

The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A. Chase PC Banking puts you in complete control of your money any time, any place, from your desktop or notebook PC. For more information, call: **1-800-CHASE-24.**

Defined Asset Funds. Portfolios of stocks, bonds, and securities. Merrill Lynch, Smith Barney, PaineWebber, Prudential, Dean Witter. Call: **1-800-562-2926, ext. 189.**

John Nuveen & Co. Incorporated. Looking for attractive tax-free income? Nuveen has specialized in tax-free investments for nearly 100 years. Send for a prospectus or contact your investment adviser. **1-800-781-4085.**

FOOD & BEVERAGES

Bigelow Tea Chest Offer. Enjoy the distinctive and elegant Bigelow Tea Chest, including 64 tea bags of our most popular Bigelow Flavored and Herbal Teas. To order, call: **1-800-841-8158.**

Gracewood Groves. ½ off! Huge, world-famous Indian River Fruit. Sweet and juicy navel oranges and ruby red grapefruit. ½ bushel, regularly $29.95, now $19.95. Gift-boxed and grove-fresh. Free delivery! **1-800-678-1154.**

HEALTH CARE

Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. "A place that believes in treating the whole person, not just the cancer." To speak to an oncology information specialist, or receive literature by mail, please call: **1-800-234-2406.**

Duke Center for Living. Combined medical/lifestyle retreat programs designed to prevent and treat chronic diseases (heart, obesity, diabetes, pulmonary), *including adults with health risks.* Durham, NC. Call: **1-800-235-3853.**

HOME FURNISHINGS

Country Casual Garden Furnishings. A 64-page catalogue of natural teak and painted mahogany furniture, modular trelliswork, and arbors. Immediate shipment from stock. Country Casual pays the freight. **1-301-540-0040.**

MOTOR VEHICLES

Cadillac – Creating a Higher Standard. For more information about the 1995 Cadillac, call: **1-800-333-4CAD.**

RETAIL FASHION

Davide Cenci. A tradition of excellence in men's clothing–from Italy to your own world of unwavering standards. For a catalog and further information, call: **1-800-528-2515.**

Jackeroos. Authentic New Zealand riding coats, jackets, and dusters in classic waterproof oilcloth or ultra-soft French canvas. Also famous design hats from Australia. Free color catalog. **1-800-443-7970.**

Loro Piana. Discover the timeless elegance of Loro Piana Italian fabrics. Our Manhattan store at 46 East 61st Street features everything for the finest wardrobes. **1-212-980-7961.**

Pendleton Woolen Mills. The comfort of Pendleton's 100% virgin wool sportswear. For the best part of the week. For a free history booklet of the Pendleton shirt, call: **1-800-760-4844.**

RETAIL SUNDRY

Daedalus Books. Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. Seven catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. Call: **1-800-395-2665.**

Endless Pools, Inc. Swim at home in an 8'x15' pool against a smooth current adjustable to any speed. Economical to run and easy to install indoors or outdoors. **1-800-732-8660.**

Living Books. Interactive stories for children on CD-ROM. Find out why Living Books have won over 40 awards for their amazing interactive adventures. For a free catalog or sampler disc ($4.99 shipping and handling charge applies to disc), please call: **1-800-776-4724 and refer to code 425.**

Pipestone China. Looking for interesting and unique dinnerware? Our distinctive patterns vary from graceful 1200 AD Mimbres Indian designs to the nostalgic and increasingly popular Moose Lake. Call today for a catalog: **1-717-235-8998.**

The Water Flute™. Complete fountain/pond unit in three sizes; all in weather-resistant, rough-sawn Western Red Cedar. Tabletop size comes also in smoothly lacquered birch for indoors only. **1-800-928-3588.**

TRAVEL

Air Niugini – Papua, New Guinea. World's last link to Stone Age cultures. A must for *explorers, art collectors, and naturalists.* Experience deluxe expeditionary cruises, unique five-star wilderness lodges, and world class scuba diving. Call *New Yorker Reader Services* from any touch tone phone: **1-800-447-6553 ad code number 30251.**

Asian Affair Holidays – Singapore Airlines. Flexible tour program for the independent traveler offers surprisingly affordable all-inclusive vacation packages to Asia. For a free brochure, call: **1-800-742-3133.**

Fascinating Malaysia and Surprising Singapore. Two great countries that offer a wonderful potpourri of the East in one great, unforgettable holiday. For a free brochure, please call: **1-800-900-7788.**

Tiller International Tours. 24-day travel to the ancient Silk Route. Explore its history and cultural legacy. Visit a 1,000-year-old art grotto. For a brochure, please call: **1-415-397-1966.**

1995 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions. "For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art..." The only annual guide to over 1,000 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad. Only $15. Call: **1-800-2-LOVE-ART.**

Womanship – Learn-to-Sail Cruises for and by Women. Gain skill and confidence onboard. "Nobody Yells." Annapolis, Caribbean, Florida, New England, Pacific Northwest, Greece, Tahiti, New Zealand. **1-800-342-9295.**

TRAVEL ACCOMMODATIONS

Hyatt Resorts of the Caribbean. Experience the multiple shades of the magical Caribbean in their most beautiful colors at the Hyatt Resorts of the Caribbean: Aruba, Grand Cayman, Puerto Rico, and St. John. **1-800-233-1234.**

Hyatt Resorts of Hawaii. Discover how your mind can wander into magical places, with spectacular vistas, awe-inspiring coastlines, and mystical people, all at the Hyatt Resorts of Hawaii: Maui, Waikiki, and Kauai. **1-800-233-1234.**

The New York Vista Hotel. The downtown hotel with a different view. For reservations or information, call: **1-800-4NY-VISTA.**

The Phoenician. Enjoy a Holiday in the Sun in Scottsdale, Arizona. The perfect getaway awaits you, with championship golf, tennis, a luxurious spa, festive activities, and special holiday rates. **1-800-646-0403.**

Sanibel and Captiva Islands. A tropical paradise in Southwest Florida. Gorgeous and secluded beaches, golf, tennis, fishing, biking, nature trails, wildlife sanctuary, fine dining, shopping, and ROMANCE. Call Priscilla Murphy Realty. **1-800-237-6008.**

WATCHES & JEWELRY

Tourneau®. For every lifestyle, Tourneau's vast, unmatched collection includes fine watches of virtually every model and style. For a free shop-at-home catalog, call: **1-800-348-3332.**

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS TO **THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES**, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036, 212-536-5600.

a fundamentalist. If you mean the frozen positions invented by government clerics, then definitely not."

Masari supports existing institutions such as the Majlis (parliament)—the King recently set up a handpicked rubber-stamp version—but with elected members. He says that he personally has cooled down religious fanatics who have returned from government-sponsored service in Afghanistan chafing for a jihad, or holy war.

This September, the palace intensified the confrontation with its opponents by arresting two prominent clerics, Sheikh Safar al-Hawali and Sheikh Salman al-Audah, whose influence extends across the Arab Muslim world. Both had been ordered to "cease and desist" from preaching.

Audah, whose taped sermons sell briskly in the market (and not just in Saudi Arabia; in a raid on a fundamentalist stronghold in Cairo police uncovered thousands), has a considerable following, even among affluent Saudis.

In a European drawing room, a Saudi matron of impeccable social antecedents told us, "Audah has many followers. People regard him as another Khomeini." Sipping a glass of wine, she added, "Educated people. People I know."

The Sheikh's arrest was a messy affair. According to Masari's E-mail correspondents, more than a thousand anti-riot forces and a unit of the Royal Guard laid siege to the city of Buraida, in the heart of the Nejd—the region that produced the House of Saud. In the early hours of the morning, when only a few hundred of the Sheikh's followers were on guard, the security forces moved in. "Audah said, 'I don't think it's a good idea to fight,' " Masari recalls. "Everyone is armed in Saudi Arabia. Everyone has a machine gun. 'No need to shed blood.' " The Sheikh defused the situation and was taken away.

The following day, there was a mass roundup in the city. The government denied making any arrests, whereupon the Committee put the word out from London that more than a thousand citizens had been picked up. The government then reversed itself and made the unprecedented admission that there had been political arrests—of a hundred and ten people. Then it announced that a hundred and thirty had been released.

One branch of the military was conspicuously absent from the arrest op-

Blanche Taylor Found A New Life After Cancer.

When Blanche Taylor learned she had breast cancer in 1986, she refused to accept the traditional treatment approach -- surgery, chemotherapy and radiation.

Instead, she searched for a treatment program which supported traditional therapies with nutrition, emotional and spiritual support, and lots of tender loving care.

She found what she was looking for at Cancer Treatment Centers of America™. A team of experienced physicians, nurses, nutritionists, psychologists and pastoral care counselors worked together to develop a treatment plan which was both effective, and acceptable to Blanche.

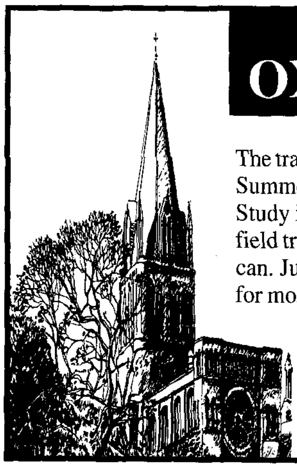
"The program worked for me," says Blanche, mother of three grown children and grandmother of five. "Now I use what I learned at Cancer Treatment Centers of America™ to stay well and to help others."

CANCER TREATMENT CENTERS® OF AMERICA

Call 1-800-234-7153

To speak with a cancer information specialist or to receive information by mail, please call 1-800-234-7153 .

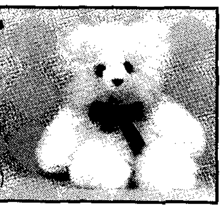
The effectiveness of any treatment program depends on a variety of factors and differs from patient to patient.



FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
OXFORD SUMMER PROGRAM

The tradition. The prestige. The incomparable academic quality. Spend Summer '95 experiencing Oxford at historic Christ Church College. Study in-residence with Oxford tutors...earn academic credit...make field trips to historic sites...get to know England in a way few visitors can. July 3-22 and July 24 - Aug. 12, 1995. Please write, call or fax for more information on this outstanding program.

OXFORD Program, Florida State University
Center for Professional Development & Public Service
Box A-3, Tallahassee, FL 32306-2027
Phone 904/644-7540 • FAX 904/644-2589



FUR TEDDY
Luxuriously Soft
Adorably Individual
White, Brown, or Beige
14" High – $79 + $5 s/h
1-800-4-ALPACA
(Please call 10AM-4PM PST)

Antarctica
from $2995 including flights
Marine Expeditions
(800) 263-9147

'94 SATIRE CD

GREAT GIFT!
100% O.J.
UNIVERSAL UN-COVERAGE
THE YEAR OF LIVING SHAMELESSLY

$15.95 plus S&H - V/MC
Available on Cassette
SOUNDBITES®, As Heard On National Radio
CALL 1•800•662•8866

"Is there any Robert Frost in the house?"

eration. The National Guard, a tribally recruited force that is carefully maintained as a force separate from the Army, is under the command of Crown Prince Abdullah, half brother to the King and heir apparent to the throne. "I think Abdullah regarded it as too dangerous," Masari says. "Dangerous for his reputation. Not a single National Guard man participated. Not one."

THE succession to the throne is much on the minds of Saudi watchers, from local dissidents to occupants of the White House. Fahd "must have the most analyzed urine in the world," laughs a former American Ambassador. Any public appearances by Fahd are relentlessly scrutinized for signs of infirmity. He moves slowly these days, because he has weak knees. (One palace has a one-stair escalator to get him over a split-level floor.) He also suffers from diabetes and obesity. There are stories circulating in Israel that he is not above drawing on the skills of their medical experts. One eminent Tel Aviv specialist is widely believed to have grown wealthy as a result of his attention to the royal testicles—a treatment that has given rise to Israeli jokes about "the Custodian of the Two Holy Places."

Never a hard worker, Fahd, who has his own private fat farm in Marbella, is reported to be growing ever more indolent. "He gets to his office at four," an American who has known him well for years says. "Then he knocks off for evening prayers. What time are they? Five."

Other reports reinforce the impression of a limp royal hand on the tiller. Even beheadings get held up as death warrants gather dust on the royal desk. "Fahd has been going into seclusion," a well-connected journalist with the Saudi press said recently. "Two or three days at a time. He refuses to see anyone—just plays Nintendo."

The journalist also reported that as of mid-October the King and his half brother Abdullah were not speaking to each other: "There is tension. The Americans are pressuring Fahd to accept permanent United States bases in Saudi Arabia." Abdullah, who has a severe stutter, is reputed to be anti-American, although a senior White House official labels this a "bum rap." Nevertheless, a former American diplomat who knows the brothers well says that Abdullah is far less likely than Fahd to say "*Sahib, sahib*"—"O.K., O.K."—to calls from the White House on such vital subjects as oil production, as Fahd is wont to do.

At seventy-one, Abdullah is reported to be in better health than the King, and to be still trading in two of his four wives (by means of quick divorces) on a regular basis. Although in theory he should succeed to the throne automatically, he seems to be leaving nothing to chance, having always stoutly refused to give up control of the National Guard. He may have in mind the ambitions of his half brother Sultan, the Minister of Defense (and the father of Prince Bandar, the Saudi Ambassador in Washington), who is one of the Sudeiri Seven (seven brothers by the same mother, from the Sudeiri tribe, who are very close), along with Fahd, Interior Minister Nayef, and Salman, the governor of Riyadh, all of them sons of the founding King Abdul Aziz. (He had twenty-two wives and forty-four sons in all.) Salman projects an image very different from that of his brothers. Famously hardworking, he is also reputed to be less greedy.

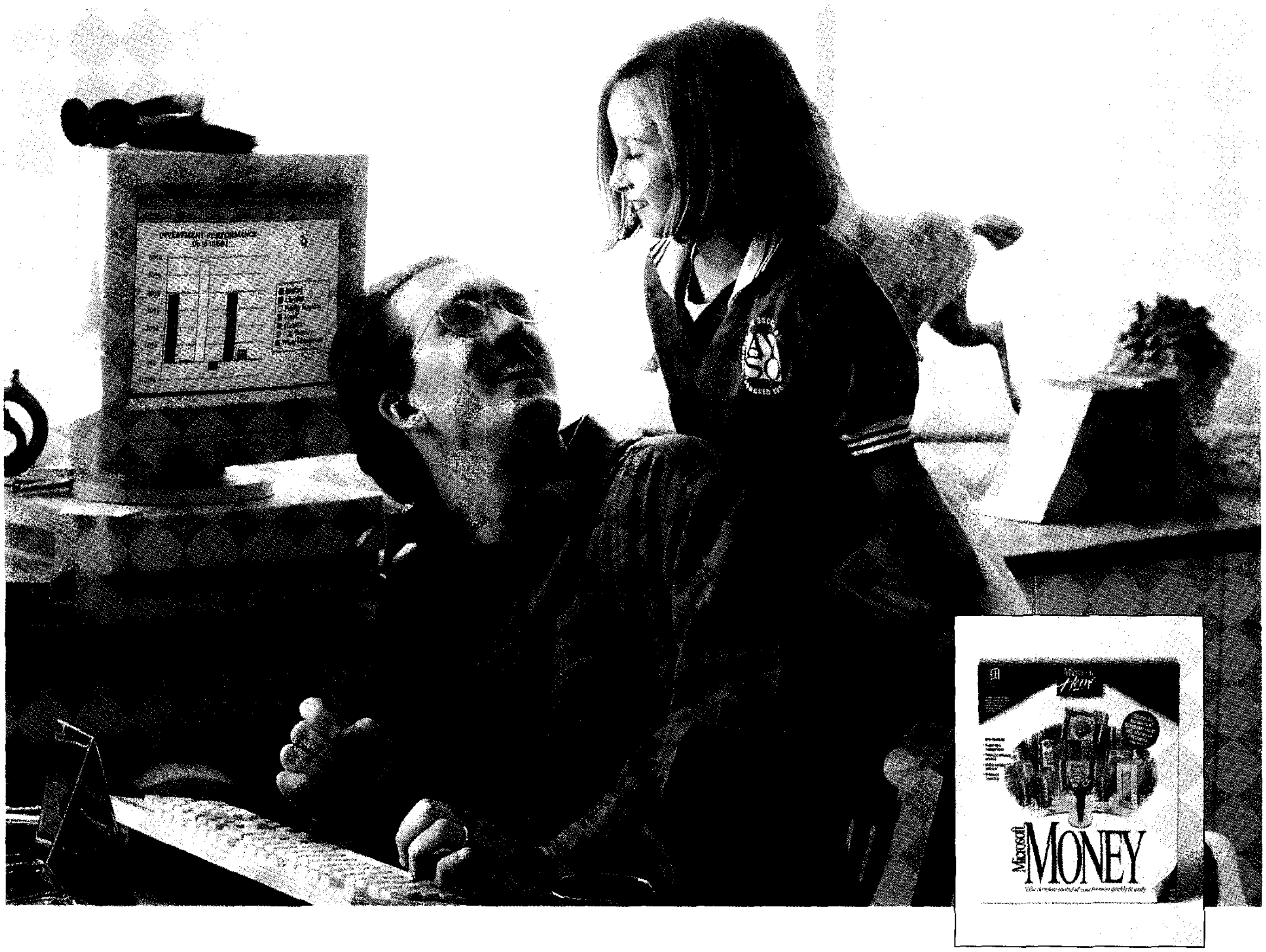
This efficiency makes Salman a favorite among international businessmen. A London-based middleman says, "Prince Salman is the doctor to heal all those problems in Saudi Arabia." Gazing affectionately at a photograph on the wall of himself and the Prince sharing an armchair, he adds, "The family will defer to him. He's got the financial people. The Americans love him. Salman is Lawrence of Arabia."

This huge clan has an urgent claim on the shrinking Saudi economic pie. "Fahd is in a dilemma," Aziz Abu-Hamad, of Middle East Watch, explains. "He has to feed the princes to take care of all the different factions within the family, but there is not enough money for everything."

That is one reason that a widely reported nineteen-per-cent budget cut announced by Fahd this year has not actually happened. "There is no possibility that it will be met," the British banking expert says flatly.

It is this diversion of the country's diminishing resources to the royal family that explains why even some liberal Saudis are prepared to support the likes of Salman al-Audah. "Audah is very fundamentalist," says one observer of the Saudi political scene. "If he and people like Hawali came to power they would be extremely reactionary on social issues. But even though the liberals are a little bit

ME & MY MOUSE



Introducing Chase PC Banking℠ with Microsoft®

CHASE PC Banking puts you in complete control of your money–with Microsoft Money. If you have Windows,™ a mouse and a modem, you can access all your Chase accounts–any place, any time; right from your desktop or notebook PC.

At the click of your mouse, you'll be connected directly to your Chase accounts – ready to check your balances, pay bills electronically, transfer funds or review your recent transactions. You can even talk to Chase by E-Mail, or access on-line stock quotes.

The service is guaranteed–if any payment you enter is not paid on time, Chase will pay the late fees or finance charges.* Of course there's a PIN number to make sure that only you have access to your account.

With all your up-to-date transactions automatically stored in Money, you can create income, expense and tax reports, prepare budgets and check your net worth.

Chase PC Banking with Microsoft Money is the first in a series of money management programs from Chase. So call Chase today to find out how you can begin to bank right from your own PC.

1-800-CHASE-24
24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK

CHASE MANHATTAN.
PROFIT FROM THE EXPERIENCE.℠

© 1994 The Chase Manhattan Bank, N.A., Member FDIC. *Subject to certain limitations. Microsoft® and Windows are registered trademarks of Microsoft Corporation.

afraid of Audah, they feel that anything would be better than the Al Saud. They have to choose between two devils, and they choose that one."

"The opposition would shut the place down even more aggressively than it's shut down now," a Western diplomat in Riyadh says. "Their objective is power, and religion is their vehicle."

This diplomat has become something of a student of the jailed cleric Audah. "He's a young, very good speaker. He's very good on cassette—the Voodoo Lounge of the Mosque." Audah thinks America is "decadent," the diplomat says—a "society rotten to the core. He's very careful not to mention Israel in his sermons, but his followers say there should be a jihad against the Jewish State."

Masari himself thinks the opposition is too fragmented to take power. In fact, he argues that the political and moral collapse of the current regime will lead to a military coup.

The senior official at the White House is resolutely optimistic about the future of the royal family and the country: "We do not get the sense that things are falling apart there or that the King's losing it or that he's going to face serious instability. The problem is how he gets his budget under control." The official shrugs. "It's always a problem when you've lived high on the hog for so long."

Other officials are equally sanguine. Treasury Secretary Bentsen claimed recently that, despite "credit problems," the kingdom did not have any serious financial difficulties.

The financial markets are telling a different story. At the end of October, N.C.M., a leading international-trade risk insurer, reported to customers that it was cancelling open-account credit-limit approvals for exports to Saudi Arabia, because the Saudis were not paying their bills. "Repeated promises of payment from senior Saudi officials . . . have not been fulfilled and there is no suggestion of any early improvement in the situation," the insurer announced. Saudi companies could no longer borrow to meet their cash flow. "The situation in Saudi is very grave and continues to deteriorate."

It is not clear whether these stark realities are getting through to either the government in Washington or the government in Riyadh. A C.I.A. veteran of the Saudi station says that in recent meetings with senior members of the royal family he found them "calm, relaxed, almost laid back," then adds, "I didn't get the impression that there's a problem, but I could be wrong."

In the interrogation rooms at Al-Hayer, the interrogators themselves are terrified of passing on bad news to the palace. When Masari gave answers detailing "the disgust in the country" over lack of reforms, stalled projects, and the "catastrophic" debt, he was told to tone it down. He compared the government to a "stubborn jackass"—a common phrase in the street. "The brigadier general said, 'If the King sees that, he will have a heart attack,' " he recalls. "They kept lying in the past. They told him, 'There's no problem—just a few idiots here and there.' Now, suddenly, the problem is huge." Masari shakes his head. "They have to continue the game of lying."

At the end of October, Ali, now six, and his father, Atif, reappeared at their Jeddah home. They had been out of sight for more than three weeks. Ali's father is once again hanging up on Lujain. Our own efforts to talk to him have produced the same result. The State Department notified Lujain that a "very nervous" Atif (he is currently forbidden to leave the kingdom and return to his home and business in Denver) has said that he wishes to "raise the boy in Saudi Arabia." A consular official told her that, even though she and Ali are both American citizens, "there is nothing we can do." Following our calls to inquire about Lujain and her missing child, an Embassy spokesman told us that Ambassador Ray Mabus, a former governor of Mississippi and a Friend of Bill, has "personally raised this issue with high officials from the Foreign Ministry and the Interior Ministry."

Lujain is not consoled by the news. She fears the Ministry of the Interior will dispatch father and son to the Royal Guest House—Saudi slang for prison. Interior officials, she notes, have ominously described Ali's case to his grandfather as "a matter of national security." ♦

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

(Photo caption in the Los Angeles Times)

Traffic is heavy at busy main intersection in Derry, N.H., a jolting change for once-quiet New Jersey town.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

From Cézanne to Matisse

GREAT FRENCH PAINTINGS FROM THE BARNES FOUNDATION

•

January 31 – April 9, 1995

Tickets go on sale Wednesday, November 30

Buy a ticket the first day and be eligible to win a great prize!

Call (215) 235-SHOW
9:00 – 5:00 daily

Museum Box Office open
10:00 – 5:00, Tues. – Sun.
(till 8:30 p.m., Weds.)

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART
26th Street and the
Benjamin Franklin Parkway
Philadelphia PA 19130

Recording and directions:
(215) 684-7500

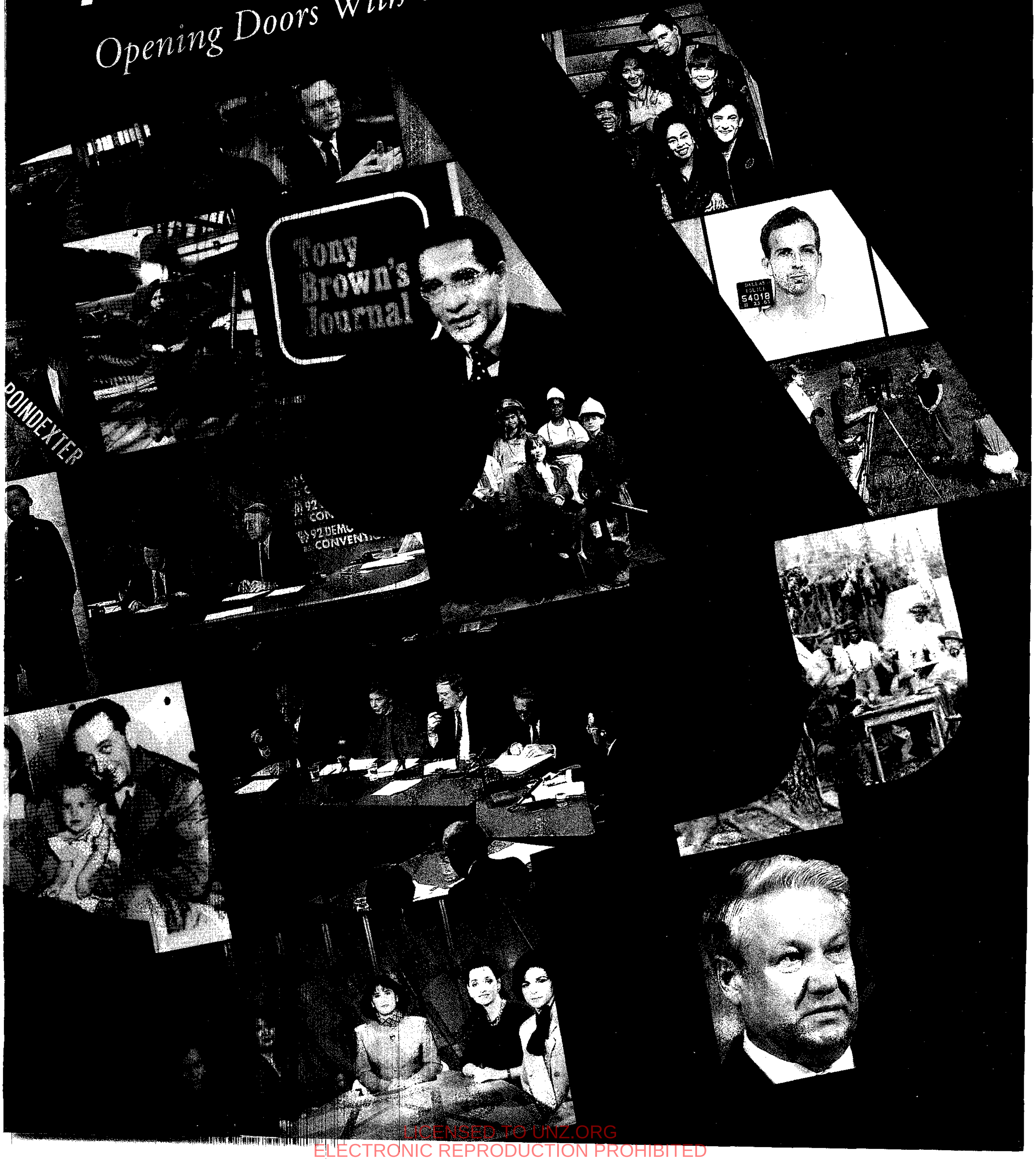
This exhibition is made possible by Elf Atochem North America, Inc., and First Fidelity Bank. WCAU-TV 10 is the media sponsor.

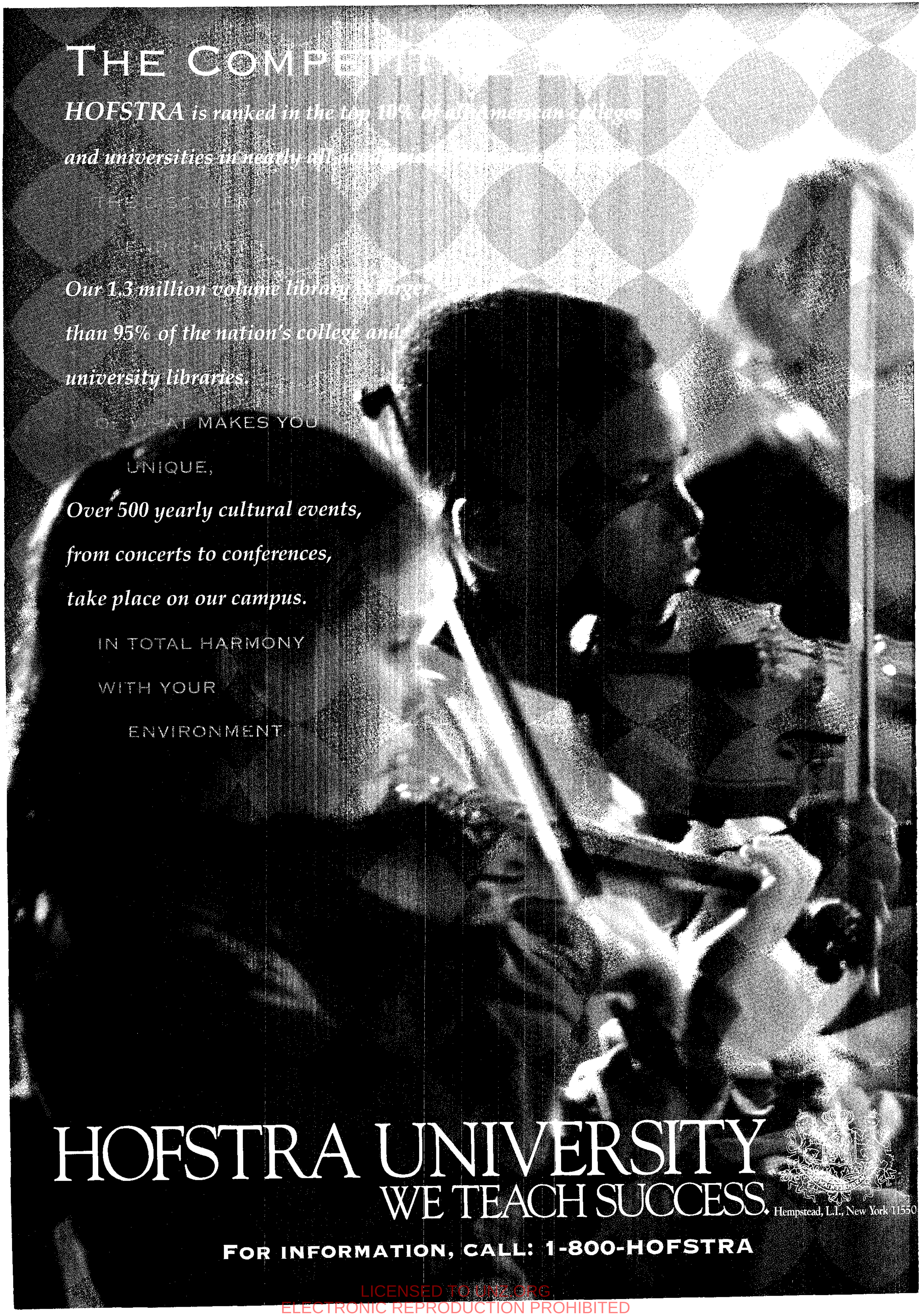
Additional funding has been provided by The Pew Charitable Trusts.

THE RED MADRAS HEADDRESS
1907, BY HENRI MATISSE
© 1994 THE BARNES FOUNDATION
© 1994 SUCCESSION HENRI MATISSE/ARS

Public Television America's Storyteller

Opening Doors With Timely Ideas, Insights, and Analysis


Tony Brown's Journal
POINDEXTER
DALLAS POLICE
54018
92 DEMO CONVENTION
92 DEMO CONVENTION



THE COMPETI

HOFSTRA is ranked in the top 10% of all American colleges and universities in nearly all

THE DISCOVERY AND

ENRICHMENT

Our 1.3 million volume library is larger than 95% of the nation's college and university libraries.

OF WHAT MAKES YOU

UNIQUE,

Over 500 yearly cultural events, from concerts to conferences, take place on our campus.

IN TOTAL HARMONY

WITH YOUR

ENVIRONMENT.

HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY

WE TEACH SUCCESS.

Hempstead, L.I., New York 11550

FOR INFORMATION, CALL: 1-800-HOFSTRA

©Christopher Little, 1990

Above: Television's premier news program features Robert MacNeil (right) and Jim Lehrer (left).
Below: "The NewsHour" national correspondent Charlayne Hunter-Gault.

JUST BECAUSE you can *send* a story around the globe in a few seconds doesn't mean you can *cover* that story in a few minutes. At a time when society is growing increasingly complex, much of television journalism is speeding toward tabloid-style coverage of those complexities. At a time when Americans need more substance, sound bites rule.

As David Fanning, executive producer of public television's award-winning documentary series "Frontline," comments, "It seems as if television journalism is shying away from trying to take on the difficult in favor of what is most popular. It's a Roman circus, to distract the populace from the really difficult questions of our times."

Public television has a different—more significant—mission. Henry Hampton, executive producer of the landmark history of the civil-rights movement "Eyes on the Prize" and the acclaimed chronicle of "The Great Depression," summarizes, "Public television can bring people to complex subjects with enough context and background so that they can make good and productive judgments."

MacNeil/Lehrer: Television's Hour of Intelligent News

Context, analysis, insight, understanding—that's what you get from public television. It starts with the only nationally broadcast hour of early evening news, "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour," where five million Americans turn each weeknight to get the information they need to arrive at fully informed opinions.

For nearly twenty years, Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer have presented America with in-depth coverage of domestic and world events. No Hollywood dirt, no eight-second sound bites, no Tonya Harding specials, just a commanding respect for the intelligence and needs of the viewer.

©Christopher Little, 1990

Critics and viewers like what they see on "The NewsHour." *The New York Times* boasted: "More news in a balanced way than anywhere else on television." And a recent study by Roper Starch Worldwide Inc. revealed that among the viewers of each of five evening news programs (ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN, and "The NewsHour"), "The NewsHour" was judged the most credible. For its exceptional efforts, the series has earned seven Emmys and five George Foster Peabody Awards, among many other honors.

Charlayne Hunter-Gault, national correspondent at "The NewsHour," travels across the country and around the globe in search of the untold story. From "America's Values" to "Breaking the Cycle: Youth Violence," Hunter-Gault's multipart examinations take viewers to the heart of today's headlines.

"At a time when the complexity is out there and must be dealt with," Lehrer says, "American journalism has decided not to deal with it. On "The NewsHour" we are dealing with complexity."

At a time when society is growing increasingly complex, much of television journalism is speeding toward tabloid-style coverage of those complexities. Public television has a different—more significant—mission.

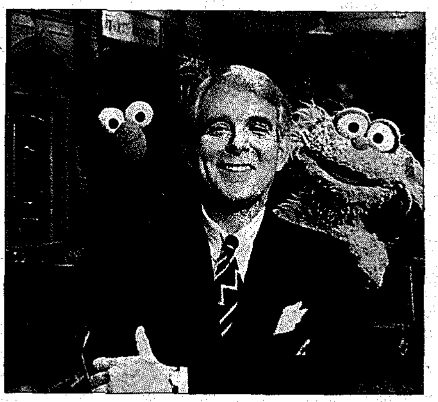
As an example, in the seven months following President Clinton's announcement of his health-care-reform plan, "The NewsHour" examined reform efforts on fifty-seven of its shows, delineating the possible impact of reform on retired people, workers, women, and doctors, among others.

To its award-winning hard-news coverage, "The NewsHour" mixes in a compelling array of fresh, revealing perspectives from television's leading

Advertisement

PBS: AMERICA'S ELECTRONIC TOWN SQUARE

by Ervin S. Duggan
President and Chief Executive Officer
Public Broadcasting Service



©Don Perdue, 1994

"Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?" T. S. Eliot asked sixty years ago. It was a prophetic question, one highly appropriate to our frenzied lives. Today many of us, contemplating the much-ballyhooed "information superhighway," feel like bemused pedestrians as too many vehicles rush by: facts, competing claims, snippets of unassimilated data, even bizarre new forms of information like "tabloid TV" and "infomercials." How can we navigate our way from mere data to intelligent judgments, not to mention wisdom?

One answer is right before your eyes: public television. On your local public television station—and sometimes only there—you'll find thoughtful presentations of news, commentary, and analysis. At PBS, we work with renowned producers and journalists to build several qualities into our current-affairs programs—qualities we consider essential antidotes to today's electronic chaos. Qualities such as these:

Duration. At PBS, we know our viewers hunger for more than sound-bite appetizers. They want sustained attention and careful discussion of issues. And so on some evenings, "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" may dwell on only one or two major stories, the better to satisfy your need for complete coverage and ample discussion.

William Buckley at the podium for "Firing Line Special Debates."

Depth. If you're a PBS viewer, you may remember "Eyes on the Prize," Henry Hampton's magnificent exploration of the civil-rights movement. Or programs of compelling analysis like "War and Peace in the Nuclear Age." Programs like these strive for something more than a shallow skittering across the surface.

Diversity. America is astoundingly varied and becoming more so. PBS and its member stations try to reflect that diversity every day and night. Here you'll find "The American Experience," our prize-winning series of nonfiction films exploring American history, politics, and popular culture. "Tony Brown's Journal" is television's longest-running series analyzing issues of special interest to African-American citizens. "To the Contrary" is television's first news-analysis program exclusively featuring a host and panel of female commentators.

Dialogue. Fred Friendly, the esteemed television journalist who founded "The Media and Society Seminars" on PBS, once said that his purpose was "to make the agony of decision making so intense that the only way to escape is by thinking." On PBS, the air often crackles with differing views and voices as thinkers, leaders, and citizens match wits. William Buckley's "Firing Line Special Debates" prove that verbal and intellectual fireworks can illuminate issues like the death penalty or religion in public life.

Duration. Depth. Diversity. Dialogue. These are what we strive to bring you in our news and public-affairs programs on PBS. For twenty-five years, public television has been one of our nation's leading public forums, a sort of electronic town square. Here we explore the issues and events that are crucial in America's struggle to remain a free and prosperous society, and to become a civil, decent, and humane one.

At PBS, we're beginning work on "The Democracy Project," an initiative to bring new thinking and new technologies to public affairs programming. Building on public television's many strengths, PBS and its member stations will experiment with new ways of presenting debates, polls, and electronic town meetings. Our goal? As always, deeper, more interesting, and nourishing journalism.

We invite you to join us every day. We hope you'll like what you see and hear. Indeed, we hope you'll make PBS your first viewing choice, and that you'll join millions of your fellow citizens who not only watch but also generously support their local public television stations.

©Nixon Project, National Archives

In its third season "The American Experience" profiled Richard Nixon.

Giving it

the gas is now

satisfying

in more ways

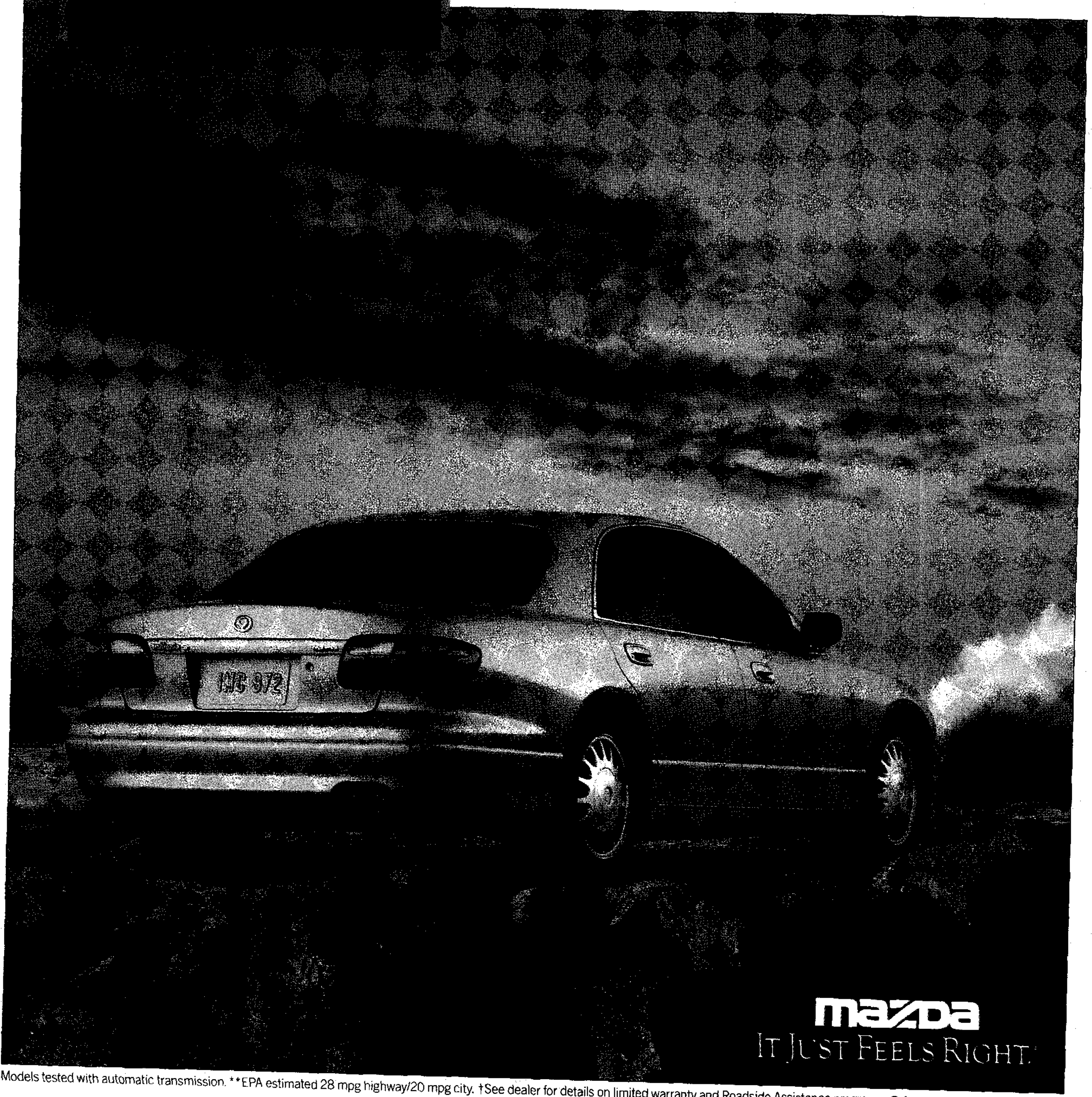
than one.

It's a step you can't take anywhere else. Step on the gas in the new Millenia S and you'll engage the automotive world's first Miller-cycle engine. A high-output V6 that's up to 80% more powerful than an ordinary engine. It's faster than the V8-powered BMW 530i.* Yet it uses less gas so it pollutes less.**

The Millenia also rewards you with just about every other kind of power—windows, locks, seats, even the steering wheel. Plus you get our 36-month/50,000-mile warranty and 24-hour Emergency Roadside Assistance.†

For a free brochure, call 1-800-639-1000. Or visit your Mazda Dealer for a test drive. We promise it'll be a gas.

millenia



*Models tested with automatic transmission. **EPA estimated 28 mpg highway/20 mpg city. †See dealer for details on limited warranty and Roadside Assistance programs. © 1994 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

ensemble of essayists. Emmy Award-winner Richard Rodriguez, who examines Latino influences and issues, says, “It is important that there be a national voice. Public television must find some way to describe Whitman’s America... the interconnection of lives, the way people in Sun City are related to people in Bangor, Maine, the way gay activists in New York share the same country as Evangelicals in Colorado Springs, not so much the shared assumptions but the interconnection of cultures and national identities and ideologies.”

“Frontline” and the “Marketplace of Ideas”

Public television is describing and delving into Whitman’s America, Richard Rodriguez’s America, your America. “Frontline,” the longest-running weekly public-affairs documentary series on television, is a key part of that effort.

“‘Frontline’... is unique in its subject matter, timely in its presentations, groundbreaking in its revelatory daring. It is simply the best there is,” says *The Newark Star-Ledger.*

©Julie Nestinngen, 1991

David Fanning of PBS’s “Frontline.”

Since the show’s premiere in 1983, “Frontline” has explored issues as varied and incendiary as: child sexual abuse, in the Emmy Award-winning “Innocence Lost,” for which producer Ofra Bikel followed an Edenton, North Carolina, case for more than three years; racial strife, in the Emmy-winning “Seven Days in Bensonhurst,” writer Shelby Steele’s investigation of a New York City murder; and the failure of the savings-and-loan industry, in correspondent Robert Krulwich’s “The Great American Bailout.”

Co-executive producers of “P.O.V.,” Ellen Schneider and Marc Weiss, look for works that express strong “points of view.”

In the months ahead, “Frontline” will continue to confront and challenge viewers with documentaries focusing on TV violence, repressed memory, and America’s war on drugs. “Frontline” has won twenty Emmys, eight Alfred I. duPont-Columbia University Awards in Broadcast Journalism, five Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Awards, and three Peabodys.

Executive producer David Fanning explains why “Frontline” is different—and makes a difference: “We try to tell the stories that no one else has told, and to see the world in surprising and unusual ways, without concerns for the commercial marketplace, but for the marketplace of ideas.”

Different Perspectives from “P.O.V.”

“P.O.V.” showcases independent nonfiction films that frequently—as the series title suggests—express a strong “point of view.”

“We celebrate the filmmaker’s personal voice—opinionated, subjective work that often presents perspectives ignored by the mass media,” says Ellen Schneider, a co-executive producer of the series.

“‘P.O.V.’ was created to ‘push the envelope,’ to take the best and most compelling independent work and carve out a place for it on the air,” says Marc Weiss, also co-executive producer. “I refer to ‘P.O.V.’ as a stimulant in the dialogue of democracy, to get people to not only learn about each other but to talk to each other.”

Viewers have noticed. One Houston resident commented, “I just wanted to thank you for opening whole new worlds up to me that I would not have discovered on my own, and introducing me to people that I probably would not have met in my normal everyday life.”

Public television is describing and delving into Whitman’s America, Richard Rodriguez’s America, your America. “Frontline” is a key part of that effort.

Films shown on “P.O.V.” have won every major film and broadcasting award, including two Oscars, two duPont-Columbias, five Emmys, five Peabodys, and the Prix Italia, Europe’s oldest and most prestigious broadcasting award.

“These programs do more than

NO WONDER PBS IS SUCH A GREAT INVESTMENT

WHATEVER THE ECONOMY, IT'S ALWAYS PAYING DIVIDENDS.

Every time you tune in to public television there's a program that opens our eyes to a new way of seeing.

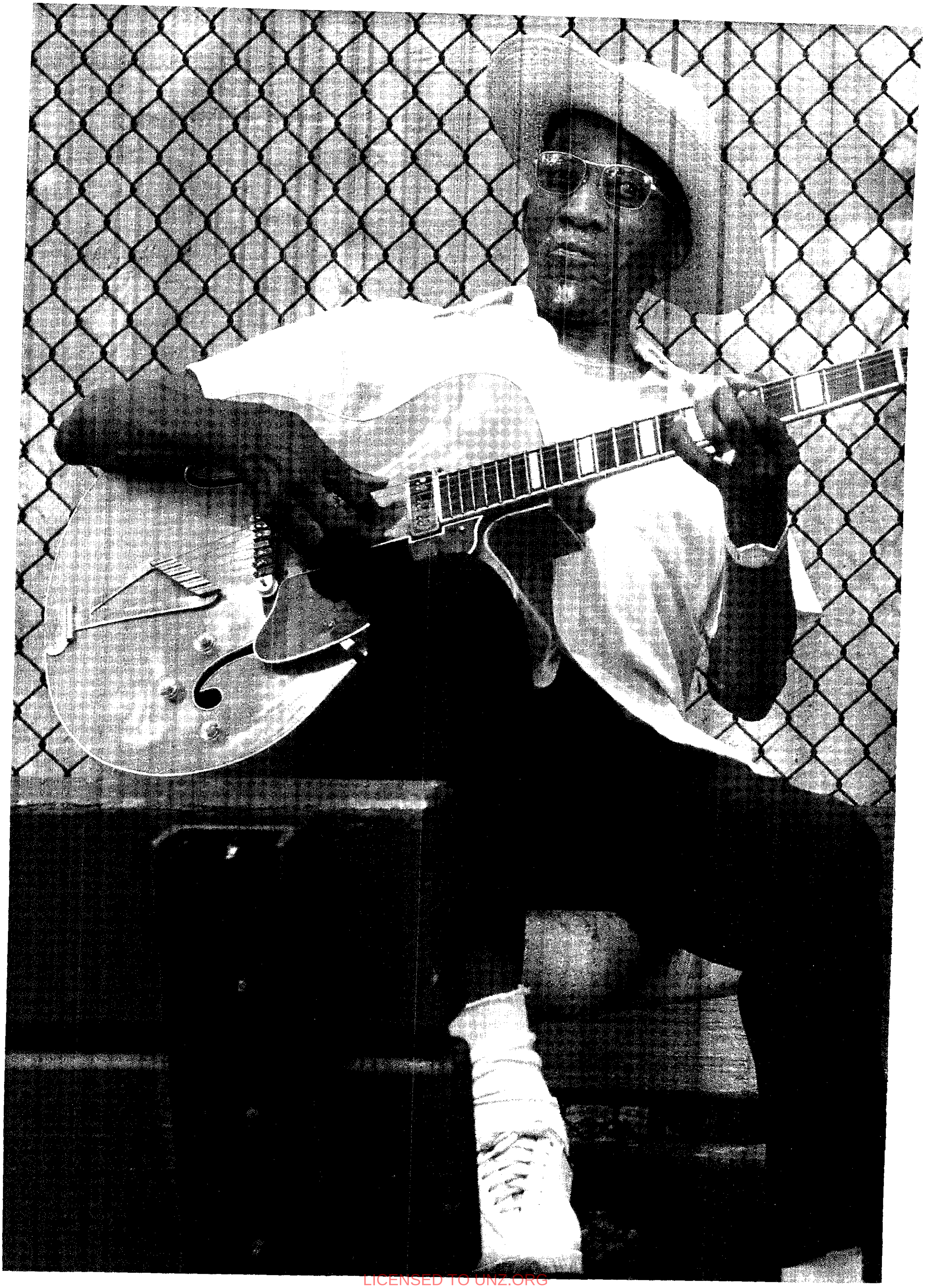
That's why you see the Mutual of America name on the list of public television's corporate underwriters.

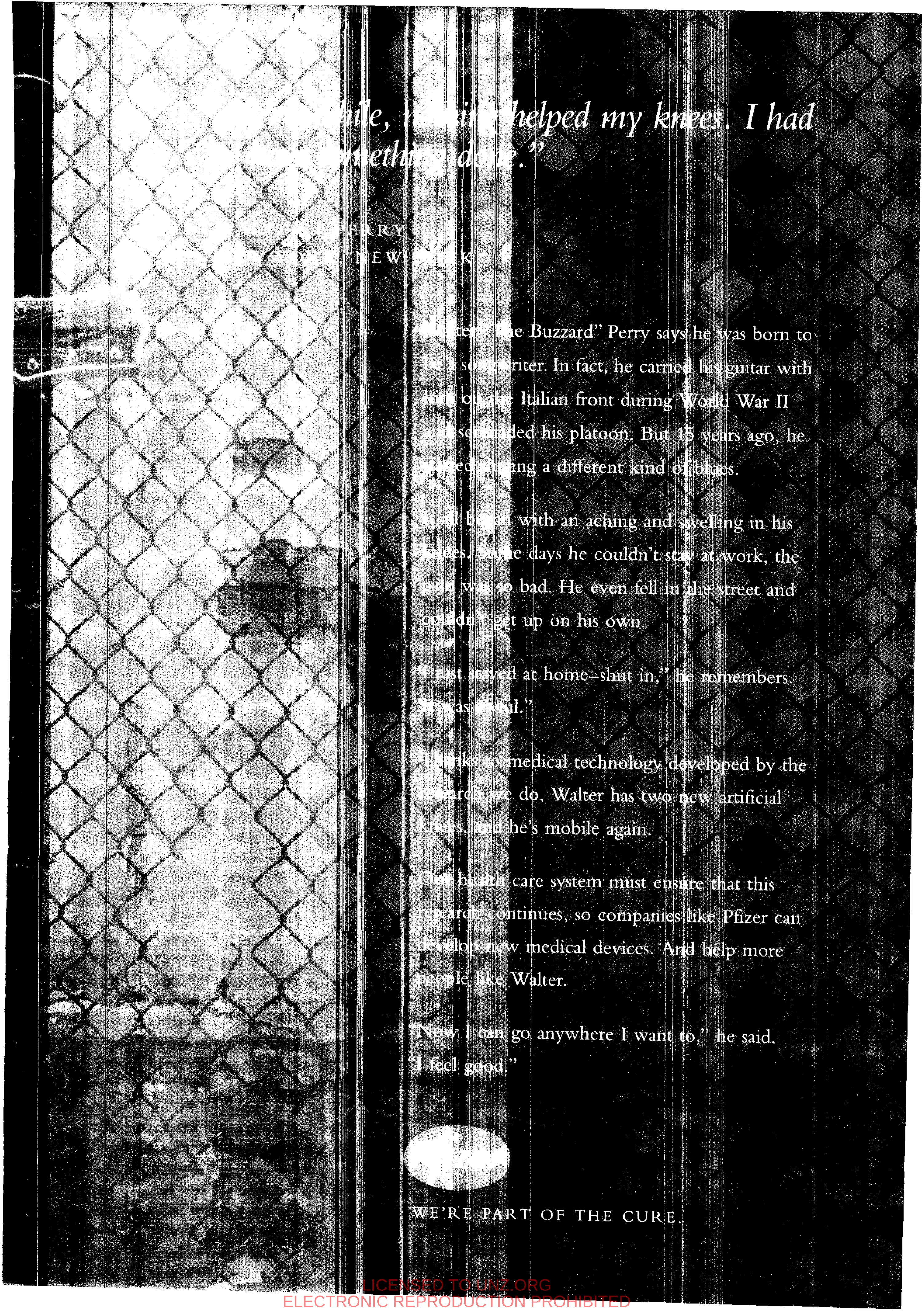
On such outstanding programs as Bill Moyers' "Healing and the Mind," "Listening to America," "Bill Moyers' Journal," and "The Great Health Care Debate," and most recently, "The Papal Concert to Commemorate The Holocaust."

And Mutual of America will continue its commitment in the years ahead.

Because we've found there aren't many things that achieve this kind of return on investment.

MUTUAL OF AMERICA
666 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NY 10103





“…hile, nothing helped my knees. I had …mething done.”

PERRY

NEW …K

Walter “The Buzzard” Perry says he was born to be a songwriter. In fact, he carried his guitar with him on the Italian front during World War II and serenaded his platoon. But 15 years ago, he started singing a different kind of blues.

It all began with an aching and swelling in his knees. Some days he couldn’t stay at work, the pain was so bad. He even fell in the street and couldn’t get up on his own.

“I just stayed at home–shut in,” he remembers. “It was awful.”

Thanks to medical technology developed by the research we do, Walter has two new artificial knees, and he’s mobile again.

Our health care system must ensure that this research continues, so companies like Pfizer can develop new medical devices. And help more people like Walter.

“Now I can go anywhere I want to,” he said. “I feel good.”

WE’RE PART OF THE CURE.

simply raise issues," says Schneider. "They inspire people to do something about them."

Illuminating the American Experience

Public television's critically acclaimed historical documentary series "The American Experience" is now in its seventh season. Judy Crichton, the series' executive producer, says of the show: "'The American Experience' is an attempt to widen the understanding of our viewers in terms of who they are, and how we got to where we are, by looking at the past."

Each film draws material from a rich collection of resources, including archival photos, excerpts from diaries and letters, film footage, music, and eyewitness accounts. The programs make plain the contexts, forces, and people that have shaped our national character: from Richard Nixon to Rosie the Riveter and Malcolm X, from the Johnstown Flood to the great San Francisco earthquake of 1906.

"'The American Experience' is an invaluable national resource," says Alan Brinkley, a professor of history at Columbia University, in New York. "By producing films of integrity, intelligence, and elegance, it has become an important vehicle for advancing public understanding of the American past."

©Kate Kunz

"What Can We Do About Violence?," hosted by Bill Moyers, is part of a multiyear effort to help lower the rate of youth violence.

Among the upcoming programs from "The American Experience" is "The Way West," a major miniseries from critically acclaimed filmmaker Ric Burns on the five decades of America's western expansion. "One Woman, One Vote" devotes two hours to illuminating the infighting, fledgling alliances, betrayals, defeats, and victories that led to women's voting rights.

Act Against Violence

"Television has dramatized the violence, showed us the violence, and exploited the violence. Now television has to help us overcome the violence."

—Bill Moyers

In addition to reporting the news, public television is responding to it. In January 1995, public television, in partnership with an unprecedented coalition of private- and public-sector organizations, will launch a multiyear effort using TV programming and community-outreach activities to help lower the rate of youth violence. Partners in the "National Campaign to Reduce Youth Violence" already include the Boys & Girls Clubs of America, the Points of Light Foundation, Volunteers of America, and the U.S. Department of Education.

> *On "The American Experience," the programs make plain the contexts, forces, and people that have shaped our national character.*

"What Can We Do About Violence?," hosted by Bill Moyers, marks the visible launch of the campaign. The series tells success stories of citizens and communities working to bring stability and safety back to the lives of the nation's youth. Another part of the project is "No Time to Be a Child," four one-hour programs from WTVS, in Detroit, and Nomadic Pictures. The first program uses first-hand accounts to document the impact of violence on children.

©Larry Ford/Club USA

A rotating ensemble of teen reporters addresses youth issues on "In the Mix."

The Public Television Outreach Alliance is developing print and broadcast materials for the campaign, including "action spots" informing viewers of community- and school-based violence-prevention programs. These messages will be built around the campaign's slogan "Act Against Violence."

The Next Generation

"We are the next mayors, congressmen, presidents and world leaders. We are not inheriting the world from adults, they are borrowing it from us."

—Eleven-year-old Bonin Bough, at the U.N. World Summit for Children.

Our future leaders are starved for information, and to nourish that hunger public television is reaching out to the young, at local and national levels.

For thirty-five years WXXI, in Rochester, New York, has stimulated young people's curiosity with "Assignment: The World," a news program for students in grades four through eight. Each week more than three thousand youngsters from across the country write to "Assignment: The World" in response to that week's current-events question. As one fourth-

BERTOLUCCI

PULCHRA
One look, and it's not hard to imagine nature's tiny pebbles inspiring Italy's noted designer to create this exceptional Swiss timepiece.
Bertolucci Pulchra watches are available in stainless steel, stainless steel and gold, and 18K gold from $1,900 to $25,000.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

grader from North Tazewell, Virginia, commented, "I watch your show every Friday and I love it! Your show helps me think more freely and openly. It gives me an inspiration to learn."

From WPSX, in University Park, Pennsylvania, comes "What's in the News," a current-events series for nine- to thirteen-year-olds. Produced for twenty-nine years in conjunction with Pennsylvania State University's College of Education, the program is shown in thirty-seven states—and Iceland!

"What's in the News" has gone online via PBS Learning Link, part of the PBS ONLINE computer network. Students and teachers can use Learning Link to download "What's in the News" transcripts, discussion questions, a companion newspaper column, and bibliographies related to program topics. Students can also take part in interactive computer projects, or "chat" with electronic pen pals.

"Club Connect," a magazine-style series with a multicultural cast, combines humor, advice, and learning in a lively format to help teens deal with the everyday pressures of growing up. Produced by WTVS, in Detroit, the series assists young people in making informed decisions on such concerns as the consequences of having sex, planning for life after high school, and how to recognize gender stereotypes.

"In the Mix," from New York City's WNYC, uses in-depth, cutting-edge stories and a rotating ensemble of teen reporters to address pertinent youth issues. These range from the life of an imprisoned youth offender to stories of teenagers who excel in school despite the trials of an unsettled family life. Documentary-style episodes have looked at teen alcoholism, violence, jobs, fighting peer pressure, and the rewards of community service.

Regional Perspectives with National Impact: The Wisconsin Collaborative Project

Too often the media's view of national events and trends focuses on our largest urban areas, like New York and Los Angeles. To bring increased regional diversity to its national program schedule, public television turns to the Wisconsin Collaborative Project, spearheaded by Wisconsin Public Television, in Madison.

During the past two years, productions have featured work by the public-television networks of Arkansas, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, New Hampshire, Oregon, and Wisconsin, as well as from Phoenix's KAET; Seattle's KCTS; KERA, in Dallas; St. Louis' KETC; KTCA, in St. Paul, Minnesota; KUSM,

LABOR SUPPORTS JOHNSON WAR ON POVERTY

"America's War on Poverty" examines how the poor fared during the 1960s and the resultant programs addressing the challenges of poverty.

Advertisement

Interview with Henry Hampton

> “Good and Productive Judgments”

Documentary filmmaker Henry Hampton's works for public television include the award-winning "Eyes on the Prize" and "The Great Depression." His teams at Blackside Inc. are now busy producing "America's War on Poverty," which airs on public television in January 1995.

©David Henderson/Eric Roth Studio, 1994

Q. Why do you do what you do?

A. I have a love of storytelling, probably because I've been a reader all my life. I do it because it's a chance to have an impact, to create the kind of world I want everyone to live in. You only get so many opportunities in a career to change the spin of the way people perceive themselves and history. At the center of our work is the notion that citizens are not victims. Citizens are ideally people who participate, agitate, consolidate. Citizens, using the principles of democracy, move the country productively forward.

Q. What's your view of history?

A. To me history is a series of openings that if you're ready and able you can have an enormous impact. It's not the way we often think of history; we think of it as a long list of facts, and every now and then a powerful story. I have focused on race and history and people preparing for opportunities. I hope that our work helps prepare a general audience so that when the moment comes, they're ready to take advantage of it.

Right now I'm working on "America's War on Poverty." Every fifteen, twenty, thirty years, there are times when government and citizens can unite to solve a problem. Poverty is one of those issues.

Race is a particularly and peculiarly American issue, not that it's unique to this country, but it's clearly a part of our national makeup and our national problem. I think we have opportunities to begin to deal with it.

Q. What can you do to improve race relations in America?

A. It's one of the great opportunities for public television between now and the end of the century, if not beyond. It is dangerous to make great sweeping generalizations about where we are. It's easy to say that it's worse now, but of course it's not worse in terms of many elements—in terms of opportunities and basic education. It is worse in terms of violence and what seemingly is a breakdown in the family. But it's very dangerous to let that logic take you to the point where all that's been done is meaningless, all that's been done has led to failure. I don't believe that.

I believe in efforts like the war on poverty, the way people organized and fought in the years of the Great Depression, the way people used the civil-rights movement to change their condition with minimal violence. People have, in my belief, more often than not, come up with solutions. We now must focus the energies of a new generation to combine with the people who did it before, to solve what seem to be awesome and overwhelming problems.

Q. In your view, can history do more than just inform? Can it prepare us for the future?

A. Absolutely, and I think that's one of the things in particular public television can do so effectively. If you can draw enough attention, maintain your historical integrity and tell a story, you can literally ready a generation to do it differently, to do it better. Dialogue in itself is an answer, because if people think and act on this material and these moments with sophistication, it's going to be a much healthier response.

Q. Does America have one history, or is it fragmented along ethnic and racial grounds?

A. There are both. There are surely pockets of history, whether they concern the Yankees of New England or the Hispanics of the Southwest. There are a wide variety of histories depending on the point of view. But there is at center a common experience and a common set of ideals and beliefs and of vision. You try to tap into both those; you have to respect the individual elements of the people's experience. At the same time, as a nation we have to begin to share—as some of us have but others have not been able to—a national perspective, a national vision, a national dream.

As different countries come upon this notion of participatory democracy the question of race and ethnic background is going to be front and center. I think we can prepare people. The experiences may be different, but when you get to a certain point I think it does become a proven path for people. They go through it successfully or not successfully. The more we prepare people for it, the less traumatic it will be.

Q. Why do you need public television?

A. Because I can't get it done any other way. Without public television the kind of programs we do simply would not be. Public television can bring people to complex subjects with enough context and background that they can make good and productive judgments.

in Bozeman, Montana; WITF, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; New York City's WNYC; Pittsburgh's WQED; WQPT, in Moline, Illinois; WSIU, in Carbondale, Illinois; and New Orleans' WYES.

"The Flood of '93" explored the effects of last year's devastating Midwest floods on the people, land, and economy of that region. "America's Battlegrounds" examined landmark confrontations in the United States' more than two-hundred-year history, ranging from the Whiskey Rebellion and the Civil War massacre of four hundred black soldiers at Poison Springs, Arkansas, to the last stand of Nez Perce Chief Joseph and the civil-rights struggle in Cairo, Illinois.

The increasing role of religion in American politics was among the topics of the Wisconsin Collaborative Project's 1994 election special. Its 1992 election special, "Move Over: Women and the '92 Campaign," won a duPont-Columbia Award.

CORUM

RARE COIN
An authentic $20 American gold coin. Water-tested, quartz accuracy, $20 coin $7,490. $5 coin $4,990.
With textured 18K gold bracelet: $20 coin $16,900. $5 coin $11,900.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332

"We the People": Connecting with the Community

The Badger State is also home to "We the People/Wisconsin," an alliance among Wisconsin Public Television, Wisconsin Public Radio, *The Wisconsin State Journal,* the Wood Communications Group, and CBS-TV's Madison affiliate to strengthen citizenship, improve public discourse, and revive public life.

The project's broadcast and print partners ascertain what issues are uppermost in the minds of Wisconsin citizens, create high-profile events at which a sampling of these citizens tackle the issues, and then provide coordinated coverage of the forums. The entire undertaking is driven by one simple, central idea: to make citizens active participants and allies in the journalistic process.

Ed Fouhy, executive director of the Pew Center for Civic Journalism, says the Wisconsin effort "is one of the most advanced examples of civic journalism in the country. They've impressed the governor, the legislature and, more importantly, their viewers."

The partnership recently premiered "We the Young People," which uses a town hall format to elicit the views of Wisconsin young people. As one teen from Edgar, Wisconsin, said, "It's a rare thing when someone actually listens to what we have to say. Just because some people aren't old enough to vote doesn't mean things aren't important to them."

©Ameen Howarani

The WTVS "City for Youth" partnership is preparing young people for the changing world of work.

Serving Viewers Near and Far

From remote, rural locales to the inner city, public television stations are responding to community needs with creativity and commitment.

KYUK, in Bethel, Alaska, serves a population of eight thousand people that is spread across ten thousand square miles in the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta region. In that southwestern part of the state there are no roads linking villages, so reporters and camerapeople must oftentimes travel by boat, snowmobile, dog sled, or small commuter plane to get the news. Moreover, for the intrepid news staff, even the hottest stories can be accompanied by fifty-degrees below Fahrenheit wind chills.

Public television stations are responding to community needs with creativity and commitment.

©Walter R. Wise

"To the Contrary" was the first news analysis series spotlighting a rotating panel of women commentators.

KYUK is working to preserve the native Eskimo language by producing newsbreaks and documentaries in two languages, English and Yup'ik. "Yup'ik" literally means "the real people." Fortunately, those real people have a real public television station—and they need it.

As Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska explained to his colleagues last summer, "For rural Alaskans, public broadcasting is not a luxury, it is a necessity. People do not understand the relationship between public broadcasting and public service in an area such as ours, one-fifth of the United States, areas where there is no other means of communication other than public broadcasting."

For Robert Larson, president and general manager of Detroit's WTVS, placing the power of telecommunications at the disposal of those who work for the welfare of his city is an imperative. He believes that "Detroit public television can help to build community."

WTVS's "City for Youth" project, now in its third year, focuses the strength of more than four hundred organizations, including youth-service agencies, educational and religious institutions, businesses, and the media, to help bring about a brighter future for the young people of metropolitan Detroit. Each year, "City for Youth" attacks a single problem—such as health, violence, or job skills—with prime-time specials, instructional videos, and community forums.

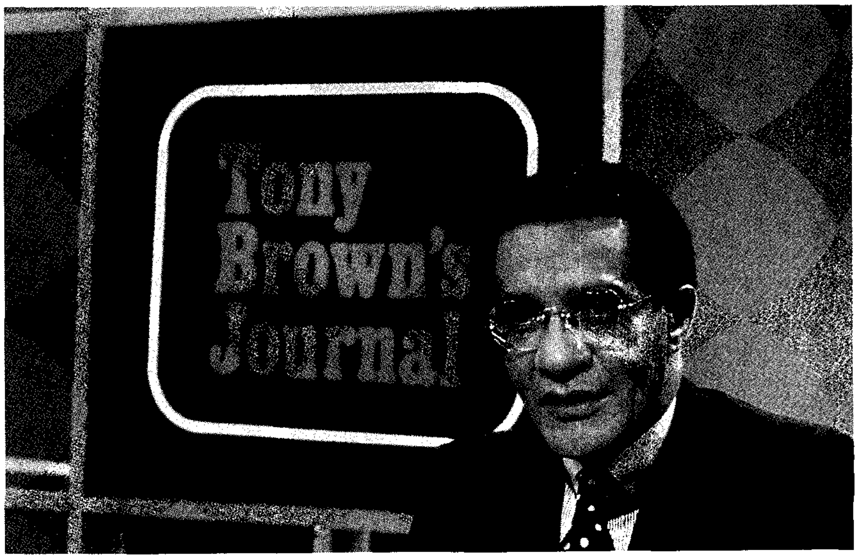
In 1991, WTVS was instrumental in forming the "Nitty Gritty Cities Group," which now includes twenty public television stations in such places as Chicago, Minneapolis/St. Paul, Seattle, Houston, New York City, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Louisville. For this group, programming is just the start. On a long-term basis, programmers and policymakers use satellite teleconferencing to exchange ideas on housing, gangs, substance abuse, parenting, youth development, and other key issues.

Diversity and Debate

Public television will always provide a forum for diverse voices and visions. Emmy Award-winning Charlie Rose questions the world's leading thinkers, writers, politicians, athletes, entertainers, business executives, and scientists in one-on-one interviews and round-table discussions. Viewers of "Charlie Rose" have received the inside story from such luminaries as Vice-President Al Gore, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, South African President Nelson Mandela, U.S. Senate Republican Leader Robert Dole, writer Salman Rushdie, Diana Ross, Barbara Bush, and Paul Newman. When you have questions about the morning headlines, "Charlie Rose" gets to the newsmakers—and the answers—that same night.

"To the Contrary," hosted by Bonnie Erbe, spotlights the views of women, while "Tony Brown's Journal," approaching its twenty-fifth season, is devoted to issues of interest to the African-American community. "TechnoPolitics," now in its fourth season, focuses on the politics of science, technology, and the environment. Ken Bode and his team of experienced journalists keep watch on the nation's capital on "Washington Week in Review," now in its twenty-eighth season. "The Media and Society Seminars" format created by journalist Fred Friendly and William Buckley's "Firing Line Special Debates" guarantee intelligent and incisive dialogue.

The longest-running, most-watched daily business, financial, and economic-news program on television,



Host Tony Brown continues his nearly twenty-five-year tradition of insightful interviews with contemporary newsmakers.

"The Nightly Business Report," features in-depth analysis, corporate profiles, and commentaries by noted economists. As he begins his twenty-fifth year, Louis Rukeyser continues to provide puns and profits on "Wall $treet Week With Louis Rukeyser." The Emmy Award-winning "Adam Smith," now in its eleventh season, devotes each weekly episode to a focused look at a single topic in business or economics.

Creating "Good and Productive Judgments"

Public television's commitment to accuracy, dedication to diversity, and faith in dialogue contribute to the national conversation that shapes our democracy.

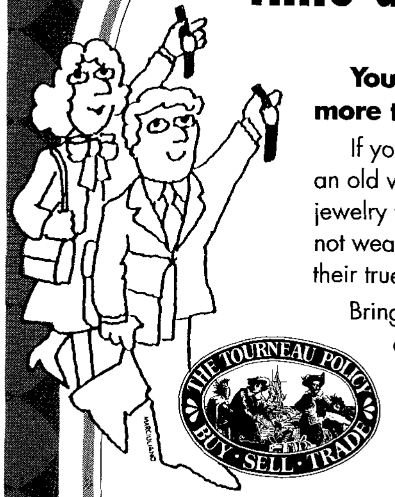
The decisions we make every day define a sense of self, family, and community. Together, these decisions proclaim who we are as a country and where we are going. They express what is important, and what we want to risk, explore, preserve, pass on.

Public television will always provide a forum for diverse voices and visions.

Public television contributes detailed, reliable information to this vital process. Public television takes the time to present that information thoroughly, so viewers can make, in the words of Henry Hampton, "good and productive judgments."

Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii sees this information as a true bargain. Last summer he told the Senate, "When one considers that public broadcasting receives only a dollar a year per person from the Federal Government, one can only conclude that public broadcasting is one of the wisest investments that Congress can make."

John Yahner is a free-lance writer based in Chevy Chase, Maryland.



It's Trade-in time at Tourneau

Your old watch is worth more than you think!

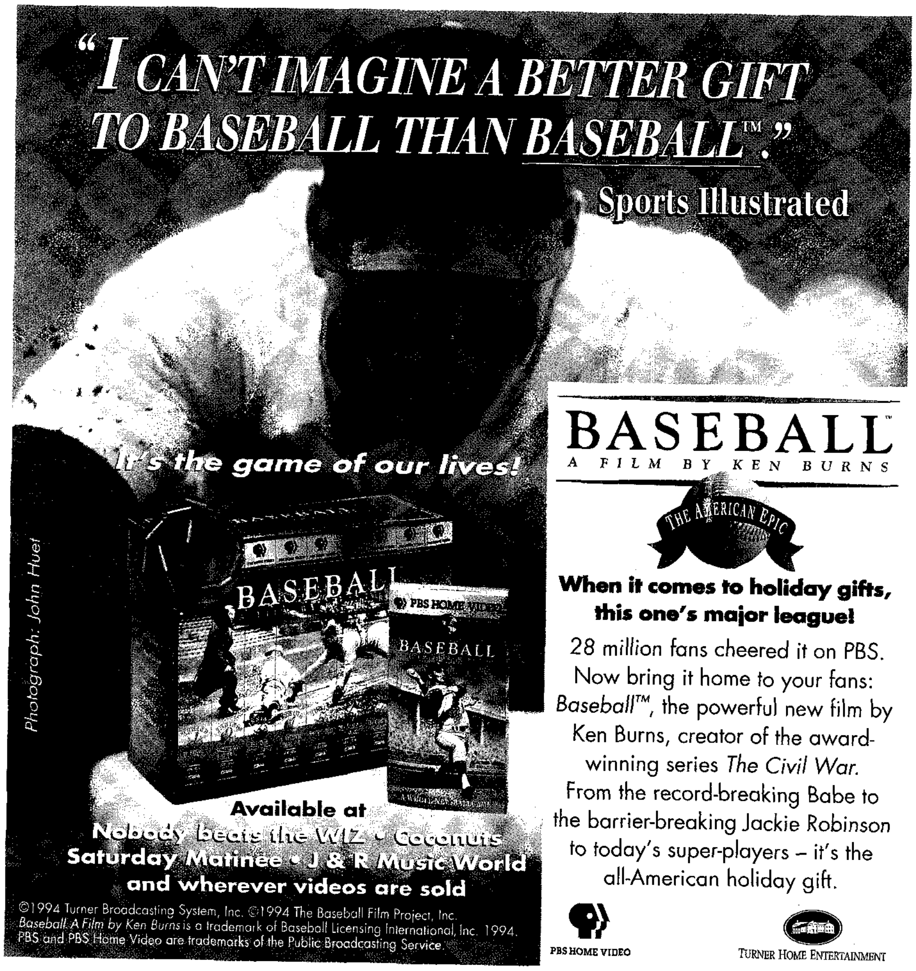
If you are fortunate enough to have an old watch or two lying around, or old jewelry that you have been saving and not wearing, now is the time to discover their true trade-in value.

Bring us your old watch for a free on-the-spot trade-in appraisal, or call 1-800-528-5871.

THE TOURNEAU POLICY BUY · SELL · TRADE

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332



"I CAN'T IMAGINE A BETTER GIFT TO BASEBALL THAN BASEBALL™."
Sports Illustrated

It's the game of our lives!

Photograph: John Huet

BASEBALL
A FILM BY KEN BURNS
THE AMERICAN EPIC

When it comes to holiday gifts, this one's major league!

28 million fans cheered it on PBS. Now bring it home to your fans: *Baseball™*, the powerful new film by Ken Burns, creator of the award-winning series *The Civil War.* From the record-breaking Babe to the barrier-breaking Jackie Robinson to today's super-players – it's the all-American holiday gift.

Available at Nobody beats the WIZ • Coconuts Saturday Matinee • J & R Music World and wherever videos are sold

©1994 Turner Broadcasting System, Inc. ©1994 The Baseball Film Project, Inc. *Baseball: A Film by Ken Burns* is a trademark of Baseball Licensing International, Inc. 1994. PBS and PBS Home Video are trademarks of the Public Broadcasting Service.

PBS HOME VIDEO
TURNER HOME ENTERTAINMENT

Advertisement

There's always something special on PBS

From historical pilgrimages and the war against poverty to a celebration of the senses and reducing youth violence, upcoming public television programs are sure to enthrall and enlighten the most demanding viewer.

These programs are made possible by a unique collaboration of funders, including more than five million individuals and families who contribute to their local public television stations; federal, state and local governments; businesses; foundations; and colleges.

Here's a sample of some of the outstanding programs that will air during the next several months on PBS stations. Please consult your local TV listings for the exact broadcast schedule in your area, or call the public television station serving your community for more information.

December 1994

Legendary Trails

This four-part miniseries retraces several fabled routes, traveled by millions over the centuries, that lead to sacred places around the world.

©David South

Celebrating Hadyn With Peter Ustinov

Sir Peter Ustinov chronicles the highlights and dark moments of the life and music of Franz Joseph "Papa" Haydn, who left an indelible mark on classical music.

Tennessee Williams: Orpheus of the American Stage: An "American Masters" Special

This comprehensive biography of American playwright Tennessee Williams offers an insightful look at his life as an artist and the trajectory of his career.

January 1995

America's War on Poverty

This five-part series examines the 1960s' "War on Poverty" and the evolution of foundation and public-sector programs assisting the poor.

What Can We Do About Violence?

Bill Moyers focuses on children and violence in a four-hour series that addresses ways that concerned citizens and institutions can work to reverse the current trend of youth crime.

The Puzzle Place

A new daily series features an ensemble of puppet kids from different backgrounds, who help preschoolers celebrate diversity and learn about self-esteem, cooperation, and respect for others.

February 1995

Mystery of the Senses: A "Nova" Miniseries

This five-part miniseries, based on Diane Ackerman's best-seller, *A Natural History of the Senses,* vibrantly blends science and imagery to create a new appreciation for the five human senses.

American Cinema

From explorations of various film genres to a look at the phenomenon of stardom, this ten-part series spotlights the American cinema as an industry, an art form, and a cultural barometer.

Inside the FBI

This four-part series delves behind the scenes at the Federal Bureau of Investigation to examine the day-to-day operations of our nation's largest investigative agency.

©Jeremy Hall/ Connaught Films

March 1995

Discovering Women

Narrated by actress Michelle Pfeiffer, this compelling six-part series profiles some of today's most notable women scientists, including a physicist who uses "the world's biggest microscope" and a molecular biologist with a controversial new theory about the human brain.

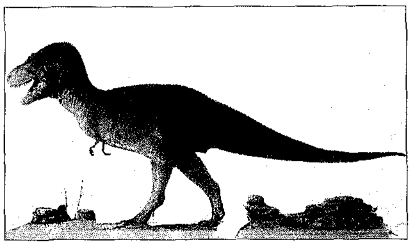
Advertisement

April 1995

Baseball

Acclaimed filmmaker Ken Burns' nine-inning epic on America's most beloved national pastime returns to public television this spring, unfolding the history of the country as it traces the story of baseball.

Eyewitness



Prepare to be amazed as the marvels of the natural world are presented as never before. Dazzling multiple images, state-of-the-art graphics and live-action sequences reveal nature—and mankind—in a new and fascinating light in this fast-paced thirteen-part series.

May 1995

"The American Experience": The Way West

This colorful sprawling epic by filmmaker Ric Burns ("The Donner Party") follows the final decades of America's western expansion, covering the period from 1846 to 1893.

"Nova": Making of a Doctor

This two-hour documentary follows the lives of several medical students as they begin their internships and residencies, and battle chronic sleep deprivation.

National Geographic's The Great Indian Railways

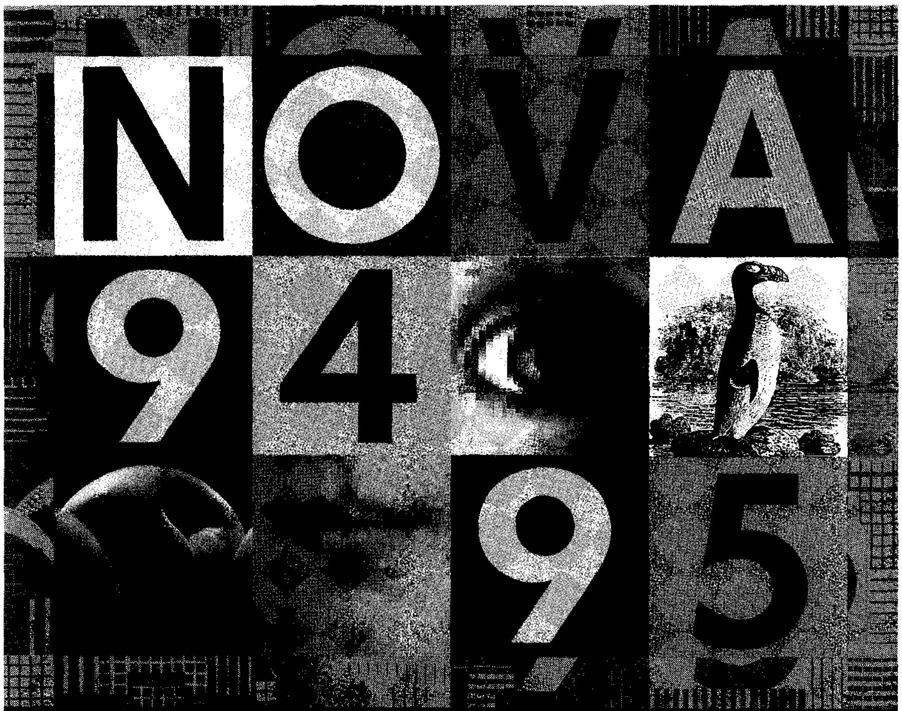
India's railroads are its veins and arteries, connecting the lives of all those who inhabit this magnificent country. This new two-hour documentary examines the one vehicle through which one can view India as a whole: the locomotive.

VACHERON CONSTANTIN
The World's oldest Watch Manufacturer
Geneva since 1755.

HISTORIQUE
Men's automatic, 18K pink gold power reserve watch. White dial with applied pink gold markers, date and power reserve indicator. $11,590.

TOURNEAU CORNER®

NEW YORK: Madison Ave & 52nd St • Madison Ave & 59th St • Seventh Ave & 34th St
FLORIDA: Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops
CALIFORNIA: Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • **SHOP-AT-HOME:** 1-800-348-3332



Watch the wonders of science unfold every Tuesday night at 8 p.m. on NOVA. Check local listings for your PBS station.

NOVA is a production of WGBH / Boston.

The 1994-95 season of this award winning program is made possible in part by a grant from the innovative people of Merck.

MERCK

General Motors.

"SOME OF OUR BEST IDEAS EVEN HELP PEOPLE WHO DON'T DRIVE GM CARS."

General Motors Corporation © 1994

Now, it's easier to avoid GM cars and trucks. That's the advantage of daytime running lamps, according to Joe Griffin, lighting engineer at General Motors Inland Fisher Guide division. Daytime running lamps are special headlights that come on whenever you start your engine. Cars that have them are often easier to see, and that can help other drivers avoid collisions. General Motors is the first domestic automaker to offer low intensity daytime running lamps as standard equipment on thousands of its U.S. cars and trucks. They could make your time on the road safer, even if you don't drive a GM vehicle.

LIFE AND LETTERS

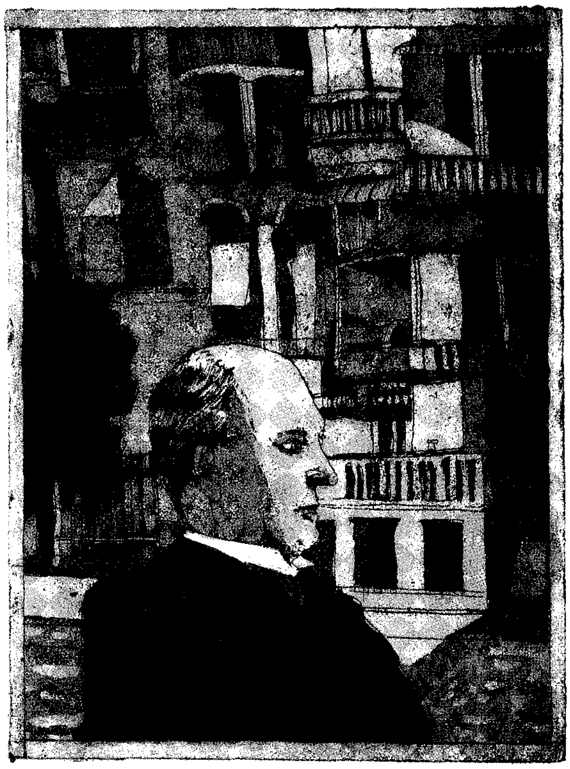
THE SECRET OF HENRY JAMES

Years after the author exiled himself from the world of Henry James's books, he finds himself reconciled to it again—in a way that only James could have predicted.

BY DAVID PLANTE

SOMETHING pointedly Jamesian—a Jamesian donnée—came to me this past spring, just a year after Henry James's hundred-and-fiftieth birthday, on April 15, 1993, and it shocked me into an awareness of how my feelings toward the great writer have changed over the years. An English friend in London, where I live, telephoned to say that she had just received from her mother some boxes of papers relating to her great-grandfather, a high-Victorian painter named William Blake Richmond, among which she had found a letter from Henry James. My friend thought that I—whom she believed to be as obsessed by James as I had been when, in 1970, I published my first novel, entitled "The Ghost of Henry James"—would be as surprised and delighted as she was. I asked if I could come round to her house to read the letter.

What made the letter suggest a Jamesian donnée was this: A few months before my friend telephoned me, I had been invited to a dinner party in London at the home of a dealer in nineteenth-century paintings. On the dining-room wall of his house in Putney was a long, friezelike painting of a classical procession, the stately figures set against a Greek-blue sky. I asked who the artist was, and the dealer said, "William Blake Richmond." The name sounded familiar, but I couldn't remember from where. As I was entering the house of the friend who had the letter from Henry James, I heard one of her children call out from upstairs the name of the art dealer, who was apparently just then on the telephone. Connections like that are always happening in London. My friend said the art dealer was writing a biography of her great-grandfather, William Blake Richmond. Yes, of course, I said. I remembered now that she had some of his paintings, of classical figures and landscapes, hanging in her sitting room.



Henry James: What does his writing say to an American living in London today?

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Sir William Blake Richmond, R.A., was the son of George Richmond, R.A., also a painter, who in his youth had been a visionary disciple of William Blake and had named his son after him. Sir William Blake Richmond became a successful painter of Victorian Renaissance and classical genre pictures, whose work survives in England mainly in public regional collections. For a while, he stayed in a villa outside Florence. He was a

Special Winter Savings Cruising the Mighty Amazon

With elegant, all-suite, award winning Seabourn Cruise Line. Here's your chance to experience Amazonia up close. Join an alligator hunt (with your camera). Meet the villagers along the shore. Pass through the greatest tropical rain forest in the world. Save up to $1,500 per person with Seabourn's "SHARE" Program.* Bring family or friends and everybody saves.

SUN FILLED CRUISES

THE AMAZON
(14 & 16 Days) Nov.-Mar.
Shore Excursions Included on Amazon Sailings
From $10,275
per person double occupancy

Call your travel agent for details.
For our free brochure call
(415) 391-7444

(Tell our operator you saw this advertisement in the New Yorker. The publisher will appreciate that.)

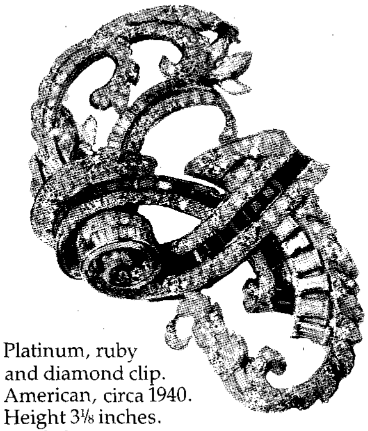
THE FINE PRINT
Included in the price of your cruise are free economy roundtrip air travel, one night pre-cruise deluxe hotel accommodations and transfers. Port charges and handling fees are extra and range between $175 and $185 per person. *Seabourn "SHARE" Program—Experience Seabourn with friends or family. Book two or more suites on the same eligible sailing and receive the designated per person savings for each suite occupied. Subject to availability; some conditions apply.

"AN ANOMALY IN AN ERA OF MARKETING HYPE"
Seabourn Cruise Line provides exactly what it promises: a matchless cruise experience that focuses on pampering, poshness and privacy."
Jane Levere, THE BOSTON GLOBE
MARCH 20, 1994

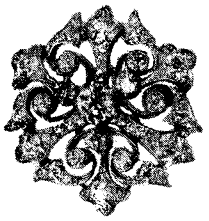
SEABOURN
CRUISE LINE

Ships of Norwegian Registry

"Stocking Stuffers"



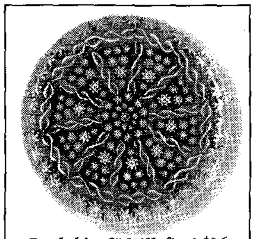
Platinum, ruby
and diamond clip.
American, circa 1940.
Height 3⅛ inches.
$35,000.



Diamond
'snowflake' brooch
set in platinum
and gold. Probably
American, circa 1910.
Diameter 1¼ inches.
$9,400.

A LA VIEILLE RUSSIE
781 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022
(212) 752-1727

Discover the Beauty of Crystal
PAPERWEIGHTS



Perthshire 3" Millefiori $96

Millefiori, which translates from Itallian as "thousand flowers," is a sophisticated glass art which began in ancient Egypt. Glass canes are created by a special process with patterns as delicate as snow flakes.

Call today for our free holiday brochure with museum-quality crystal paperweights and elegant gifts.
L. H. Selman Ltd.
761 Chestnut Street, Suite P2, Santa Cruz, CA 95060
Toll-free: 800 538-0766

WALK ENGLAND
Travel back in time on our luxury tours of the enchanted villages and spectacular mountains in Wordsworth's **Lake District**, plus **The Roman Wall** and **Yorkshire Dales**. World-class walking and literary/cultural/culinary fun. 12-person groups. Private suites in a Victorian mansion.
ENGLISH ADVENTURES (303) 797-2365
803 Front Range Road • Littleton, CO 80120

The Italians in Florence
LOVE
SHĀMAN DESIGNS
SHĀMAN DESIGNS SOUTHWEST JEWELRY
1-800-866-5138

friend of Sargent's. Given the world Richmond lived in, Henry James would naturally have known him. In 1915, Richmond's wife died after being hit by a motorcar in London. The James letter had been found among the many letters of condolence written to Richmond by friends, including some people who had sat to him for their portraits.

After dinner, in the sitting room, the letter was handed to me. The paper was creamy, with the address

21 CARLYLE MANSIONS
CHEYNE WALK
S.W.

in vermillion across the top. At an angle in the top left-hand corner, also in red, was

TELEPHONE 2417 KENSINGTON

The handwriting was a scrawl, with blots and scratchings-out, in brownish ink that must originally have been black. It started on one side, went to the other side, and, with not enough space there, went back to the first side and up the margin and across the top, where it was signed.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

How can I "write" to you under this cruellest & most unspeakable of calamities, & yet how can I be silent? . . . To have been what she was, with that flawless distinction, all the years, *with this black atrocity waiting*, makes one ask what is the sense of life? The only thing that glimmers out to me is this light of measureless human pity (just) in which I think of you—poor for you as is the value of *that!* Please believe at any rate how embracingly I reach out to you, and that I am more than I can say your old, old friend

HENRY JAMES

P.S. I am badly unwell—so please excuse the poor troubled blots of this wretched page.

November 23rd 1915

This is one of Henry James's last letters. He died on February 28, 1916.

Certainly the letter suggested to me a great deal about James's writing. That he should have thought of the accident, "this black atrocity," as *waiting* echoed all down his fiction. But, as I was acutely aware of myself reading this unpublished letter, what it suggested to me more than anything else was my own feelings about James.

IN the early nineteen-sixties, when I was in my early twenties, I lived for a while in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and from time to time went to visit

Elephant Eats Tilley Hat Three Times!

Two of our exceptionally low-priced models, Alex & Susan Tilley, in their T3 Tilley Hats.

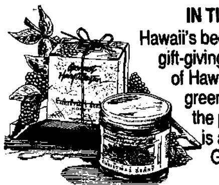
Michael Hackenberger, director of Ontario's Bowmanville Zoo, used to train elephants.
Three times, one of his 'students' reached up, snatched off — *and ate* — Michael's beloved Tilley Hat.
Years later, his oft-washed Tilley Hat is *still going strong*.

Acknowledged ***the world's best outdoor hat***, the Tilley ***floats, ties on, repels sun, rain and mildew, won't shrink*** *(machine washable), and has a* ***lifetime guarantee against wearing out.*** **Every** *size. 4-page* ***Owner's Manual, AND insured against loss!*** $45, $4 S&H. **Satisfaction? *Guaranteed.***

Plus: **PICKPOCKET-PROOF**, smart-looking, classically styled, "endurable" **travel clothing.**
They say the colourful, free, 68-page catalogue ***is a hoot!***
CALL 1-800-884-2696
Tilley Endurables
300 LANGNER ROAD, WEST SENECA, NY
VISIT OUR STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER
We do not solicit the patronage of those who *make* or *promote* tobacco products.

Costa Cruises
Italian Style by Design
LUXURY THE AFFORDABLE WAY
We make your dream vacations come true.
GUARANTEED LOWEST DISCOUNT RATES ON ALL SHIPS
EXCITING PORTS OF CALL
San Juan - St. Maarten
Martinique - Barbados - St. Thomas
Serena Cay - Nassau - Miami
Playa del Carmen - Grand Cayman
Ocho Rios
WORLD WIDE CRUISES INC.
(800) 882-9000
In Florida
(305) 720-9000

Costa Romantica
Costa Classica
Ship's Registry: Italy



IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS!
Hawaii's bees offer an easy solution for late gift-giving. Delicious honey from flowers of Hawaii's Christmas Berry. In hunter green box with pen & ink drawing of the plant. Inside, in bright red tissue is a one lb. jar of the Island's finest. Gift card included. **48 hr. delivery.** Only $15.50 To order:
Call: DISCOVERY KITCHEN 1-800-367-6865

WHAT EVERY CAT'S BEEN HUNTING FOR

"Kitty Safari" is a video cats really watch, full of busy birds, mice, squirrels and more. Cats love it—some touch the screen, some look behind it. Great fun for kitties and their humans. 25 min. VHS.
Call tollfree **1-800-557-3378**
$19.95 + $3.95 P&H. Visa/MC.
Creative Dept. P.O. Box 69552 Portland, OR 97201

Henry James's grave, in the Cambridge Cemetery. I went in order to make contact, however ghostly, with the writer who was a whole world to me. I recall one day in January when I went there after a snowstorm. The James family plot was small, with a brick wall at one end, like the headboard of a bed, the bedstead made of curbstones and covered with snow. Laid under the snow were Henry James, Sr., and his wife; their daughter, Alice; their son William and his wife and their children; and their son Henry. On his stone the carved letters were inlaid with ice:

> HENRY JAMES, O.M.
> NOVELIST. CITIZEN
> OF TWO COUNTRIES.
> INTERPRETER OF HIS
> GENERATION ON BOTH
> SIDES OF THE SEA.
> NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1843
> LONDON, FEBRUARY 28, 1916

Back then, I believed I was at the center of the world at its most intelligently and imaginatively and sensitively universal. And it seemed to me that there was a secret at the center which Henry James knew and I didn't. He was a cultured Yankee, and I, though born in New England, came from an immigrant family just once removed from the woods of French Canada.

The James family plot was on a ridge overlooking the Charles River, across which stretched snow-covered Soldiers Field, with a polar pink sky low over the winter trees. I made my appeal to Henry James and then walked down the slope in the deep snow, past the monument to the Civil War (a cannon surrounded by listing gravestones), past graves with such names as Fannie Cutting and James Stenson and William Wilde, then down among the dead of the First World War and, farther down, among graves with Polish and Irish and Italian immigrant names and, finally, among the dead of the Second World War. Just within the gates of the cemetery, on many of the plots without markers, there were small American flags and frozen flowers half buried in drifts.

I thought about how much Henry James was, in fact, a man of secrets. He never revealed what the wound was that he had suffered when, as a young man, he helped put out a fire. And in his writing he kept great secrets. In "The Fig-

1/3 OFF!

Grove-Fresh Florida Fruit For The Holidays

A GREAT GIFT!

Grove Fresh
Indian River

Sugar-sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit. Delivered in a beautiful gift box. The perfect treat for family and friends.
(Limit 2 boxes, please.)

Regular Price $29.95
You SAVE – 9.97
Your Price $19.98

FREE DELIVERY

20 LBS. *Of Delicious Fruit*
100% GUARANTEED

CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-678-1154
Fax 407-567-1160
Customer Service 1-800-678-2407
Ordering Hours
8:00 a.m. – 6:00 p.m., Mon. – Sat.
Thanksgiving through Christmas
8:00 a.m. – 11:00 p.m., 7 days a week

Or mail orders to:
GRACEWOOD GROVES
9075 17th Place
P.O. Box 2590 Dept. NY95
Vero Beach, FL 32961-2590

HUGE
World-Famous
INDIAN RIVER FRUIT
Order 1/2 Bushel **#31RN**

THREE COLORS YOU'LL LOOK GREAT IN

It's the famous designer [illegible] in [illegible] yellow, pink and white gold - $149. Bracelet [illegible]
Call 800-725-1520
Visa/MC + S&H $4 – Satisfaction Guaranteed – Check or M.O. to:
Marc Simon Fine Jewelry, 19560 Rinaldi St., Suite #501,
Porter Ranch, CA 91326

GUARDIAN ANGELS

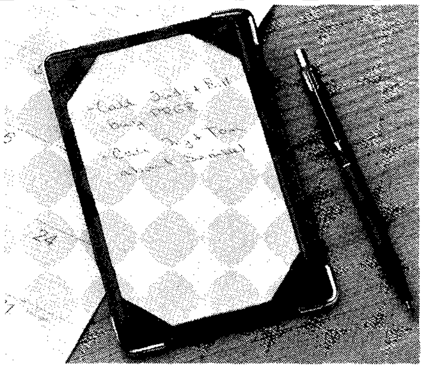
Beautiful Cherubs and Seraphs to grace your home or garden. Our replicas of European sculptural treasures are simply out of this world!

Free Color Catalogue
1-800-525-1733,
ext. X705
DESIGN TOSCANO℠
17 E. Campbell St., Dept. X705,
Arlington Heights, IL 60005

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.

2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 1 800-277-0130



EXECUTIVE JOTTER

The Perfect Gift for a Business Friend

- Lightweight, yet rigid enough to write on — THE JOTTER …
- Fits in a shirt pocket, where it's always available for taking and storing notes …
- On 3" x 5" cards that are so easy to replenish.
- THE JOTTER is made of top grain leather, with brass corners and a lined storage pocket.
- Available in burgundy or black.
- And each JOTTER comes in an especially-sized, coated gift box. Ready to wrap when you get it — or we'll mail to each of your givees.
- **Cost $18.00 each + 4.00 shipping (per order, not per Jotter).**

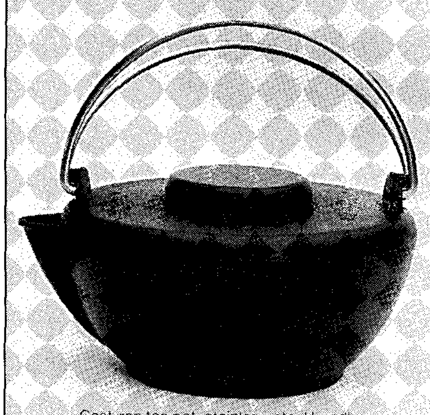
Call (615) 886-5189 with MC or Visa 9 am-5 pm M-F Or Send Check or Money Order to:

Andrew Thompson Co.,
843 Arden Way, Dept. N-20
Signal Mountain, TN 37377

FINE GOODS
Andrew Thompson Co.
of Chattanooga

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back

THE MoMA EXPRESS
Great gifts, wrapped and ready to go...



Cast iron tea pot, stainless-steel handles
at The MoMA Design Store
44 West 53 Street, NYC
and The MoMA Book Store
11 West 53 Street, NYC
The Museum of Modern Art New York
212-767-1050
F432

Completed Sail Models
Classic Yachts & Custom Models

Master Craftsmanship
Other Fine Nautical Works Available
SEACRAFT™ CLASSICS
7850 E. Evans Rd. Ste. 109, Scottsdale AZ 85260 • (602) 998-4988
For Our Catalog Call (800) 356-1987

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.
One Hundred And Ten Dollars
CA Residents: One Hundred Eighteen Twenty-Five
Feather Weight Version In Navy Only: Ninety-Five Dollars
Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Navy, Lt. Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Emerald, Vicuna, Fuchsia, White.
VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
415 967 3123

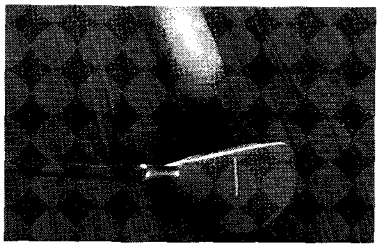
ure in the Carpet," the famous writer dies without revealing his secret. In "The Siege of London," an American woman enters the closed social world of Victorian London by claiming she has a secret, which everyone tries—but no one is able—to guess. And what was in the letters of "The Aspern Papers," burned so no one would ever know? What was the secret of the terrible affair of "In the Cage"? What was Milly's sickness in "The Wings of the Dove," the American family's business in "The Ambassadors," the yellow bound novel in "The Awkward Age"? When a secret *was* revealed, as in "The Beast in the Jungle," it showed a horrible hollow.

I left America in the mid-sixties to live in London. Henry James had nothing to do with the move, but in London I did visit the church—Chelsea Old Church, on the Chelsea Embankment of the Thames—where his memorial service was held, and, farther along Cheyne Walk, I paced back and forth before the block of flats, Carlyle Mansions, where he died.

I suppose I resented, a little, what I thought of as his privileges: his being able to live so well (however much he worried he couldn't) on his writing, his invitations to dinners and receptions, his friendships with Émile Zola and Gustave Flaubert and Ivan Turgenev. And I resented, too, I now realize, my own devotion to him, however special I presumed it was, and however much I expected from it. I resented it because it seemed to me more and more that there was less and less I could get from it.

Not long after my move to England, I went on a pilgrimage to Rye, East Sussex, to see Lamb House, to which Henry James retired after his disaster as a playwright in London, and where he wrote his greatest novels. I had, in response to a letter on my behalf from an Englishman I'd met, an invitation from the then occupants of Lamb House, the novelist Rumer Godden and her husband. Part of their agreement in renting the house was that they would show visitors around, a duty I felt they found imposed on them a little when it came to a young American who had nothing to offer but his curiosity about the former occupant and scant interest in them, though I did say I had read Godden's book "The River" and had liked it very much. She gave me tea in the sitting room and said, as if to make

THIS IS ALABAMA



For Your Free Golf & Travel Guides call:
1-800-ALABAMA
A must for golfers. The Robert Trent Jones Golf Trail is 18 superb public courses...324 holes in all.
Picked by Frequent Flyer magazine as one of the Top 10 destinations in the world.
STARS FELL ON ALABAMA
Write to: Alabama Bureau of Tourism and Travel Dept. NY-1194, 401 Adams Avenue, P.O. Box 4927, Montgomery, AL 36103-4927

COME TO YOUR SENSES.

An incomparable beachfront resort on Mexico's pristine Pacific coast. For reservations and information: 1-800-457-7676 or Small Luxury Hotels 1-800-525-4800
HOTEL Bel-Air
COSTA CAREYES

• A PERFECT GIFT •
The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$39/year, includes exclusive *Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours*
Dept. RC, PO Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022, 1-800-648-5168

New England McIntosh Gift Pack
1-800-551-7327
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
24 JUICY APPLES
JUST $19.95
Plus $2.95 shipping & handling
Ask for Free Color Catalog
Pemberton Fruit Orchard
Cambridge, MA

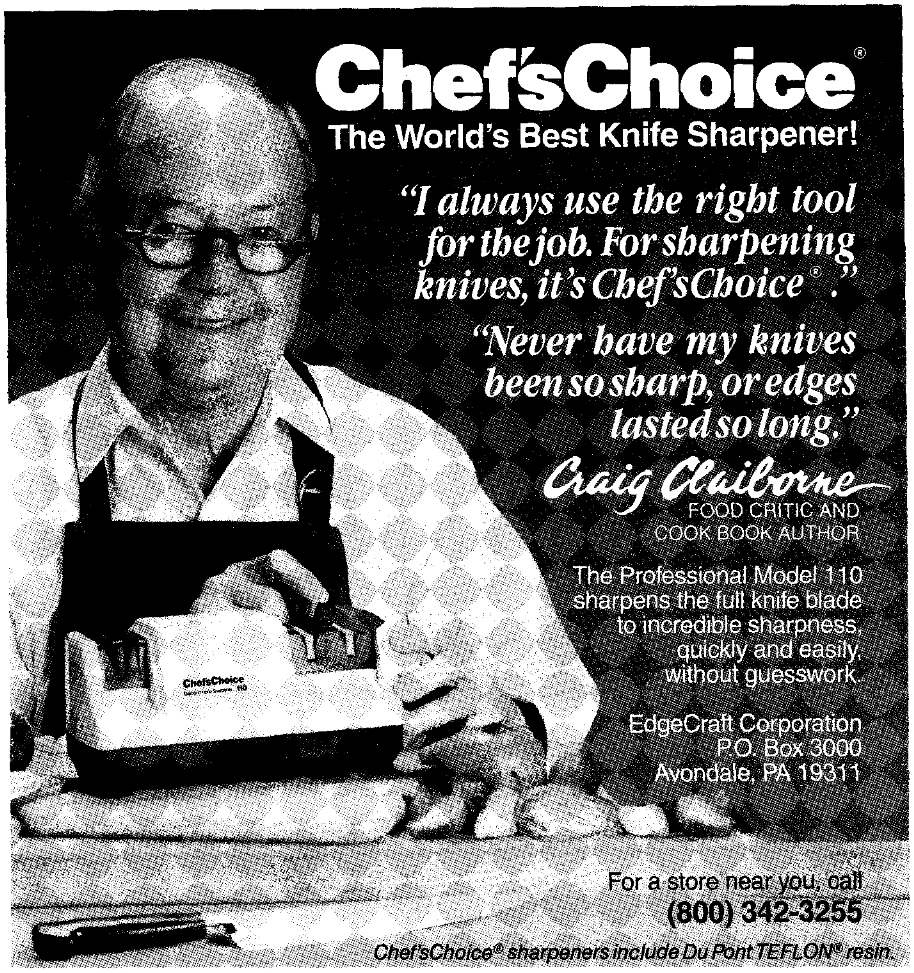
her own presence more felt to me, that all the furniture in the room was hers. I recall chintz-covered armchairs and misty white net curtains over the windows, through which the trees outside were diffused into bright-green blurs.

I had no sense of the presence of Henry James—none at all—and wondered what I had expected. In fact, according to Godden, there was very little in the house which had belonged to James, and all of what remained was in one room, just off the entry hall, which James had called the telephone room, because the telephone receiver was kept there. This was, if the truth be told, the only room normally open to visitors, at certain hours. I asked if I could see it. Rumer Godden said, "You won't see much," and she and her husband let me go on my own.

The door to the telephone room was open. I looked at what had been recovered since the nineteen-forties, when most of James's possessions were sold at auction: his desk, some photographs, a walking stick, a cigar cutter, some books from his library. Feeling low, and feeling, too, all the pretensions of my expectations, I left the room and closed the door. My hand on the door handle, it occurred to me that James had held the same handle and closed that same door, and a shiver passed up my arm.

When I returned to the sitting room, the tea things had been cleared, and Godden was gone. Her husband was standing there. I knew I must go. But, perhaps to make up for something, Godden's husband, whose name I hadn't heard, told me that there were still books from Henry James's library—old, uncut French novels—which I might find in secondhand bookshops in Rye, if I cared to look. He also said that James's knife boy, Burgess Noakes, was still alive, and if I went to a certain pub I'd be bound to see him—a small, crumpled man, who would talk to me about James in exchange for a pint. I wasn't sure what a knife boy was, and later learned that he cleaned the knives before stainless steel was invented, and also did errands. Godden's husband warned me, however, that if I did speak with Noakes I'd find he remembered little about James but a lot about E. F. Benson, who had inhabited Lamb House after James and had written his Lucia novels there, and who had kept Noakes on.

I thought I wouldn't go to the pub,



ChefsChoice®
The World's Best Knife Sharpener!

"I always use the right tool for the job. For sharpening knives, it's Chef'sChoice®."

"Never have my knives been so sharp, or edges lasted so long."

Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND
COOK BOOK AUTHOR

The Professional Model 110 sharpens the full knife blade to incredible sharpness, quickly and easily, without guesswork.

EdgeCraft Corporation
P.O. Box 3000
Avondale, PA 19311

For a store near you, call
(800) 342-3255

Chef'sChoice® sharpeners include Du Pont TEFLON® resin.

OUR 16th YEAR

Rent Mother Nature®
Lease A Sugar Maple Tree Or Sap Bucket For One Year

A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, hand-personalized and suitable for framing—plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '95, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. guar. to Bucket Borrowers) even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, you get the raves! **100% satisfaction money back guarantee.**

© 1994, Rent Mother Nature, Inc.

Tree Lease $39.95 or
Bucket Lease $29.95
Add $3.95 per lease for shipping & handling.
Send for FREE Catalog!

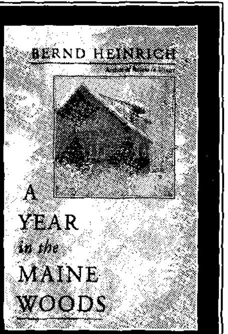
RENT MOTHER NATURE®, Dept. 623
52 New St., Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238
Phone **(800) 242-4048**
VISA, MC, AMEX, Discover

HOME FROM HOME
Privately owned London Flats and Houses for Short Term Lets. Centrally located. Competitive prices.
TEL: 1-800 748 9783
FAX: 011-44 71 823 8433

15 CT. EXCEPTIONAL GEMSTONES

Actual Size

Beautiful 15 carat oval cut AMETHYST, BLUE TOPAZ, or CITRINE.Direct from mines by Gemologist Geologist. Unset $187. In tiffany style ring or pendant 14K gold $359.ea. ppd. uncond. guar. Ck/VISA/MC
GEM INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATES
12 Fairlawn Court, Hilton Head Island, SC 29926
Orders 9-5 EST:1-800-829-8271 No Catalogs

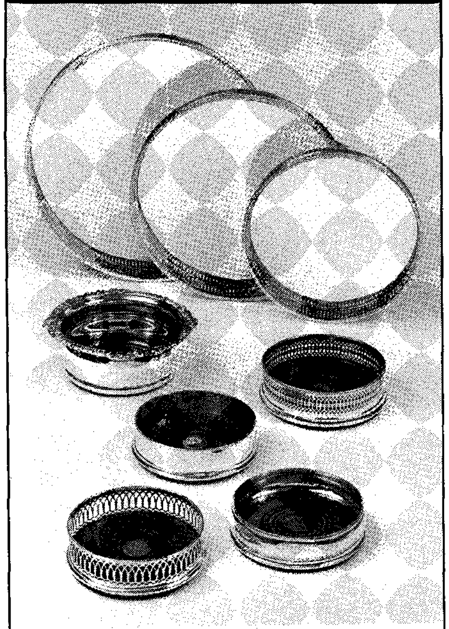


Turn off the phone, the fax, the cable, and spend a year in western Maine with "one of America's outstanding naturalists,"* and a wonderful writer.

** Stephen Jay Gould*

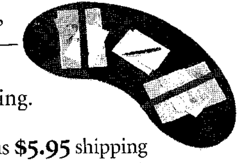
At Bookstores Now
ADDISON-WESLEY

English Wine Coasters and Trays
Modern adaptations of 19th century models
from $95 to $295.



Among items suitable for
CORPORATE and PERSONAL gifts.
Engraving available.

JAMES II GALLERIES, LTD. Established 1966
11 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
TELEPHONE (212) 355-7040 FAX (212) 593-0341



What's on Your Levenger Lap Desk?

Your article...your notebook computer...your letter to a friend...

Our Lap Desk is simple—just a shapely 31" by 13" piece of cherry plywood with two elastic cloth straps to keep papers in place. Yet our customers know it's the best tool for spreading out and doing real work in your chair, sofa, or bed.

It's what to expect from Levenger. We outfit teachers, writers, executives—anyone who reads and writes for a living.

$39.95 plus $5.95 shipping
Two for $34.95 (each) + $7.95 shipping
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Choose natural light or traditional dark cherry
Satisfaction guaranteed • Catalog on request
LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
420 Commerce Drive, Code NYLD22, Delray, FL 33445
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

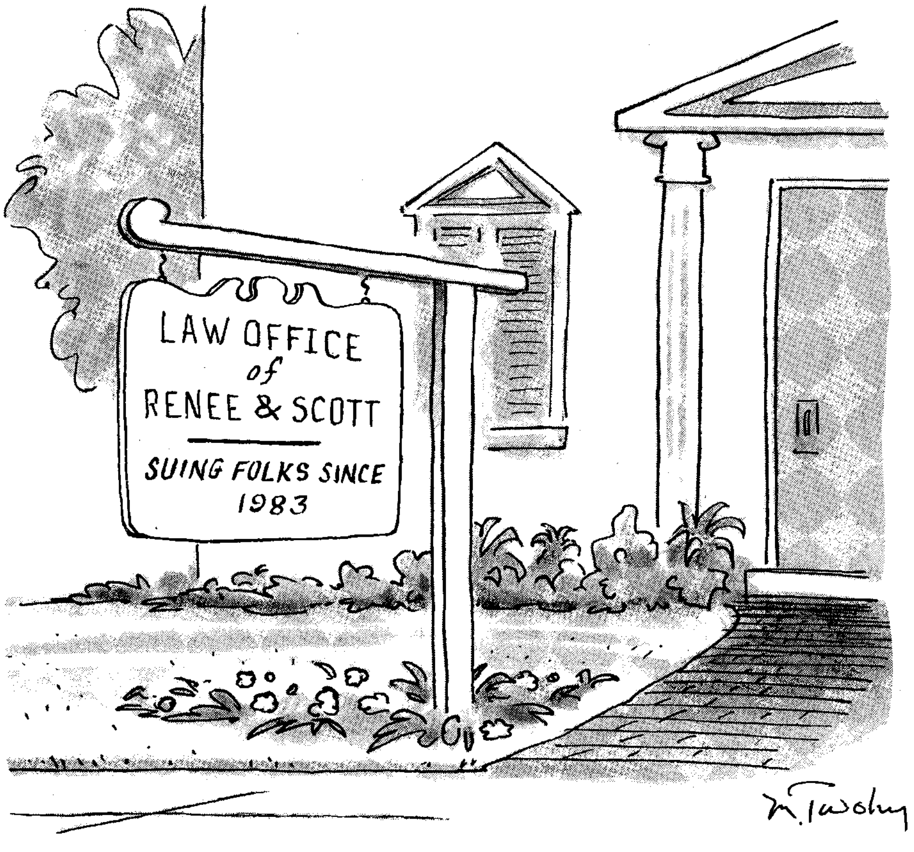
but I happened to pass it on my way down the hill on which Rye is built, so I went in. The inside was musty and hardly lit with sunlight through the small windows, and there was a small, crumpled man standing at the bar, wearing a hearing aid and blinking. I thought he must be Burgess Noakes, but I was too shy to approach him, and anyway, I told myself, I wasn't crazy about E. F. Benson.

The longer I lived in Europe, the more clearly I realized that the way the old Yankees saw Europe as their "old home" was not at all the way I saw it. I found I was not interested in the complex confrontation and relationship—so central to the fiction of James—between the New World and the Old World. I wondered, comparing post-Second World War America and post-Second World War Europe, if one was any longer newer or older than the other, and I certainly did not believe that Europe was more cultured than America. I had had from reading Henry James a received idea about an American in Europe which was no longer relevant to an American in Europe—at least, not to the American I was, for there was nothing Jamesian about my life in London.

Still, when letters were sent to potentially interested people in order to gather donations for a memorial stone for Henry James, to be laid into the floor of Westminster Abbey in June of 1976, I sent five pounds, and I was invited to the ceremony.

The Dean of Westminster and Leon Edel and Stephen Spender and a professor from the Sorbonne, all with red carnations in their lapels and led by James's great-grandnephew, who was carrying a laurel wreath, processed down the aisle to Poets' Corner, which we, sitting in our seats, couldn't see. We had to imagine James's great-grandnephew unveiling the memorial stone in the floor and placing the wreath over it. We heard, over loudspeakers, Stephen Spender speaking, and the professor from the Sorbonne, and Leon Edel. Then we heard, "Pray for the soul of Henry James."

After the ceremony, a pink ticket let me into the Abbey's Jerusalem Chamber for sherry. I saw that the great-grandnephew was standing alone, and I went to speak with him—Alexander James, Jr., who was twenty-six. His charcoal-gray suit from the nineteen-fifties was, he said, borrowed, as he didn't own one. With it, he wore a white shirt with a button-down collar and a thin tie. His long hair was parted in the middle and combed back over his ears, and he had pure features—a strong forehead, nose, jaw, and neck—and pale



5 Reasons Why Select Comfort™ Is Better Than What You Sleep On Now.

❶ You can adjust mattress firmness on *both sides* at the touch of a button!

No more compromising! Dual Select Comfort Controls let both sleeping partners adjust mattress firmness to exactly the level they want…from extra-firm to super-soft…at the touch of a button!

Firmer
Softer
SELECT COMFORT

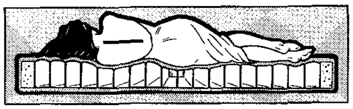
EXCLUSIVE!
Dual Select Comfort Controls

❷ You'll sleep more comfortably!

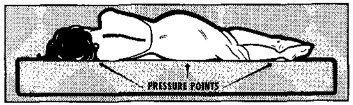
Patented air chambers cradle your body's contours, conforming to every inch of your body with no uncomfortable pressure points. You don't have to "find a comfortable position"...the mattress adjusts to you!

❸ You can adjust it to suit your comfort level any time you wish!

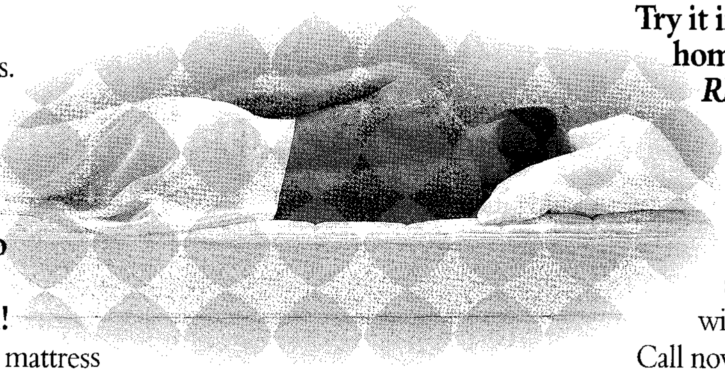
Imagine changing your mattress to suit your needs whenever you wanted to! Simply push the button to adjust mattress firmness – firm after a hard day at work, soft for long, lazy mornings!



Select Comfort responds to your body's contours.



Metal coil mattresses support only the firm parts of your body, creating pressure points and uneven spinal support.



SELECT COMFORT™

❹ You'll wake up with fewer aches and pains!

Unlike waterbeds or metal coil mattresses, Select Comfort's adjustable firmness design provides proper spinal alignment and even weight distribution – regardless of your size, weight or sleeping position. Better spinal support means no pinched nerves or cramped muscles so you not only sleep better, you wake up feeling better, too!

❺ You may never have to buy another mattress!

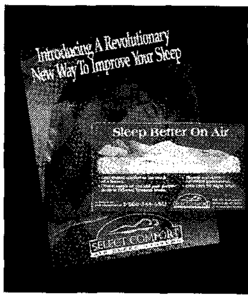
Unlike innersprings which break down with use, Select Comfort provides the same degree of perfect support after simulating 20 years of use! That's why we confidently back it with a 20-year limited warranty.

LIMITED 20 YEAR WARRANTY

Try it in your own home for 90 nights *RISK-FREE!*

Select Comfort's exclusive 90 Night Trial™ lets you sleep on your decision for 90 nights without obligation. Call now for your FREE *Better Sleep* Video and find out how you can enjoy the best sleep of your life... *guaranteed!*

90 NIGHT TRIAL™ BETTER NIGHT'S SLEEP GUARANTEE



SEND FOR YOUR FREE VIDEO & BROCHURE!

Call Toll-Free: 1-800-831-1211

Special Offer Now in Effect!

___YES! I want the best sleep I've ever had!
Please rush me my Free *Better Sleep* Video and Brochure on the Select Comfort Adjustable Firmness Mattress!

Name______________________________

Address ______________________________

City/State/Zip______________________________

Select Comfort Corporation
6105 Trenton Lane North, Minneapolis, MN 55442
Dept. 3734

© 1995 Select Comfort Corp.

but very intense eyes. A great-grandson of William James, he was studying to become a clinical psychologist. He loved to garden. He said, quietly, "I'm not at all used to the kind of attention I'm getting here." It occurred to me that he was a perfect example of the Yankee I had once thought lived at the center of America, where the deepest American secrets were kept, and then it occurred to me that that center was now gone.

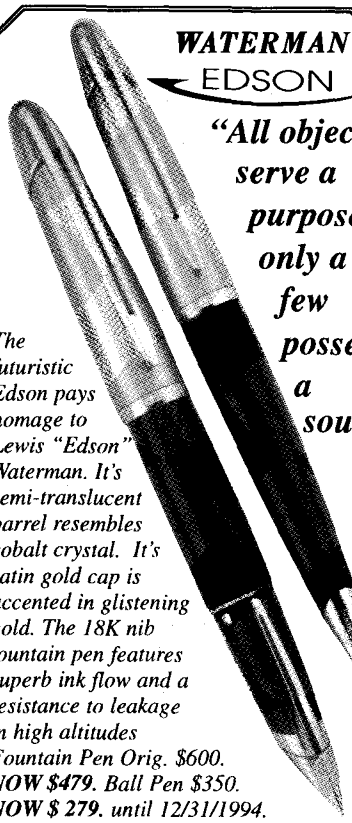
If my sense of Henry James's having a secret went, everything about him would go. And it did go. He no longer haunted me, and the long shelf I had of his books remained untouched for many years. Whenever I did think of rereading a novel, I worried that it would disappoint me, and that, too, I would find that the famous style, which I had once so admired, worked to the detriment of the novel's greatness. The fine consciousness of James—so intelligent, so imaginative, so sensitively universal—I retained as a pale halo floating in the shadowed space that his books had become to me.

IMMEDIATELY upon reading the letter that Henry James had sent to William Blake Richmond, I wanted to read something by James—something that would bring me into contact with what I had once read him for. I took down book after book of fiction from my shelf but couldn't force myself into any one of them. Then I came across one of the late autobiographical works, "A Small Boy and Others," and started to read it, and after ten minutes I sat down with it. Words I remembered as having suggested to me worlds, worlds that were filled with the deepest secrets, once again did—words such as "the impression," "the bristling," "the atmosphere," "the interest," "the sense," "the apprehension," "the perceptions," "the discriminations." And phrases expanded on the words: "an occasion of acutest receptivity," "the bright unity of our experience," "the wonder of consciousness in everything," "the saving imagination." And the sentences expanded even more: "In the beauty of the whole thing, again, I lose myself"; "It was big to me, big to me with the breath of great vague connections"; "Who should say now what a world one mightn't read into it . . . ?" And then the paragraphs, so connected one to another that it is impossible to find one that is self-contained:

> . . . the far off hum of a thousand possibilities. I consciously took them in, these last, and must then, I think, have first tasted the very greatest pleasure perhaps I was ever to know—that of almost holding my breath in presence of certain aspects to the end of so taking in. It was as if in those hours that precious fine art had been disclosed to me—scantly as the poor place and the small occasion might have seemed of an order to promote it. We seize our property by an avid instinct wherever we find it, and I must have kept seizing mine at the absurdest little rate, and all by this deeply dissimulative process of taking in, through the whole succession of those summer days. The next application of it that stands out for me, or the next that I make room for here, since I note after all so much less than I remember, is the intensity of a fond apprehension of Paris, a few days later, from the balcony of an hotel that hung, through the soft summer night, over the Rue de la Paix. I hung with the balcony, and doubtless with my brothers and my sister, though I recover what I felt as so much relation and response to the larger, the largest appeal only, that of the whole perfect Parisianism I seemed to myself always to have possessed mentally—even if I had but just turned twelve!—and that now filled out its frame or case for me from every lighted window, up and down, as if each of these had been, for strength of sense, a word in some immortal quotation, the very breath of civilized lips.

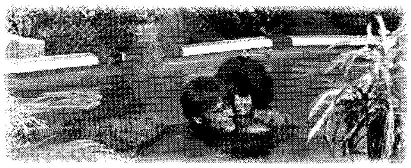
I was wrong about Henry James. It was wrong of me to have thought that he had no more to say to me—and equally wrong to have thought that the American world that made him was not relevant to me, simply because I came from an American world very different from his. Rereading Henry James after so long, after the fifteen years over which my sense of his irrelevance had gradually become indifference and neglect, was a revelation, a re-revelation, of all the wonder in him—the wonder that was Protestant, transcendental America at its blessed best. But perhaps that American world *was* gone.

And perhaps the horror of Henry James's life was the fear—and, maybe, at particularly horrifying moments, the certainty—that there was nothing to wonder about, nothing in the "impressions," "the atmospheres," "the senses": that life really *was* without meaning. Only his imagination, he might have thought at these moments, could give life meaning, and surely he was terrified by the possible failure of imagination, by how it all depended on *him* and how almost certainly *he* would fail to make the world vivid, make the world "glimmer" and "hum" and "bristle." But, after all, what



WATERMAN
EDSON
"All objects serve a purpose, only a few possess a soul."
The futuristic Edson pays homage to Lewis "Edson" Waterman. It's semi-translucent barrel resembles cobalt crystal. It's satin gold cap is accented in glistening gold. The 18K nib fountain pen features superb ink flow and a resistance to leakage in high altitudes
Fountain Pen Orig. $600.
NOW $479. Ball Pen $350.
NOW $ 279. until 12/31/1994.
menash
462 7th Avenue at 35th St. NYC
212-695-8888 • 1-800-PEN SHOP

You can't live on dreams.
But you can visit them...



...at Cobblers Cove. A member of the exclusive Relais & Chateaux, Cobblers Cove brings back all the charm of an English country house.
Its elegantly casual atmosphere and award-winning cuisine are just over two hours away when you fly British Airways Concorde from New York this winter.
Make your dreams come true.
For information or reservations call:
1 800 890 6060
COBBLERS COVE BARBADOS
RELAIS & CHATEAUX

What the World Reads
Clear, Concise, Smart.
All the World's News, plus Finance, Travel, Fashion and the Arts.
CALL 1-800-882-2884
International Herald Tribune
DELIVERED DAILY THROUGHOUT THE AMERICAS

his writing affirms, despite and beyond any such moments of doubt, is that imagination *didn't* depend solely on his efforts, his having to force it to save him and the world. Imagination was something larger than he was; it was outside him and around him and altogether other than him, and it possessed him, and his greatest and most productive effort was to possess this possession.

How did he try to do this? In a long paragraph of almost entirely abstract "apprehensions" of a person or place, a sudden detail—"the ragbag of memory hung on its nail in my closet"—makes the whole apprehension as solid as a silver globe. And if the general apprehension could not have such an effect without the particular, neither could the particular without the general. He brought the two together—brought together what Emerson had claimed the divided American could not do, leaving him to choose between the milk pail and the horizon. God knows James saw all the way to the horizon, but from the vantage of the milk pail. And I think he was able to do this because he had the overwhelming impression that a milk pail standing in a field reflected all the horizon.

FOR years, for the many years I had neglected Henry James, I became more and more aware that what I wanted from reading, what I needed from reading, was a sense of devotion. I needed my reading to make me aware of something altogether other than myself, and grand; to make me feel that the awareness itself could become devotion to that something grand. Rereading Henry James, I found, as I had never known it before, the devotion in him.

To say what, in Henry James, the devotion is *to* is impossible. It is vague, and the vagueness gives it, amazingly, its brightness. Reading a long, long passage in one of his books, one from time to time forgets—one is, by the very language, detached from—what the repeated word "it" refers to, so "it" becomes an impression, an atmosphere, a sense, "a harmony without parts." This "it" was, I imagine, the secret that englobed his life and his writing.

All his life, I think, he expected it to be revealed to him. I hope, in the end, that it was. And I hope that, in the end, it will be revealed to me. ◆

FINLANDIA® CRANBERRY

ARCTIC CRANBERRY FLAVORED VODKA

This Season,
Finlandia® Arctic Cranberry
Can Take You To
"The Top Of The World."

Enter the Finlandia®
"Top Of The World"
Cocktail Contest for your
chance to win a top-notch
weekend on the town in
New York City, including
dinner for two at **Aquavit** and
two nights at the **Essex House.**

Let Your Imagination Soar.
Create your own cocktail recipe
using Finlandia® Arctic
Cranberry, the vodka with the
flavor, fragrance, and color
of cranberry.

Mail your recipe to:
The New Yorker c/o Promotion Department
Finlandia® Contest
20 West 43rd Street New York, NY 10036
Entries must be received by December 23, 1994.

FINLANDIA
FINLANDIA
CRANBERRY

OFFICIAL RULES

1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.
2. Entrants must be 21 years or older as of 12/23/94.
3. Winner will be selected based on creativity, appropriateness to Finlandia, and use of the product in a recipe. All decisions of the judges are final. Entries must be original and not be previously published.
4. The winner will receive dinner for two at Aquavit (value $150) and two nights (double occupancy) at the Essex House (value $400). Other meals, transportation, and any other expenses are not included. Income and other taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. The prizes are nontransferable and nonredeemable.
5. Contest open to residents of the continental U.S., Hawaii, and Alaska. Employees and their families of Finnish National Distillers, Inc. affiliates, advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., are not eligible.
6. Winner will be chosen the week of January 16, 1995. Winner will be notified by mail.
7. Prizes must be redeemed no later than July 31, 1995.
8. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, late, or misdirected mail. Only one entry per envelope.
9. All entries become the property of sponsor and will not be acknowledged or returned.
10. Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to use winner's name and entry for advertising and publicity purposes. Winner may be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and publicity/permission release, which must be returned within 30 days from date of notification or an alternative winner may be chosen. Winner and travel companion will be required to execute releases of sponsors from any and all liability with respect to participation in the sweepstakes and/or prize.
11. For the name of the prize winner, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The New Yorker, Promotion Dept., 20 W. 43rd St., NY, NY 10036 after Jan. 16, 1995.

"Finlandia®" is the registered trademark of ALKO LTD., 30% Alc. by Vol. (60 proof)
Distilled from Grain, Imported by Palace Brands Company, Farmington, CT ©ALKO LTD., 1994.

Antique
and estate
jewelry
and
accessories

Kentshire
at
BERGDORF
GOODMAN

5th Ave. & 58th St.
(212) 872-8652

Also at Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 Street, NY

RARE DALI PRINTS

If you own, or are considering purchase
of a Salvador Dali print…

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." ($10 an issue)

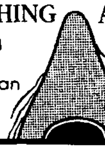
SALVADOR DALI

1-(800) 275-DALI
9 AM to 5 PM Pacific Time seven days a week

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Rabbits" Bracelet, 9 links,
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165, Pendant 14K Gold
$98, Sterling $35. Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. **1-800-477-1856**
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.



It weighs only **28 pounds.** For **less than $800** you can buy more than a canoe.

Call toll-free
1-800-354-0190.

THE POLITICAL SCENE

GORE'S DILEMMA

Al Gore has spent his life preparing for the Presidency, only to find himself now cast as the Walter Mondale of the nineties. If it's too late to save this Administration, is there still time to save his party and himself?

BY PETER J. BOYER

INSIDE the home of Albert Gore, Sr., and his wife, Pauline—a marble farmhouse in the rolling hills of middle Tennessee—there is a room (the kitchen, oddly enough) that serves as the family photo gallery. One photograph shows Al, Jr., at the age of ten, wearing a bandage on his forehead after being accidentally hit by a bat in a baseball game. That picture was taken in 1958, on the day that his father won reëlection to the United States Senate. In another photo, Al is kissing his mother goodbye as she and the Senator, who is dressed in white tie and tails, leave for a dinner party at the Kennedy White House. (J.F.K., although he was a decade younger than the Senator, was a close pal.) Along one wall, another frame holds a 1991 picture of Al, Jr., and his family at a nearby lake, taken at the time that he announced he would not seek the Presidential nomination eventually won by Bill Clinton. If a destiny can be mapped, Al Gore's is on display in this room, whose walls are crowded with the snapshots of a family's life at the center of our recent political history.

But the map is not complete. "You'll notice that all the walls are filled," the elder Gore said to me on a recent visit to his home. Then, pointing with his walking stick, he added, "Except this one. That's reserved for a purpose."

That purpose, Albert, Sr., makes clear, is to memorialize a Gore Administration. "That wall has been empty since we built this house," the eighty-six-year-old father of the Vice-President later told me. "I hope to live to see it filled."

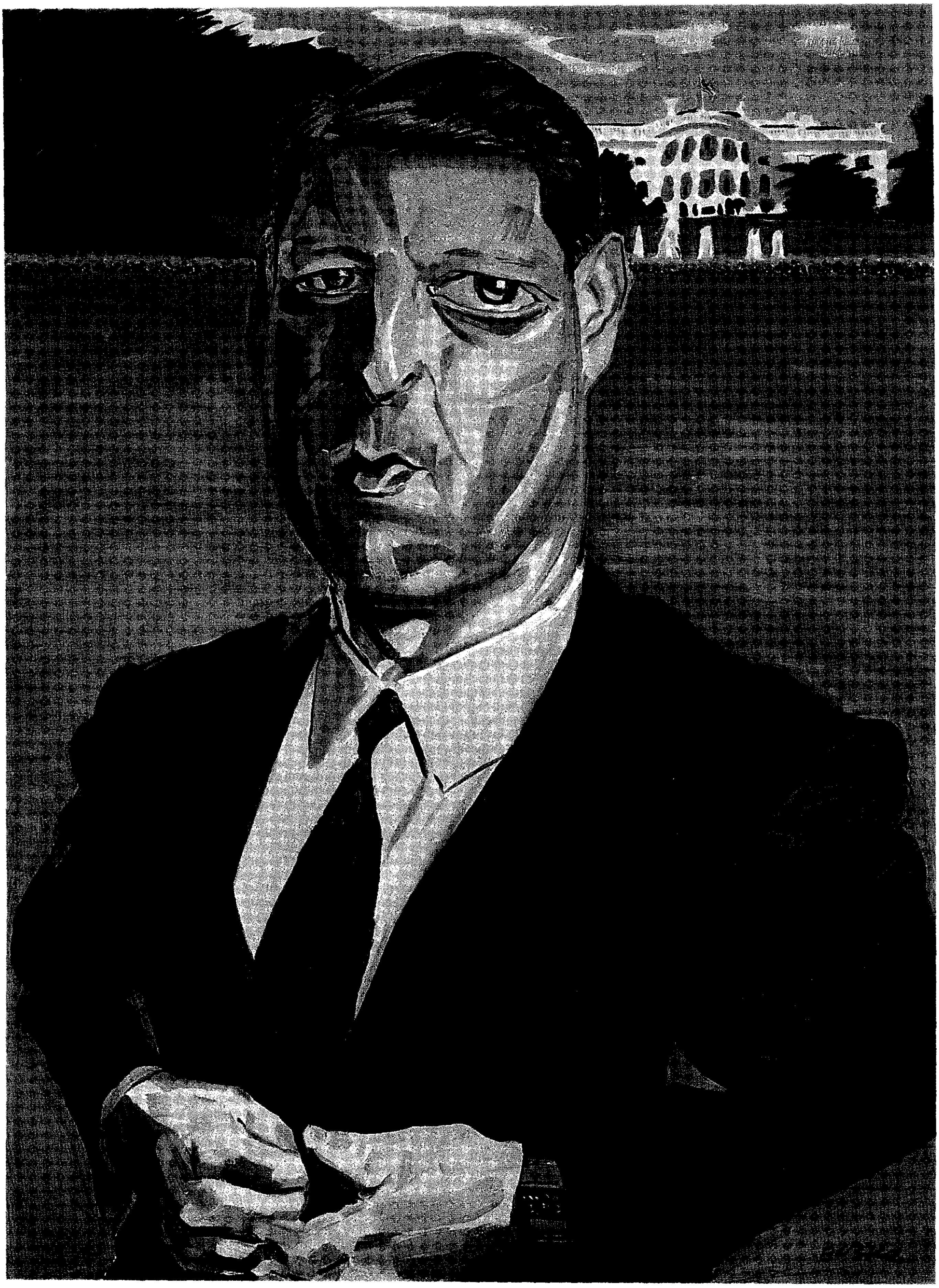
The starting date for the Gore Administration was pencilled in as January, 2001, when the famously futurist pol, propelled by the momentum of a two-term Clinton reign, would lead the Democrats into the new millennium. But the electoral massacre of Clinton and his party midway through his first term has nervous Democrats seeing foreshadowings of another Carter disaster. And embedded in that anxiety is the prospect of a double hit: Would a Clinton failure also mean that Al Gore, rather than becoming the first President of the twenty-first century, would become the Walter Mondale of the nineties? The prospect horrifies Gore loyalists, those Democrats who believed that the greatest payoff of the Clinton election was its anticipation of a Gore Presidency. As Leon Wieseltier, of *The New Republic*, who is a friend of the Vice-President's, bluntly puts it, "Al Gore is too good to waste on Bill Clinton."

Bob Beckel, the Democratic consultant who ran Mondale's failed 1984 Presidential campaign, four years after Jimmy Carter was turned out of office, discerns in the Vice-President's camp a feeling that Gore's political life is endangered. "I've talked to some of Gore's people, his political friends around the country, who are just fretting about this," Beckel says.

The apprehension is warranted. Bill Clinton's first half term, despite its isolated triumphs, was a thudding political failure as measured by the most meaningful test, the ballot box. Clinton's challenge, one that he extravagantly embraced during his campaign, had been to prove that Democrats could govern from the center; but the Democrats either could not or would not, and they were made to pay on November 8th. The many preëlection explanations of the voters' "baffling" mood—that they were angry at all incumbents, frustrated by gridlock, disappointed by the failure of health-care reform, frenzied by talk radio, turned off by negative campaigns, and so on—skirt the simple truth: voters rejected Democrats (not a single Republican incumbent governor, senator, or representative lost), and the Democrat they rejected most was Bill Clinton. (A *Time*/CNN poll conducted just after the election found that forty-eight per cent of the respondents believed the Democratic Party should nominate someone other than Clinton in 1996.) This was made vividly clear to Al Gore in the most personal way, when his home state's three statewide races—for governor and for the Senate seats once held by both Albert Gores—went to Republicans. So toxic was the President deemed in Tennessee that when Gore went home last month to campaign for his old friend Jim Sasser, a key Clinton ally, he and Sasser managed to give eight speeches in four Tennessee cities without once mentioning Bill Clinton's name.

In the second half of his term, Clinton will be dealing not only with a surly public and a Congress stuffed with Republicans but also with a weakened and alienated centrist branch of his own party—the so-called New Democrats. The New Democrats had been home turf to both Clinton and Gore. But the Administration's political choices and its style of governance appeared to be an abandonment of the New Democratic philosophy—the advocacy of a smaller, more efficient, more entrepreneurial government—as it had been articulated and popularized by the Democratic Leadership Council. Gore was a founding member of the D.L.C., and Clinton was its chairman before he resigned to run for President. The D.L.C. was the Clinton-Gore ticket's intellectual base, providing the ideas—welfare reform, job retraining, national service, youth apprenticeship, the reinvention of government—that defined much of Clinton's candidacy. But Al From, the D.L.C.'s

PHILIP BURKE



While other Administration issues have failed, Gore's issue—reinventing government—turns out to be what the voters want.

president, is so disheartened by Clinton's first two years that he says he may take the D.L.C. outside the Democratic Party—a powerful revolt that would only further damage the President's reëlection chances. Add to this the prospect of a third-party candidacy in 1996 and open speculation about an intra-Party challenge to Clinton, and the picture turns even grimmer. To these next two years, of course, Al Gore's own destiny is also shackled.

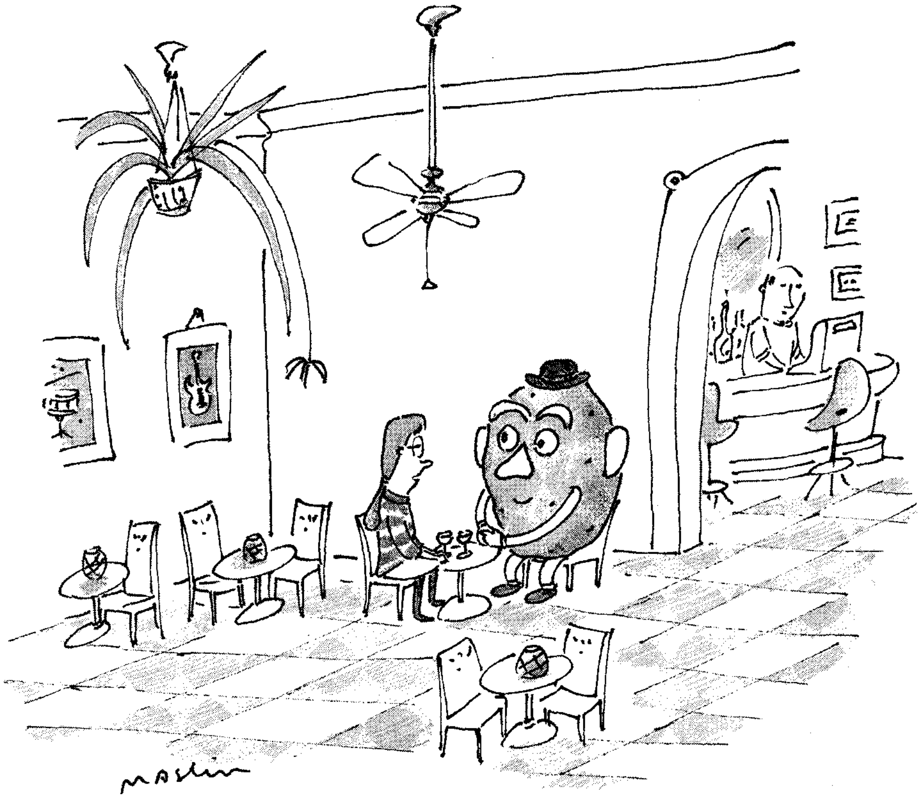
"If this is a failed Presidency, it cannot help Al Gore," says Roy Neel, Gore's former chief of staff, who also worked in the White House for Clinton. "There is no way. And I've heard more cynical observers say, 'Well, the best thing for Al Gore would be for Clinton to lose this time, and Gore could run without the baggage of Bill Clinton.' I just think that's total nonsense. Al Gore's political future is, at least in the near future, inextricably tied to Bill Clinton's."

From the moment the Clinton-Gore ticket was formed, some Democrats have longed for a role reversal, and at the depth of Clinton's descent this fall there have arisen wishful murmurs of a Gore-led ticket in 1996. When Gore hears such talk, he cuts it off. "I'm happy to bind my future with Bill Clinton," Gore told me recently. "I'm proud to do it, I'm happy to do it. I've invested everything I have, heart and soul, into the success of this Administration. And I think that anyone who looks at temporary poll numbers not even halfway through his first term will be badly misled about the place of Bill Clinton in history. I believe that he will be regarded by historians as one of the greatest Presidents this country has ever had. I believe that. I believe it."

That hopeful assertion, like Gore's Election Day prediction that Democrats would prevail, is the political equivalent of whistling past the graveyard, which is littered just now with Democrats tied to Clinton. "There are a lot of obvious lessons from the elections," Gore told me last week. But he said he had not yet considered the implications that the debacle held for him. Others, however, have. "Oh, Gore has a very serious problem," says Oklahoma Representative Dave McCurdy, who was a rising Democratic star until his career crashed on November 8th. McCurdy had embraced Clinton's promise of "a new way," worked hard for his nomination, and delivered a seconding speech at the Democratic National Convention. But McCurdy, like many Democrats, became disillusioned and publicly broke with the President. His campaign for Oklahoma's open Senate seat was a run against Clinton and his policies. Yet McCurdy could not expunge his past alliance with the President. "And if it sticks to me," McCurdy says, "it's all over Gore."

AL GORE'S dilemma is implicit in the Vice-Presidency, which can be defined as an indeterminate period of waiting, with one's fingers crossed, for the President to leave. As Roy Neel notes, "It's nobody's ambition to be Vice-President," and it is certainly not Al Gore's. The gamble resides in the chance of a President's failure, and Gore's wager on Clinton was extraordinarily high. Unlike Dan Quayle, who was plucked from relative obscurity to be installed down the hall from the Oval Office, Gore invested in Clinton his own national stature as well as a lifetime's preparation for the top job.

"He has been groomed from childhood to be President," Nathan Landow, a prominent Democratic fundraiser and a Gore enthusiast, says. From his birth (which was announced on the front page of a leading Tennessee paper), Al Gore's life has



"Idaho! What a coincidence—I'm from Idaho."

• •

been framed by exalted expectation, his political prospects cast not simply as ambition but as something more like fate. That sense is embedded in the family lore, such as the story about the time when Al's father, believing that a boy needed to know the rigors of real work, asked his son, then a teen-ager, to plow a field with a particularly treacherous slope. Pauline Gore worried that the task, requiring the use of an unwieldy hillside plow, was too much to ask of the boy, and she and her husband argued about it. Finally, she yielded, with the sarcastic note, "Yes, a boy could never be President if he couldn't plow with that damned hillside plow."

A values lesson was the only serious use that Al Gore, Jr., was ever likely to make of a plow. Gore was a son of politics, a child of Washington, where his father served for thirty-two years as a congressman and a senator. The family residence was an apartment in the elegant Fairfax Hotel, which was owned by a Gore cousin; young Al walked across the street every morning to the Cosmos Club, where a bus picked him up for the ride to Washington's most élite prep school, St. Albans, on the grounds of the National Cathedral. Drop-ins at his parents' home were men like J. William Fulbright and Clark Clifford and J.F.K., the totems of power, and for young Al the lesson was always made clear: his purpose in life was to lead. Gore's father, a breeder of champion bulls, has said of his son's rendezvous with the White House, "We raised him for it." Gore's mother, although she frowns at such talk—"People take it the wrong way"—helped to set the expectations for her son. Mrs. Gore, who is a lawyer, says, "I always told Al that there was so much more room at the top than there was at the bottom or in the middle," and Gore took it to heart. He was captain of the St. Albans football team and an honors student at Harvard, and, at twenty-eight, he won his father's old congressional seat. At thirty-six, he went to the United States Senate, and in 1988, before his first term was over, he ran for President.

What motivated this high-speed tear up the ladder, apparently, was Gore's awakening to a profound sense of his own destiny. "He could lead, and if he could, he *should*," Pauline Gore says.

"He really does believe that he was born to lead," Leon Wieseltier says. "He believes he is a historical figure. And in American politics a sense of destiny doesn't hurt."

But in 1988 Gore's sense that his purpose in life was to lead was not matched by any such sense among voters, and when his campaign floundered he pulled out, a badly beaten third. His sense of mission, however, did not ebb; he embraced environmentalism with religious fervor, and made the Green cause his own. Despite his defeat, Gore's stature was such that in 1992 his decision not to take on George Bush was a key to opening the Democratic field to the Party's lesser-known long shots, such as Bob Kerrey, the Nebraska senator, and, of course, Bill Clinton, of Arkansas. When Clinton approached Gore about the Vice-Presidency, in July of 1992, it could be seen more as a negotiation between equals than a tryout for Gore. Clinton, though he'd locked up the nomination, was still plagued by questions about Gennifer Flowers and the draft; he was in third place in the polls, trailing Ross Perot and Bush. Gore provided the lift that Clinton needed, and after the choice was announced (and Perot temporarily left the race) Clinton surged to a ten-point lead, and never fell back. Although Gore is nineteen months younger than Clinton, he lent weight to the ticket: Clinton was inexperienced in foreign policy, Gore was a recognized expert on such matters as arms control; Clinton had finessed serving in the military, Gore saw duty in Vietnam; Clinton had troubling image problems regarding his character, Gore was a foursquare family man. Indeed, the "double date" matchup of Al and Tipper Gore, whose publicly affectionate marriage is a kind of Beltway model, with Bill and Hillary Clinton, who'd been obliged to acknowledge their marital difficulties on national television, had a distinctly softening effect on the eventual First Couple's campaign image.

In risking his political capital in Clinton, Gore officially assumed the role he had occupied, in a way, for much of his life—that of President-in-waiting. A friend of Gore's says, "I always thought it would be great if Al could just be appointed President," and that is what Bill Clinton came close to doing when he chose Gore as his running mate. For Gore, the potential payoff was irresistible. Every Vice-President in the last forty years (except for Agnew, who resigned in disgrace, and Nelson Rockefeller, who served in Gerald Ford's abbreviated term) eventually earned his party's Presidential nomination; four have become President.

As Clinton neared his nadir last month, with Democrats running away from him and the midterm disaster looming, I asked Gore whether Clinton's difficult two years had given him second thoughts about seeking the Presidency. "No," he said. "To the contrary. Some of the uncertainties I had about the job of President have been dispelled."

ARACHNE

What is that bundle hanging from the ceiling
Unresting even now with constant slight
Drift in the breeze that breathes through rooms at night?
Can it be something, then, that once had feeling,
A girl, perhaps, whose skill and pride and hope
Strangled against each other in the rope?

I think it is a tangle of despair
As shapeless as a bit of woven nest,
Blackened and matted, quivering without rest
At the mercy of the movements of the air
Where half lodged, half fallen from the hedge
It hangs tormented at a season's edge.

What an exact artificer she had been!
Her daintiness and firmness are reduced
To lumpy shadow that the dark has noosed.
Something is changing, though. Movements begin
Obscurely as the court of night adjourns,
A tiny busyness at the center turns.

So she spins who was monarch of the loom,
Reduced indeed, but she lets out a fine
And delicate yet tough and tensile line
That catches full day in the little room,
Then sways minutely, suddenly out of sight,
And then again the thread invents the light.

—THOM GUNN

WHEN Clinton was deciding on a running mate, a particular character trait of Al Gore's emerged as a recurring theme in the candidate's discussions with advisers. The Democratic consultant Bob Squier put it most directly: "He will not stab you in the back, even if you deserve it." Clinton could not have known then just how grateful he would have reason to be for this aspect of Gore's character once the two were in office. He surely knows now, with his policies repudiated, his party reeling, and Democrats openly speculating about whether the President will, or should, head the Democratic ticket in 1996. Gore, the one Democrat besides Clinton with most at stake, is also the surest to remain steadfast. Martin Peretz, *The New Republic's* owner and editor-in-chief, who was a mentor of Gore's at Harvard and has been his friend for nearly thirty years, is not surprised by Gore's unassailable loyalty. "He has never in my hearing said a churlish word about the President," Peretz says. "Now, I'm not saying he hasn't had a churlish thought."

If he has, Gore has kept it private. Like George Bush, of Andover and Yale, Gore, of St. Albans and Harvard, is a political aristocrat for whom loyalty is a requisite of an immutable personal code. As Bush suppressed his differences with Ronald Reagan to the point of attracting ridicule, and then stood by Dan Quayle to his own detriment, Gore betrays no hint of anything but utter fealty. In a casual conversation with friends following last month's visit to Washington by the South African President Nelson Mandela, Gore remarked that Mandela was the world leader that he most admired. He quickly added, "After Bill Clinton." When Washington social chatter turns, as it inevitably does these days, to the question of just how Al Gore will manage to distance himself from Clinton, or possibly replace him in 1996, people who know Gore well demur. "There's no possibility that somebody like Gore will set his own course," Squier says. "He would stay there and try to make this thing work. And you wouldn't think of even suggesting it to him." Actually, Gore does hear such speculation, and when he does, he orders it stopped cold.

Yet Gore has been distancing himself, willy-nilly, from Clinton from the moment they were inaugurated. In being the Good Vice-President, Gore has been a good Vice-President, easily the biggest success story of the Administration. When Ross Perot threatened to kill the North American Free Trade Agreement, Gore vanquished the troublesome Texan on Perot's proven turf, "Larry King Live." In a White House forever recruiting some new "old Washington hand" to provide adult supervision, Al Gore is the resident grownup. Even the enduring knock against him that he is wooden has the effect of making him seem, compared with a President who muses about his underwear on MTV, startlingly Presidential. When Clinton told workers at a General Motors plant that he used to drive an El Camino pickup with AstroTurf in the back, no one doubted him. "There are some things that the President does that we can't imagine Al doing," Peretz says.

As a team, Clinton and Gore, despite their much noted similarities—they were the Boomer-Baptist-

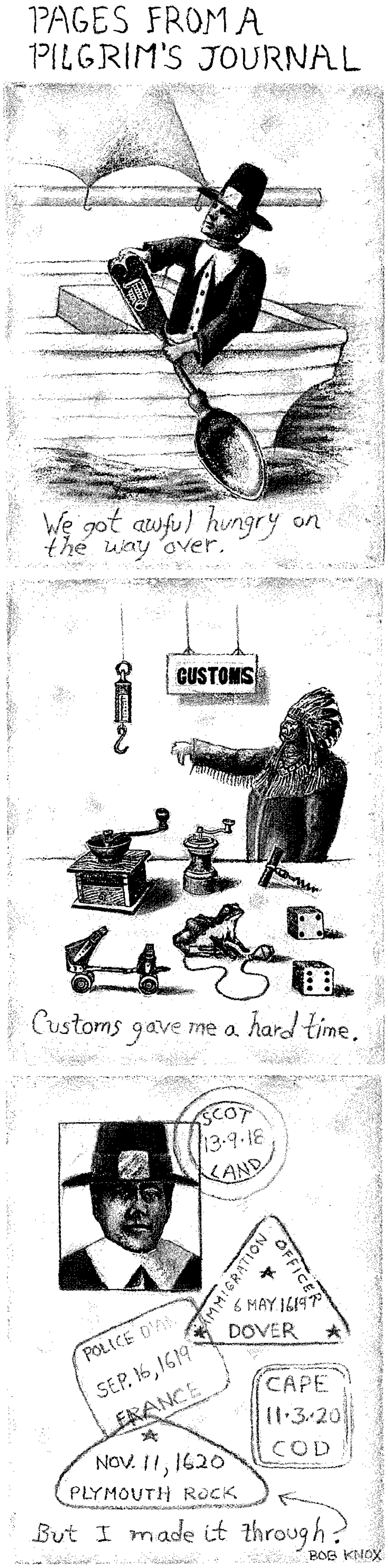
Bubba ticket—are the more remarkable for their differences, not the least of which is background. Gore is no Bubba. "Bill came up in a *very* provincial atmosphere," Pauline Gore says. "And even though he went to Yale, and he went to Oxford, you don't undo or move out that provincial atmosphere that has influenced you in your early life."

Background is not wholly determinate, but it is clear that Gore—the son of a Southerner who risked and lost his political career by fighting for civil rights and opposing the Vietnam War—became the sort of politician he is because of it. The sense of destiny that Gore's friends speak of may be preposterous, but it has the effect of giving him spine. Cautious and methodical, Gore agonizes over decisions, but he decides. Both Clinton and Gore are admired for their intellect, but they are starkly different sorts of thinkers. Clinton is circular, a lover of the debate but not the terminus point—a characteristic that suggests indecisiveness. Gore is linear, a listener and speed reader who devours information in order to reach a conclusion, and to act.

Before they took office, Gore got Clinton's promise of access and influence, and the Vice-President enjoys an unprecedented autonomy and top ranking among Clinton's advisers. The famous bonding that was said to have occurred during their campaign bus trips may or may not have resulted in the buddy picture that aides painted, but Gore is trusted and heard. It is a complementary relationship, not least because of the focus Gore brings, although he is sometimes frustrated by the chaos. "The Agenda," Bob Woodward's 1994 chronicle of White House disorder, told of a meeting with Clinton, Gore, and some aides in which Clinton, complaining of some long-unresolved aspect of his economic program, asked Gore, "What can I do?" Gore, exasperated, blurted, "You can get with the goddam program!" The lack of discipline in the White House—so many voices urging so many different directions—was dismaying to Gore. Eventually, he was instrumental in persuading Clinton to replace his friend Mack McLarty, the chief of staff, with Leon Panetta, thus imposing some measure of order in the White House. A Presidential adviser says that Gore is "very careful not to overstep his boundaries, but he does step in on things when he thinks that there's a need, and makes it happen. And that's a damned rarity."

Gore, of course, didn't share the allergy to foreign policy that Clinton and his corps of advisers brought from the campaign into the White House. It was Gore who led the secret negotiations with the Ukrainian President Leonid Kravchuk that resulted in Ukraine's surrender of nuclear weapons, and his ongoing relationship with the Russian Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin is our main channel to Moscow. Gore believes in a firm assertion of American strength when needed, and has urged decisive action in Bosnia (calling for air strikes) and Haiti, where he was a key force in pushing Clinton to change policy and eventually to intervene. "I think he helps the President to arrive at a conclusion that the President knows he has to make, and to do it a lot quicker," one former White House aide says. A foreign-policy adviser who has seen Gore skillfully work Clinton in countless meetings says, "He's very good at forcing decisions, at bringing issues to closure. His stock-in-trade, in part, is that he does not like to let things linger. He likes to get things done and move on, for better or worse. He may make mistakes, but he does like to get it done. In meeting after meeting where I've been with him, his role is wrapping things up at the end and saying, 'We need to get this done here. You've got to make this decision. It's time for a decision.' I think there is a tendency in a lot of meetings with him, when others are in the room, to look to him to sort of do the benediction and bring it to conclusion. He has that relationship with Clinton to make it happen." It was Gore who, somewhat surprisingly to many of his friends, was Jimmy Carter's conduit to the White House during the former President's freelance foreign-

TURKEY WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS
1
76
OFFICIAL
EAGLES
Leo Cullum


PAGES FROM A PILGRIM'S JOURNAL
We got awful hungry on the way over.
CUSTOMS
Customs gave me a hard time.
SCOT 13·9·18 LAND
IMMIGRATION OFFICE ★ 6 MAY 1619 ★ DOVER ★
POLICE D'AN SEP. 16, 1619 FRANCE
CAPE 11·3·20 COD
★ NOV. 11, 1620 PLYMOUTH ROCK
But I made it through.
BOB KNOX

policy excursions in North Korea and Haiti; but it was also Gore who kept Carter at bay when Carter wanted to negotiate a deal with Fidel Castro.

There is probably no better illustration of Gore's light-beam-in-a-fog function at the White House than the work he undertook with the National Performance Review, which came to be called "reinventing government." Before taking office, Gore had Clinton's assurance of a key policy role, but which of the high-profile projects would he get? Hillary claimed health care, and no one argued. Gore wanted welfare reform—a bell-ringing New Democratic issue that had been central to the campaign and would, if accomplished, help to define Clinton's Presidency—but several people in the President's circle worried that it was too good an issue to give away, telling the President, according to one staffer, "No, you can't give this to Gore, you lose your identification with it." So Gore didn't get welfare reform, and, as it turned out, the issue that might have saved Clinton's first half term was ignored for a year, and ultimately got lost in the shuffle.

What the White House had in mind for Gore was something a little more *Vice*-Presidential, a worthy but unexciting chore that seemed, at the time, to hold almost no box-office appeal. As events have proved, it was a dramatic, and quite characteristic, political miscalculation. Reinventing government was a bedrock New Democratic idea, and was based on a 1992 book—"Reinventing Government," co-authored by David Osborne, a fellow at the D.L.C.'s think tank, the Progressive Policy Institute—that advocated bringing the private sector's entrepreneurial spirit to government by decentralizing it. But in the early days of the Administration nobody was particularly enthralled by reinventing government, including Al Gore. Health-care reform and welfare reform—those were the big, bold initiatives that would give the Clinton Administration its own New Frontier identity, and Gore was deeply disappointed not to get the leadership of either. But, characteristically, he embraced his new assignment with enthusiasm. "It took him about thirty minutes to get excited about it," Roy Neel, who was then Gore's chief of staff, recalls. "Light bulbs just started popping off. He said, 'Now, let's do A, B, C, and D, let's get these people together, let's get a working group, we need to do this,' and he was operating at light speed."

Inside the White House, Gore's project was the ugly stepchild, and it was given no people and no money from the President's staff budget, forcing Gore and his team to scrounge for staff and resources. Gore brought in Elaine Kamarck, from the Progressive Policy Institute, to be project manager, and populated the project with government employees borrowed from federal agencies. He set a six-month deadline for the team to come up with detailed recommendations of ways to make government work better and cost less. Gore got the assignment in March of 1993, and by August the work was nearly done.

Gore was proud of his team's effort and downright giddy about the project's prospects. His reinventing-government task force identified efficiencies that could reduce government costs by a hundred and eight billion dollars and cut the federal workforce by two hundred and fifty-two thousand over five years. Early one Saturday morning in August, Gore went to the White House to sell the President on it. He arrived with props, including ashtrays (which, he had discovered, were subject to their own set of government specifications) and huge rolls of paper to show the unnecessary paperwork that bureaucracy generates, and generally played the eager salesman. And the President was sold. But Clinton's enthusiasm was not shared by the senior Presidential adviser George Stephanopoulos or by four outside consultants—the pollster Stan Greenberg, the media adviser Mandy Grunwald, and the campaign consultants Paul Begala and James Carville. They didn't believe that reinventing government would "resonate" politically. "David Gergen liked it a little more," one former White House staffer recalls, "but all those other folks thought, This is bullshit, nobody cares about any of this stuff, this is insider stuff. Procurement reform? Who cares about that stuff?" Gore argued for a splashy rollout for the project, asking two weeks of White House attention and a major investment of the President's time.

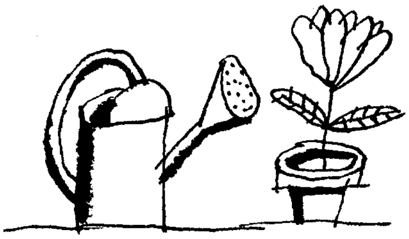
Clinton's advisers said no, and Hillary Clinton's team, already annoyed because the NAFTA debate had pushed aside health care, worried that too much attention to Gore's project would just be more background noise distracting from the Administration's signature undertaking.

Instead of the two-week rollout that Gore wanted, reinventing government got a few days, and although Gore later made a small splash by going on "The Late Show with David Letterman" with his ashtray-smashing routine, his project quickly fell between the cracks of the White House's and the public's attention. Health care became a beast whose shadow covered all else, even though there was early evidence that neglecting Gore's undertaking was a mistake. In September of 1993, the Democratic pollster Peter Hart had conducted a survey testing which issues the public most wanted the Administration to address, and, since Gore's reinventing government had just come out, Hart decided to throw that into the mixture, too. He was stunned by what he found. When Hart's respondents were asked which issues people most wanted Congress and the White House to address in the coming months, they overwhelmingly cited "reforming government and making it more efficient" as the top priority, *ahead* of crime. Health care was a distant third. "It was a winner," Hart says. "It just hit, surprisingly. I mean, it was just one of these things that we just threw in and when we looked at it we said, 'Wow, he's done the right thing.' I distinctly remember saying, 'There is a guy who sort of chose the right issue at the right time and in the right way.' "

A year later, with the defeat of health care, and the White House searching for a winning issue, reinventing government was rediscovered. It is now loudly touted by the President, and will be given high priority in the second half term—a development that prompted Elaine Kamarck to remark dryly, "It's amazing what polls will do for you." The government-efficiency project was a major score for Gore, and, what was most significant, it was a vital, if lonely, connection to the neglected New Democratic theology, which Clinton now desperately needs in order to survive.

THERE has been no more disaffected group than the New Democrats, who see the Clinton Presidency as a self-destructive denial of the source of his campaign success; namely, them. The D.L.C. was founded in 1985, after Ronald Reagan's landslide reëlection, at a moment when it was clear to many Democrats that the Party might not win the White House again unless there were dramatic changes. If Republicans hated government, Democrats loved it too much, and the New Democratic idea was, at its core, simple pragmatism: to forge a centrist politics by holding that government should solve problems but first had to win faith by showing itself efficient and clean. As the ideology emerged, it acquired other tenets, such as mainstream cultural values and an emphasis on personal responsibility, which, in practical terms, gave conservative-to-moderate Democrats a reason to stop voting Republican, as they had with Reagan and Nixon. The new movement's center of gravity was the South, where the national party's leftward tilt had rendered local Democrats an endangered species, and among the D.L.C.'s earliest members was Al Gore. This politics of pragmatism was also ideally suited to the young Arkansas governor with national aspirations.

To launch his 1992 campaign, Clinton gave a series of speeches at his alma mater, Georgetown University, that were designed to frame his candidacy as a mission of the New Democratic faith. The speeches, which collectively bore the Biblical title "New Covenant," were prepared with the help of the economist Robert J. Shapiro, a vice-president of the Progressive Policy Institute, and they emphasized the "new way"—the ideas of reduced, more efficient government and personal responsibility. It was in one of these "New Covenant" speeches that Clinton revealed his plan for a middle-class tax cut.



The New Democratic identity energized Clinton's candidacy by distinguishing him from the disastrous failures of such Old Democratic nominees as Michael Dukakis and Walter Mondale, and at key moments during the campaign Clinton beat back creeping doubt with a striking gesture. His formation of a Vice-Presidential search committee comprised one Wasp male, one Jewish woman, and one black man. Fears arose that Clinton might yield to Old Democratic identity-politics pressures, possibly even choosing Jesse Jackson as his running mate. But he picked a fight with Jackson when he criticized the rap singer Sister Souljah. He also made an effective TV commercial about welfare reform, in which he simply looked into the camera and declared, "In my state, we've moved seventeen thousand people from welfare rolls to payrolls. It's time to make welfare what it should be—a second chance, not a way of life."

But after the election Clinton almost immediately began emitting Old Democratic signals. Fearing a repeat of Carter Administration mistakes, which had resulted in the threat of a challenge from the left and no communion with Congress, the Clinton team sought to appease its traditional base on cultural matters and align itself with the Party leadership in Congress. The D.L.C.'s Al From, who had helped shape Clinton's campaign and took a justifiable portion of credit for its success, wondered how his New Democratic President had vanished. "Just take gays in the military and add diversity," From said, "and, after just weeks of being in the White House, if there's a divide between Old and New Democrats, between cultural liberalism and mainstream values, Clinton is on the other side of that divide." Oklahoma's Dave McCurdy, reflecting on his election loss, squarely blames Clinton's quick turn away from centrism. "There were two things early on that killed them," McCurdy says. "One was gays in the military. And the second was assigning the First Lady and Ira Magaziner to health care. One became the symbol of 'You don't hold our values,' and the second became the symbol of big government."

Clinton's alliance with the congressional leadership led him into the morass of his stimulus program, a proposed spending spree that failed, but not before the battle over it had identified Clinton as more of the same Old Democrat. “I think he believed in the basic stuff that we developed here and worked with him on,” From said. “I just think he was ill-prepared, because I don’t think he’s strong enough, in a lot of cases, to deal with this town. And when Tom Foley said, ‘I don’t want the line-item veto,’ he said, ‘O.K.’ When George Mitchell said, ‘We’re not having a twenty-five-per-cent staff cut in Congress, we’ve already done it,’ he said, ‘O.K.’ When Robert Byrd said, ‘You’ve gotta have a stimulus and let’s not let any Republicans in on it,’ he said, ‘O.K.’ ”

Clinton was on a course to failure, and most maddening to From and other New Democrats was the prospect that if Clinton failed they would pay the price. For many in Congress, the term New Democrat was another way of saying what folks back home in conservative districts considered “barely tolerable Democrat,” and they were by definition the most vulnerable members of the Party. The more Clinton became an Old Democrat, the more the New Democrats, such as McCurdy and Tennessee’s Jim Cooper, resisted him, until, finally, they were obliged to openly oppose the President in their campaigns for the Senate. (Both McCurdy and Cooper lost, along with a lot of other New Democrats.) Welfare reform was sidetracked in favor of the Clinton health-care proposal, which eventually managed to completely identify Clinton and the Democrats as big-government, liberal-élite federalists—exactly the thing voters were repulsed by. As the midterm storm gathered, many Party strategists were near despair. “In the campaign, every time that Clinton got trapped in the Old Democratic mold, his campaign got into trouble,” Al From said. “And every time he’s done it since he’s been President, he’s got in trouble. I mean, it should be obvious. Why does he keep going back to it? That’s the question. It’s got to be that he squares all circles. In a sense, he doesn’t see conflict. His brain doesn’t allow him to see conflict from inconsistencies.”

New Democrats had elected one of their own, and he was going down, which meant that it was their failure, too. In the days before the midterm election, From had come to feel that maybe the Democratic Party was constitutionally incapable of change. “What I’ve basically decided I want to do with this operation is to operate extra-Party,” he told me. “I mean, everybody knows I’m a Democrat . . . but what I want to do is get beyond the restraints of my party.”

The election was a cold bath for Clinton, and although New Democrats lost at the polls, their ideas may have finally won in the White House. In the aftermath of the election, when the White House was trying to figure a new course for Clinton, Al Gore argued that the President should return to his New Democratic roots, pushing for a new emphasis on welfare reform and reducing government. There were arguments against it (led by Hillary Clinton), but Gore’s side, supported by Mack McLarty, who is now counsellor to the President, seems to be winning. Two days after Election Day, Clinton returned to Georgetown, where he slipped back into his New Democratic persona, inviting Republicans “to join me in the center of public debate, the place where the best ideas for the next generation must arise.” And Gore, through the act of good-soldiery, now owns the New Democratic franchise at the White House.

Many New Democrats are more than a little wary of Gore, whose inclination to cast issues, particularly those related to the environment, in apocalyptic terms—“an environmental holocaust,” “an ecological Kristallnacht”—is seen by some as clouding the debate. His “Earth in the Balance,” published in 1992, became a best-seller and was cheered by environmentalists, but it came across to many others as a militantly New Age, squishy recast of industrial West-bashing. In the book, Gore equated industrialized society’s need to “consume the earth and its resources” with the motivations that plunged Germany, Italy, and China into totalitarianism. We are, Gore postulated, a “dysfunctional civilization,” whose drive to plunder the earth arises from an emptiness within (caused partly by an unhealthy adherence to the ideas of Plato and Descartes).

This strain of thinking, and the urge to employ the metaphor of mental illness, is not new. When Gore was at Harvard, in the late sixties, he wrote a remarkable series of letters to his father, who was working on a book, “The Eye of the Storm,” about his controversial career as a liberal Southerner. In these letters, the young government-studies major offered editorial advice, as well as his own opinions on such matters as our anti-Soviet containment policy and the Vietnam War. “We do have inveterate antipathy for communism—or paranoia as I like to put it,” young Gore wrote to his father. He went on to consider the policy implications of this American Cold War obsession. “My own belief is that this form of psychological ail-

SPIDERWOMAN

Arachne starts with Ovid and finishes with me.

Her hair falls out and the ears and nostrils disappear
From her contracting face, her body minuscule, thin
Fingers clinging to her sides by way of legs, the rest
All stomach, from which she manufactures gossamer
And so keeps up her former trade, weaver, spider

Enticing the eight eyes of my imagination
To make love on her lethal doily, to dangle sperm
Like teardrops from an eyelash, massage it into her
While I avoid the spinnerets—navel, vulva, bum—
And the widening smile behind her embroidery.

She wears our babies like brooches on her abdomen.

—Michael Longley

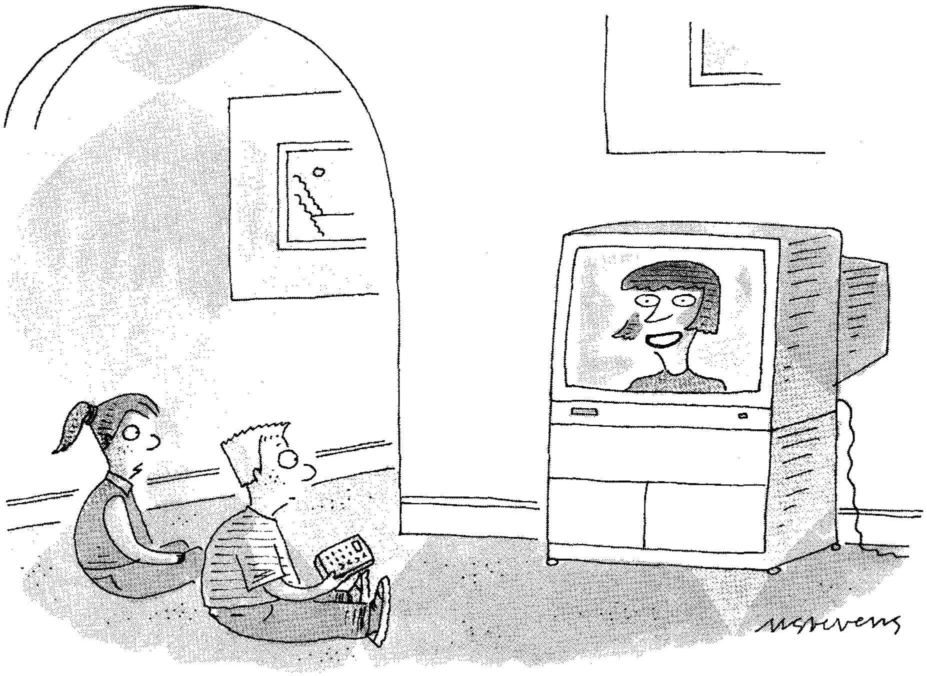
ment—in this case a national madness—leads the victim to actually create the thing which is feared the most. It strikes me that this is precisely what the U.S. has been doing. Creating—and if not creating, energetically supporting—fascist, totalitarian regimes in the name of fighting totalitarianism. Greece, South Vietnam, a good deal of Latin America. For me, the best example of all is the U.S. Army."

At that time, Cambridge, Massachusetts, was a hothouse of political revolt, and Gore's letters reflected that influence. But he soon enlisted in the Army and served in Vietnam, partly to blunt attacks on his father for opposing the Vietnam War—a stance that cost Gore, Sr., his Senate seat in 1970.

What is most interesting about the letters, though, is Gore's response to them now. After an initial expression of dismay when I asked him about the letters ("Oh, good Lord! Oh, God! Is that a private letter? Did he share that with you? Good Lord!"), Gore quickly recovered and attempted to put the twenty-five-year-old musings into mature perspective.

"Well, obviously, that's a college kid's silly language in the midst of a very intense period for the country," he said. "I went into the Army right after that. And I found out better. Being in the Army was one of the most important growth experiences I ever had. And it certainly allowed me to shed that nonsense. But . . . I would think that would have sounded grating to me even then. I'm surprised, I'm surprised to hear that language, really."

Of America's "national madness" and "paranoia" regarding Communism, Gore said, "That's dead wrong, too. I have very strong, inveterate antipathy myself for Communism. But in the context, as you will recall, the debate about the nature of the conflict between North Vietnam and South Vietnam was one that was defined by one side as purely a struggle against Communism, with very little appreciation for the colonial history and the nationalist dimension of the conflict. And, in that context, we certainly did have a lack of perspective on the true nature of that conflict. But Communism is an evil ideology that is enslaving and doesn't work.



"I'm tired of the Mom channel. Switch to the Dad channel."

"I went through changes of my view of the Vietnam conflict when I went to it. Because I found I made a lot of friends among the South Vietnamese, who were genuinely terrified of losing their freedom to Communism, for reasons that didn't fit at all into the black-and-white ideological debate back home. They wanted their freedom. . . . And those of us who were opposed to the war were just wrong in not appreciating the extent to which that was a motivating cause for American policy. Now, those who supported the war were just wrong for not understanding the significance of nationalism and the colonial history that we walked into. And I still think it was a mistake for us to get into the Vietnam War. But I certainly changed my view of the country's basic motivations of getting into it."

Those letters, and Gore's response, are relevant because the arrival of the Vietnam generation at the first tier of political leadership also brought a time-warp version of the old, unresolved debates. The divides of the sixties—hawk and dove, Silent Majority and Woodstock Nation—became the lens through which that generation is seen in middle age, and the view is kaleidoscopic. The Vietnam generation came to be judged not only by whether or not it was in the military but by the circumstances of its service or avoidance. Did Dan Quayle pull strings to enter the National Guard? Did Bill Clinton deceive in order to avoid the draft? (The ideal seems to be the experience of Bob Kerrey, who served heroically and then returned home to protest the war.) Because the Commander-in-Chief puts other people's children in harm's way, it is reasonable to question his own response to the military call. Al Gore was the son of a senator when he believed that the United States Army was "the best example" of "fascist totalitarianism"; it is worthwhile to hear his explanation of those views, and how they have changed. It is also useful to weigh politicians' current responses to questions about their actions and attitudes from that passionate time. Quayle and Clinton equivocated, and their questions linger. Gore confronted his question, and settled it.

IN the days before the midterm election, when the storm could be sensed but the skies had not yet opened, I asked Gore how tightly bound his own fortunes were to those of Bill Clinton. Should future voters judge Gore on Clinton's performance? "Absolutely," he said. "Absolutely. If I decide to run for President at some point in the future, I will be happy and honored to be judged by the accomplishments of Bill Clinton's Administration. And I *ought* to be judged on that basis if I ever run, in significant measure because I've worked so hard as a part of this team."

But Gore also noted, in his careful, measured way, a distinction between himself and the President. "My principal goal is to help the President do the best that he possibly can," Gore said. "And so my own record as Vice-President is necessarily obscured, in significant measure because so much of my energy goes into trying to help him. And I take pride in his accomplishment and the accomplishments of his Cabinet, and the others around here that I help out. But inevitably there are some things that he asks me to play a particularly prominent role in helping to handle, like the environment, or reinventing government, or the information superhighway, or the empowerment zones, or violence prevention, and others, that, I think, will have an identifiable record of accomplishment associated with them." In other words, Gore hopes to perform the hard trick of laying down his own record as Vice-President, but to do it quietly—to be distinct from Clinton without being seen as trying to distinguish himself from his boss.

It is one of the curious features of this Administration that the Vice-President, whose job has little inherent purpose, has managed to be perceived as successful while the President has not. Any open rift would sour the relationship that made Gore's success possible. "The main thing that makes it click is the acknowledged level of confidence that the President has in the Vice-President," Roy Neel says. "If the President went south on Al Gore, and started saying to some of his top advisers, inside or out, something that represented disapproval of Al Gore, or a lack of confidence, or something that suggested that he was working on his own agenda, then you would see the Vice-President's resources just dry up overnight. You would see him getting bad-mouthed by the insiders and by the consultants and people like that in print."

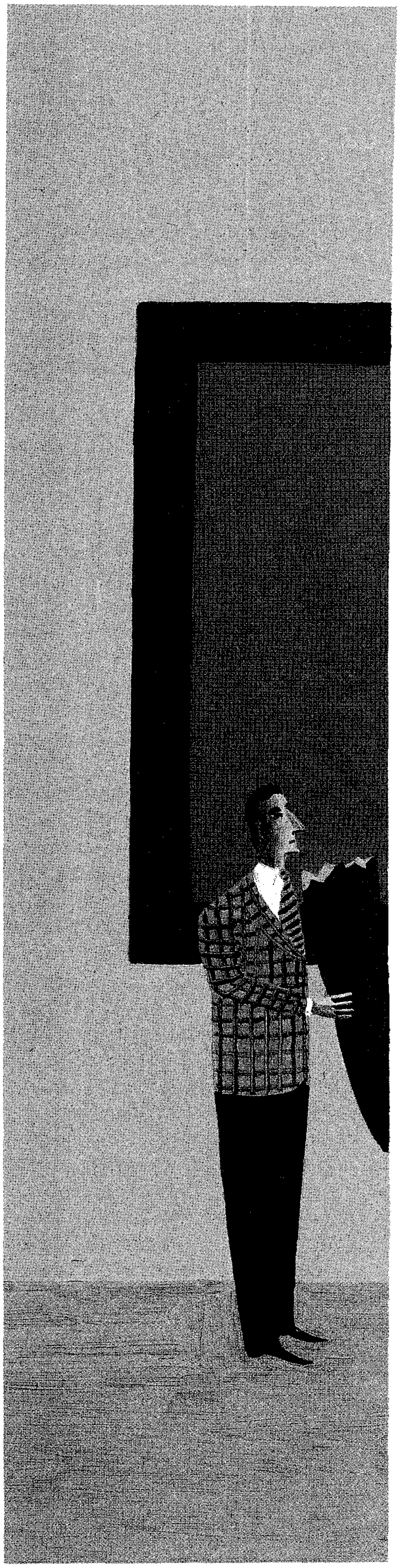
Friends of Gore hope that the free rein given their man by Clinton may prove Gore's political salvation. "If you have one defining event in your entire Vice-Presidency, you're lucky," Carter Eskew, who was Gore's media adviser during the 1988 Presidential run, says. "What was Bush's? Iran-Contra. What was Quayle's? Was it 'potatoe' or just getting chosen? But Al has had this series of huge successes. I mean, the Perot debate—unbelievable, he slew the dragon, and Perot's never recovered. The reinventing government. Dealing with Ukraine. And I said to him, 'You only need one a year.' "

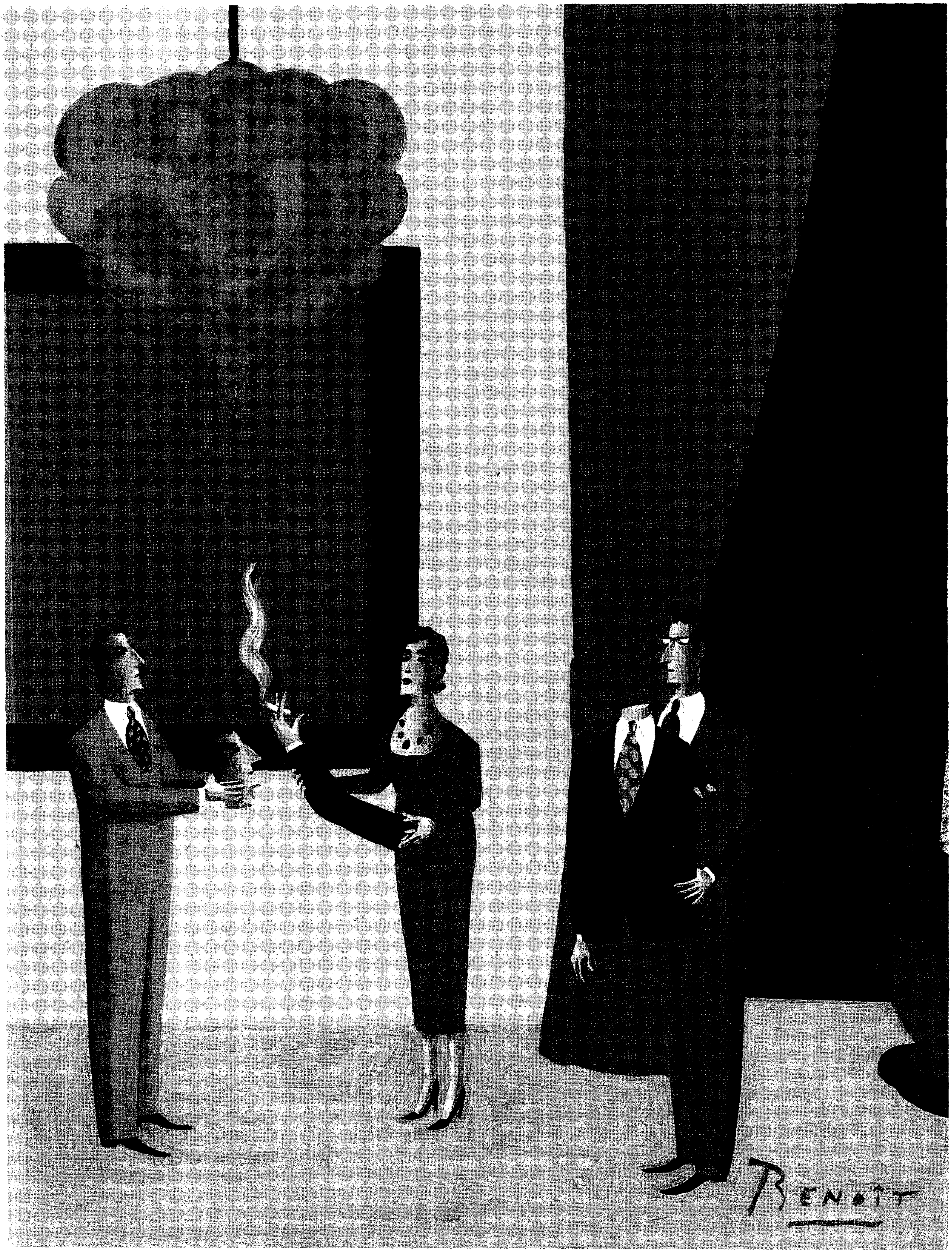
As it happens, Gore is most identified with the one Clinton Administration policy that is most attuned to the national voter mood—reducing government. And he has not been identified with health care, the Clinton undertaking that represented the paternalistic style of governance that strikes an antipathetic chord.

But, ultimately, Gore may find distance from Clinton in the fact that much of the antagonism directed toward the President is personal, reflecting lingering doubts about the draft, his personal life, and his honesty. "The nature of Clinton's problems is such that Gore's sort of protected," Al From suggests. "Gore didn't have anything to do with Whitewater. He hasn't had anything to do with any of the womanizing stuff. You didn't see Gore out there on the hustings for health care. So he's sort of untainted by the stuff that has made Clinton the most vulnerable."

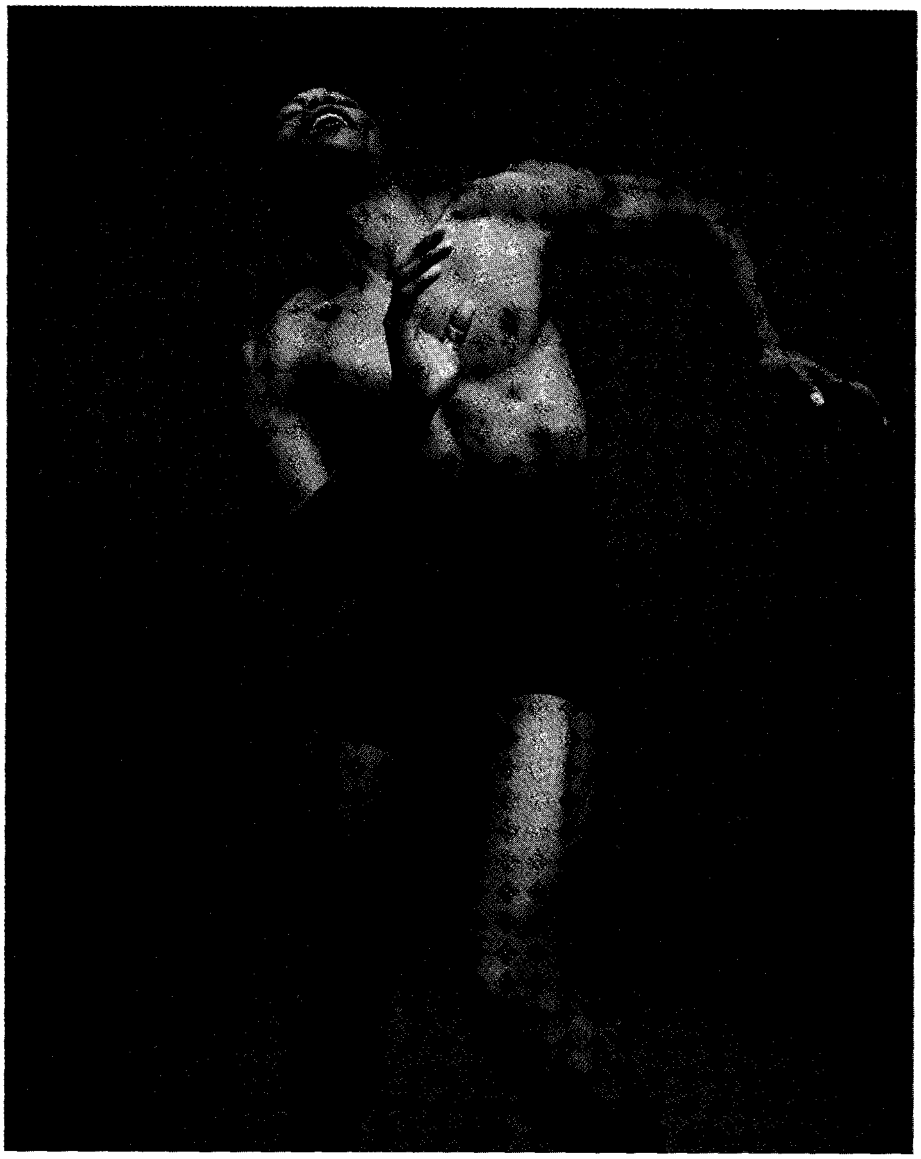
Back in Carthage, Tennessee, Pauline Gore, who raised her boy to be President, is candid about her fears that a Clinton failure will hurt her son's chances. But Al Gore, she reminds us, is not Bill Clinton. "He will be damaged politically," Mrs. Gore says. "But the important things about Al will not be damaged. His character, his ability, his honesty, his integrity."

Last week, Gore, still digesting the midterm-election disaster, said he wasn't focussing on his own political future just now. "There are too many contingencies," he said. "There are too many uncertainties." With the President and Mrs. Clinton out of town on business in the Far East, Gore called a series of meetings with advisers at the White House to help chart a political course for the next two years. "I'm not going to belabor a case that this election has made everything easier," the Vice-President said. But it is clear that he believes the case for Al Gore was not decided by the rebuke of Bill Clinton on November 8th. "I would like," Gore said, "to be President one day." ♦





Yes, it happened suddenly, just as he was lighting up his after-dinner cigarette.



RUVEN AFANADOR

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

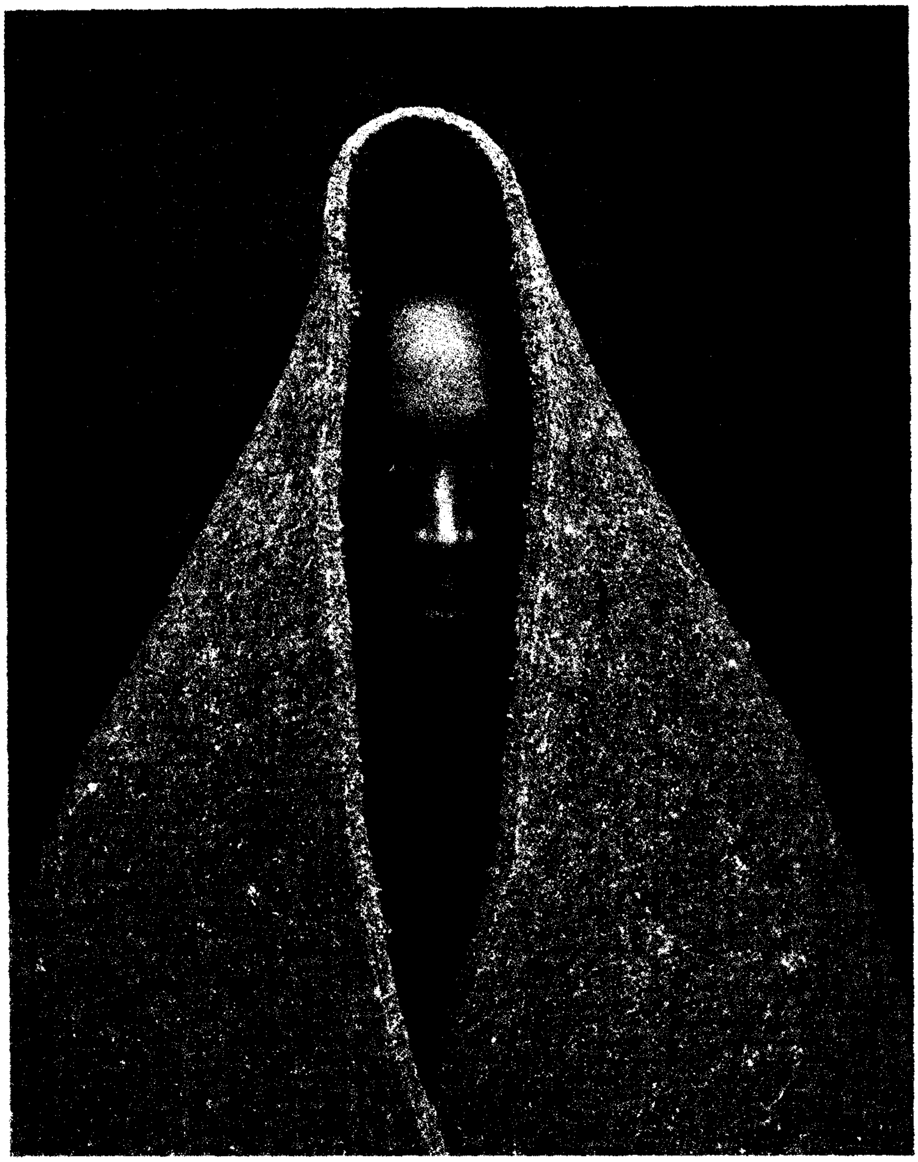
THE BODY POLITIC

Before Bill T. Jones became the embodiment of this year's Zeitgeist with "Still/Here," a multimedia dance spectacle about survival, he spent two decades challenging the boundaries of sex and race in America, on and off the stage.

BY HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.

IT'S early afternoon on Friday, November 4th—the day before the Minneapolis première of Bill T. Jones's new work of dance theatre, "Still/Here." We are at the Northrop Auditorium, on the campus of the University of Minnesota. This is a hall with a seating capacity of about five thousand; close to a full house is expected tomorrow night. Jones is the artistic director of the Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company, and he is putting his dancers through their paces.

He is dressed entirely in black—a long-sleeved black cotton-knit shirt, black jeans, and black high-top shoes. Only an African amulet made of bone and amber which he wears around his neck offsets the monochrome effect. Tall, lithe, and broad-shouldered, he has been described as having the perfect dancer's body. But though Jones is the choreographer and director of "Still/Here," he will not appear onstage himself. Rehearsals are another matter. Coaching his dancers, he mostly stands in the middle aisle, far enough away to get the larger



picture, but every few minutes he scrambles up onstage to demonstrate each movement, stance, posture that he's choreographed.

The immediate problem to be solved in this rehearsal is that the Northrop stage is vast—far larger than what the dancers are used to. They will have to make adjustments in order to fill it. "Really stretch those lines, folks!" Jones calls out, in his resonant baritone. "You have so much space around you. You can't hide anything." In defiance of classical convention, the members of his dance company come in all shapes and sizes: most noticeably, there's a distinctly portly fellow named Lawrence Goldhuber. ("When he leaves the repertory—and there's no pun intended—he will leave a big hole," Jones told me.) Jones peppers his dancers with instructions, some expressed as directives, some as questions. "Where are you going to end up, Larry?" he asks. And then "Danny, where will you be standing?" Commands alternate with cajoling and reassurance, but his authority is never in doubt. As the dancers swirl across the stage in intricate patterns, he continues to observe and to correct. "Could we space out? I have no doubt that you will be spectacular in this space." At times, he is frankly impatient. "Where *are* you folks at this moment, please? Come on, come on, get with me! Keep going—it's about spacing. Go on, go on, where do we want the material to *happen*?"

Jones believes in narrative, but narrative in a language parsed by the configuration and movement of bodies, the precisely coördinated relation that his dancers have to one another at any given moment. The storyteller is Jones; the dancers are, variously, his alphabet, his words, his syntax. "Can you guys do that phrase again? Five, six, seven, eight . . . Let's do it again, dancers." They do it again.

Tomorrow, the work will indeed be seen by about five thousand people, and it will be greeted by a standing ovation. Jones will be gratified but not surprised. When the work had its world première, on September 14th in Lyons, France, it was met with a standing ovation that changed into a "stomping ovation"—a rapturous audience stomping its feet in appreciation for something like fifteen minutes. Jones glows when he tells me about that audience. If you are a performer—and Jones is nothing if not a

Bill T. Jones: "My eroticism, my sensuality onstage is always coupled with a wild anger and belligerence."

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS HOUR

• •

performer—there is an ecstasy to this sort of response. He is at the height of his career, and knows it. In the past year alone, he has choreographed no fewer than four new dance works, and directed Derek Walcott's play "Dream on Monkey Mountain" for the Guthrie Theatre, in Minneapolis; meanwhile, he has appeared on the cover of *Time*, been appointed resident choreographer of the Lyons Opera Ballet, in France, and received a MacArthur Foundation "genius award"—and the year isn't over yet. In short, he's become something of a poster boy for the Zeitgeist, a redoubtable achievement for someone working in the semi-sequestered, self-consciously avant-garde world of modern dance. "Still/Here"—which some esteem his masterpiece, and which will open at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on November 30th—is a two-hour multimedia work about dying and death. And Bill T. Jones has never looked more alive.

THE week before, I'd met Jones one afternoon at the Astor Hotel in Milwaukee; his company was performing at the city's Pabst Theatre. The Astor was built in the early part of this century and has the tattiness that only formerly grand places can acquire; you can tell what it was in the past from the delicate dentil work around its lobby ceiling and from the threadbare elegance of its permanent residents. Two such residents, both women in their eighties, sat in the lobby like fixtures—wizened relics of a glorious past. "I'm an insomniac," Jones said to me as we passed them. "I was up at 4 A.M., so I walked down here to the lobby in search of a quiet corner, right past two nurses sitting where the ladies are now. They were both *on duty*, keeping watch over the near-dead." Glancing around at the faded colors of the wallpaper and the worn spots on a once magnificent carpet, Jones mused, "Some cities just don't know when to pack it in." There was no hint of disrepair or dishabille about Jones, though: I almost drooped before his erect bearing, the sinewy equipoise of his gait. He had close-cropped hair, a black suède vest buttoned over a starched white shirt, and that bone pendant, which he always seems to wear. He gestured warmly toward a companion: "This is Bjorn, my partner." Bjorn Amelan, an Israeli-born Frenchman, is a quiet, tidy man in early middle age; his all-black garb and shaved head are especially arresting in this Midwestern milieu. Amelan had previously been the lover of the late Patrick Kelly, the first African-American to surmount the barricades of Paris fashion. ("I'm negotiating with Dr. Maya Angelou to write Patrick's biography," Amelan tells me excitedly before he slips off. "It will have lots of pictures.") Now he is Jones's alter ego, and, it appears, has taken on some of the other roles—manager, business partner, agent—that Arnie Zane had played for seventeen years, before his death, in 1988. (Between Zane and Amelan, Jones spent five years with Arthur Aviles, who was then and continues to be a member of the dance company.)

Jones's speech is "race neutral," his conversation strewn with easy references to Proust, Gertrude Stein, French structuralism; to film theory (and the theory of the spectatorial "gaze"); to Marcel Duchamp (and "his attempt to defeat empiricism"). Jones tells me he was "weaned on late modernism." He often speaks of himself in the third person, in the manner of athletes or Presidential candidates. When he was growing up, he once thought he wanted to teach English, because he loved literature and because he was "the most vocal bullshitter in the class." His family figured him for a preacher, because he was sensitive and well spoken. He *is* remarkably eloquent: he speaks in paragraphs and can switch readily between the English of the educated classes and an earthier black vernacular. So I can believe he would have made a fine preacher, or, for that matter, English professor; but he did not go wrong in his chosen profession. Since forming his company, in 1982, Jones has received virtually every major award the dance world has to offer, including two Bessies; he has created more than forty works for his own company, as well as works for Alvin Ailey, the Boston Ballet, the Lyons Opera Ballet, the Berkshire Ballet, and the Berlin Opera Ballet. Recently, he has also branched out into other forms: he choreographed Sir Michael Tippett's opera "New Year," which Sir Peter Hall directed for the Glyndebourne Festival Opera in 1990. About the same time, he conceived, co-directed, and choreographed Leroy Jenkins's opera "Mother of Three Sons" for the Munich Biennial, the New York City Opera, and the Houston Grand Opera. To all his projects he brings a searching intelligence. But the world does not love him only for his mind.

A woman who once hoped for a career as a ballerina and is now a dance critic told me with wistful humor, "Every day of my life I spend *deeply* regretting the fact that he's gay." She talked about the long limbs, the trim but defined muscles, the rich mocha sheen of his skin. Certainly Jones himself has an acute sense of his physicality. He describes his face as that of "a young prizefighter, with intelligent eyes, sensitive mouth, lips not too thick, nose not too flared." He says he has "an ass that is too high, but firm like a racehorse." When he visited gay bathhouses in the late seventies and early eighties, he was, he reports, the "desired one," surrounded by competing suitors, whose attentions he would accept or reject at will. Amid the steam, the sweat, the amyl nitrite, and the sex, he seems to have realized, was another venue for performance.

William Tass Jones was born in 1952, in Bunnell, Florida, the tenth of twelve children. His father, Augustus Jones, had been a migrant worker, and in Bill's early years the family moved around the Southeast. But his father "decided to be a black Yankee," as Jones puts it, so the family moved to upstate New York—to the almost all-white village of Wayland, in the Finger Lakes region. If Jones's family roots were in Southern black culture, his accent betrays his upstate years, with pronunciations such as "elemen*tary*," and "K'yuga" for Cayuga. He recalls his father as reserved but kindly and says he can't remember his ever raising a hand to him. There's some irony in that. "My father used to cry out in his sleep," Jones tells me. "And my mother would say that's the people he killed." One person his father had killed was his mother's brother-in-law, who was apparently a drunk and a troublemaker; Gus Jones "blew him in half" with a shotgun blast—though only after giving him fair warning. (This took place when the family was living in Georgia; the sheriff chalked it up to "colored business" and let the matter drop.) By the time Bill was growing up, his father had mellowed. It was his mother, Estella, who had the heavy hand: in her, consuming maternal love alternated with near-Medean rage. With twelve kids, eight of them boys, Estella Jones was not inclined toward the sort of indulgence preached by Dr. Spock. "Her love was crazy, you could see it," Jones says. "She'd go into battle for you. By the same token, she took a lot of liberties. She would smack your butt, smack your head, break brooms across your back—stuff like that."

His sister Rhodessa Jones, who was born three years before him and is now a performance artist, talks about how they kept each other entertained when they were put to work harvesting crops together as children. Once, she remembers, Billy adapted "The Impossible Dream" to the occasion. "We stood there together in the fields singing, 'To pick—the unpickable grape! To milk—the unmilkable cow!' And Mama called out, 'Why are you children *taking* so long?' "

As a boy, Jones says, he "had an aura of being a religious person." He was sensitive, the child who couldn't watch monster flicks without suffering nightmares. Once, when he was around ten, he did something—he can't remember what—that his father apparently regarded as unmanly. "I never thought I'd have one of *those* in the family," his father said acidly.

In any event, by the time he reached high school his family had ceased to worry, because he was doing "all the things that young boys do." He was a star athlete—a speed demon on the track team, capturing ribbons at intermural meets. And by the time he was fourteen he had a girlfriend, too. There was a catch, though. A man who was close to the family, whom Jones describes as "hell on wheels," decided to establish rules for Billy's sexual initiation. Jones speaks of the arrangement in an almost wondering tone: "We were only allowed to sleep with each other if he was allowed to watch. And I had to be in his bed." Jones says it happened just that once, and was not a success. "I was traumatized," he says. Still, it's a scenario of voyeurism that raises questions: about the man who insisted on the arrangement, about young Billy who accommodated himself to it. But this collision of intimacy and display—this introduction to sex as, in the first instance, a spectator sport—seems to coincide almost too aptly with the artist's insistence on transgressing the boundaries of public and private through the medium of performance.

It was also in high school that Jones (an admirer of Jim Morrison and Cream) joined a rock group called Wretched Souls. They used to play at the local Grange Hall, performing for kids with fringed jackets and pickup trucks. Rhodessa Jones says, "There was one song he wrote that he would sing, in a blues groove, with his shirt open. And the refrain was: 'I'm tired of you mothers fucking with me.' He was elegantly ferocious." And the audience? "They were titillated," she says.

There was no question about Jones's rebellious streak. "Growing up in an al-

"How's this? 'Mr. Walters lives and works in Westbury, Connecticut, with his wife and daughter and two large Old English sheepdogs.' "

most all-white part of the world, you sometimes had the feeling of being an alien," Rhodessa Jones says. She tells about the time that Jones, having been lambasted by a junior-high-school teacher, shouted out in class, "You want your own race riot?" And Jones's senior-year English teacher remembers him staging the "infamous Wayland Central High School sit-in of 1970"; at issue was whether girls would be allowed to wear slacks to school.

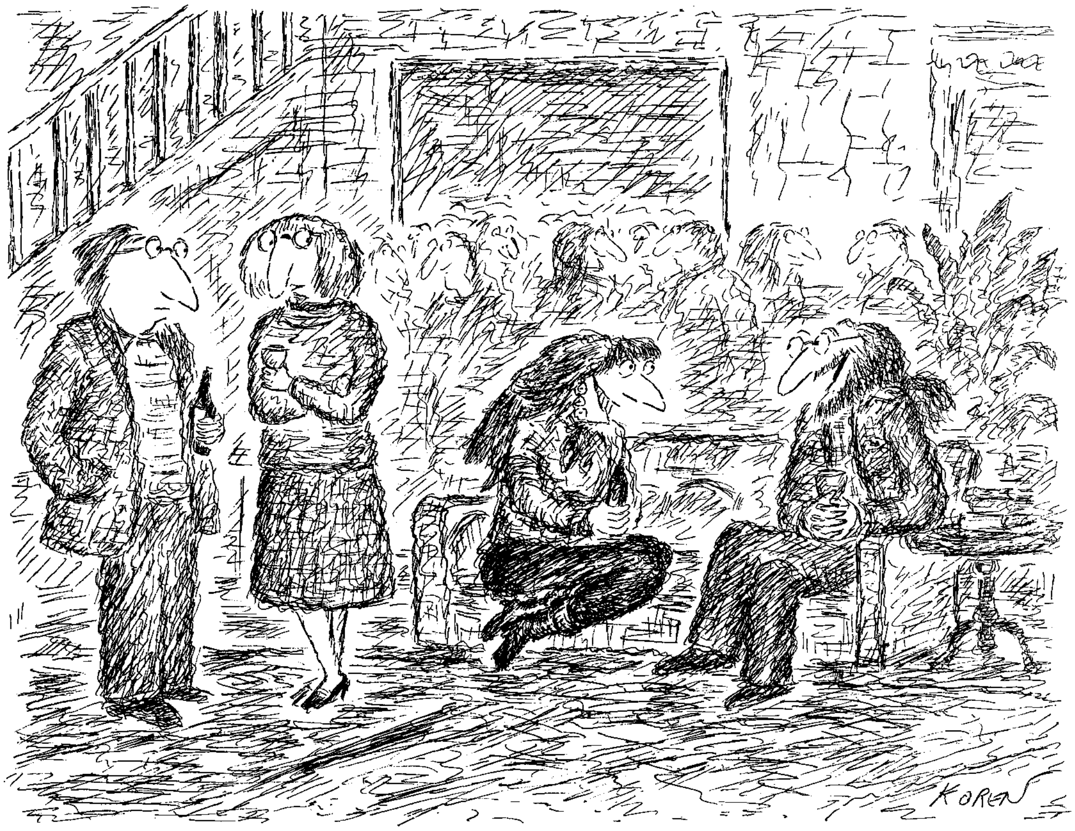
In the fall of 1970, Jones entered the State University of New York at Binghamton, where he joined the college track team. Sex led him to dance, in the form of Arnie Zane, who had graduated from the college, and who was the first man Jones slept with. When they met, in March of 1971, Jones was nineteen; Arnie was twenty-two, and was convinced that Jones's future lay not in track but in modern dance. Although Jones had already taken his first dance class, with Percival Borde, it was Zane who saw the stage as a shared vocation. Zane, of course, was white, as were all the men Jones slept with in those years: in the parlance of the subculture, Jones was a "snow queen." Not, Jones insists, because of any distaste for men who looked like him—on the contrary. When Jones was seventeen, he remembers, he went to visit an older brother in Rochester and walked in on him as he slept with his genitals exposed. Jones recounts, "I was aroused, and deeply ashamed of my arousal. I panicked and fled." So sleeping with a black man would have felt "incestuous"—like sleeping with a brother. With Arnie Zane, a short Italian-Jewish kid from Queens, there could be no such confusion.

His family represented another hurdle. Given "the brashness of the times," the early seventies, Jones was not inclined to keep secrets from his family any longer. The occasion when he brought Arnie home as his lover turned into a rather less dignified version of "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner." He seems to have memorized every detail of the fraught moment when Estella Jones commanded him to come to her bedroom, that house's "sanctum sanctorum": the neatly made bed, the chenille bedspread, the light that filtered through drawn curtains. And his mother's words to him, as she spoke her mind: "You gotta tell me somethin'. What you doin' fuckin' some man in the ass?"

Estella then summoned Arnie to the room and turned her wrathful attention to him: "Are you a man or a woman?" A man, Arnie told her. "If you a man, then how do I know you ain't gonna take my son over there, cross that water, and leave him?" Arnie promised her that he wouldn't abandon her son, that he would protect him. And then, in Jones's account, mother and lover shook on it. Bill and Arnie's partnership, which lasted for seventeen years, until Arnie's death, proved to be a major force in contemporary dance. It was never a relationship founded on sexual fidelity, but it seemed no less powerful for that.

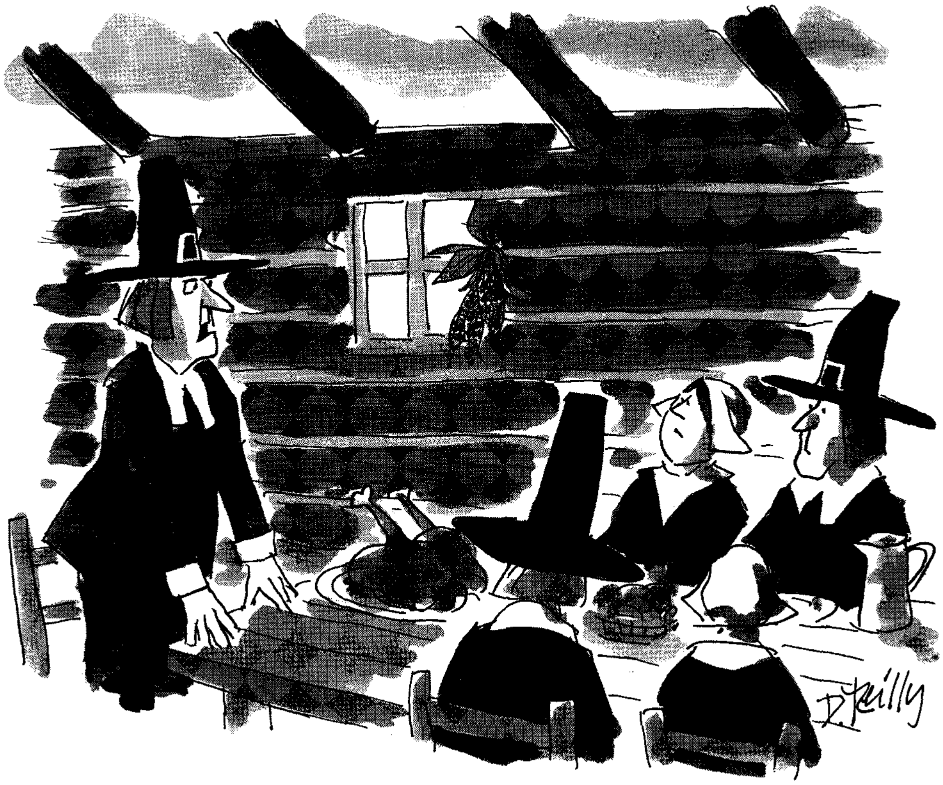
The first few years were nomadic—taking them from Amsterdam to San Francisco—and often hand-to-mouth. Then, in 1974, they returned to Binghamton to join with another dancer, Lois Welk, in reëstablishing her American Dance Asylum, a company that had disbanded a few years earlier. To make the rent, Zane worked as a go-go dancer and Jones worked in the laundry of a geriatric hospital, where he washed countless loads of adult diapers. The larger struggle, though, was artistic. It was to find an idiom that hadn't already been claimed: to work outside the vocabulary established by the pioneers of modern dance—the Martha Grahams, the José Limóns, the Doris Humphreys, the Paul Taylors, the Merce Cunninghams. And the Alvin Aileys. "When I came into the dance world," Jones says, "everyone told me I should go to New York and let Alvin Ailey finish me. But when I met that world I realized my temperament could not have flourished there. It was very regimented. Given where they had come from and what they had to prove, there was inevitably a lot of dogma. The aesthetic—like that in the Dance Theatre of Harlem—I find very conservative. People don't want to look like fools, and dance has to work for an audience. Black folks want to come in and have a good show."

But Jones was drifting toward a markedly different aesthetic. "I wanted to make a kind of art form inspired



"If you ask me, I'd say he was circa 1945 and she's circa 1965."

by the cinema I had been introduced to, the non-narrative cinema of the sixties," he says. "I loved Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix. I had been at Woodstock." If he was out of sympathy with high modernism, he was equally unwilling to submit to the strictures of the "black arts" movement of the day, with its ideology of black cultural purity. "I was not a black nationalist. In the days when there were two camps, I was in the King camp. Malcolm X I didn't really know about, the rhetoric didn't have much to do with me. I had grown up since the age of twelve with white folks, people who had really shown me the greatest care outside of my family—sometimes even more than my family, because they could see things in me that I couldn't show at home. So when I came into the dance world I came in as an avant-gardist," influenced by the postmodernist manifestos of the choreographer and filmmaker Yvonne Rainer. These were the days when Jones would proudly insist that he was an artist first, a black man second. "The way I acknowledged my blackness was that I used it as a style of performance. All that stuff has to be refined."



"Yet, even as we give thanks for the blessings we've secured for ourselves and our program, we must be mindful of the danger of everybody and his brother lining up to grab the next ship over."

• •

YOU will find on Jones's résumé numerous dance works that he created in this period. Something that isn't on the résumé is that when Jones was around twenty-nine he became a father. He speaks of this in an almost chastened tone, punctuated with moments of defensiveness. Clearly, those were heady days: "I had reinvented myself. I was being recognized as an artist." And, just as headily, "I was flirting with girls, and guys, and doing anything." Jones was an artist-in-residence in Black Hawk County, Iowa, when he became involved with an attractive woman from inner-city Detroit, who worked as a teacher's aide. "She and I started this hot and heavy thing, every night for about a month," he says. Jones told her about Zane, but she didn't really believe it. "She told me, 'You ain't no freak.' We had relations that were *real.* That was no problem." But when the residency was over and it was time for Jones to go home, she was distraught. Later, he learned that she had given birth to his child.

"I went over to look at the child—a pretty little girl, very dark. I was trying to see myself in her. The child did not want anything to do with me. I had brought a little stuffed animal from Chicago, and the child spent the whole time beating me with it, while I sat next to her mother. The mother and I immediately fell right back into that thing. I couldn't believe it. Then she called, really upset, and she said, 'I can't handle this baby. I'm a single woman. Do you want this child?' " As it happened, Jones and Zane had been trying to adopt a baby, to no avail. "And now, suddenly, I had my *own* baby, a godsend." Jones and Zane spent a week searching their souls, and considering how they could rearrange their lives. "Then she called back and said, 'Are you crazy? I wouldn't give my child to you. I just wasn't feeling good that day. What I need for you is to send me two hundred dollars.' And she said, 'I don't want the child to know who you are. I don't want the child to know her father is a freak.' " Jones tells me this in a voice that is almost a whisper.

We are sitting together in his room, at a Radisson Hotel in Minneapolis. Jones is slumped in an armchair, one elegant leg flung over the side. His sense of injury seems real, though I can only wonder about the woman's side of the story. I ask him how it feels to be a father. He says, "My mother is on me all the time, 'When are you going to find my granddaughter?' So when you ask how does it feel to be a father, well, I feel like an embarrassment. One thing, in a family like mine, being the gay son, I've felt I'm somehow morally above my brothers. My brothers were gangsters in terms of women's lives. I was superior to that, or so I thought. So how do I feel? I feel irresponsible. Too bad there's another black child in the world without a father."

Then there is a surge of ire. Jones sits up very straight. "She didn't want me around. And she won. She has our 'issue,' as they say. I hope my daughter finds me. That will be one angry teen-ager." He softens, reflects: "I know I could find *her*, but I'm not ready."

Near the time that Jones gained and lost his daughter, his father died. Jones tells me a story of bringing his father to the doctor's office a few years earlier, after he had suffered a stroke. "He looked across the waiting room and there sat an old black gentleman. Probably a widower. My father said to me, 'See that old guy over there? He could be a gay.' He said, 'You know, there are a lot of them. And you know? They look normal, like anybody else. They get married, too. They could be together for years and years. They really care about each other.' Now, I'd been with Arnie since 1971, so they knew the deal. But what my father did then was to look at me. To give me permission to have a 'normal life.' I always thanked him for that. It wasn't overt, but it was very sweet. And it was what I needed to hear."

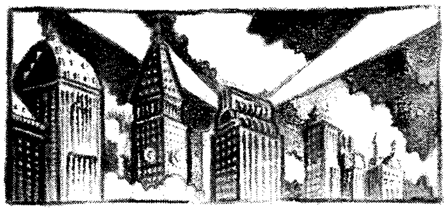
As the seventies wound to a close, Jones's professional career was still unsettled, still in transition. Having rejected the discipline of the modernist pioneers, Jones found himself chafing at the indifference to audience which was cultivated by many of his vanguardist colleagues. It was a sentiment summed up in the notorious title of an article by the serialist composer Milton Babbitt: "Who Cares If You Listen?" Jones recalls the time as one in which "you were supposed to be anti-performer, when the post-modern pretensions of the day stipulated that we weren't performing but doing activities for you, which you're allowed to watch." Jones was unabashed about the fact that he was indeed performing, and performing for an audience. Yet his relation to that audience was, to say the least, ambivalent. Elizabeth Zimmer, the dance editor at the *Village Voice* and a longtime booster of Jones's, says, "What's unusual about him is that dancers, by and large, keep their mouths shut. But Bill talks. And he's been talking from the beginning." Of course, what he's had to say hasn't always been welcome. Jones now declares, "I was saying two things—'I love you/I hate you'—but audiences heard only the anger. People would say, 'These folks are paying to see you. Why are you seducing them and then attacking them?' That craziness came from the sense of smugness that the avant-garde has—the pretense that we are beyond those issues of class, of race."

Nor was his relationship with Zane unaffected by such tensions: "Black-white, black-Jewish—it was tough. Going to therapy was one of those survival things. He went first, and then talked me into going. I'd say to the therapist, 'Arnie's racist!' She'd say everyone is racist, but you must judge people by what they do." Jones recalls another moment of "tearful anger" in therapy. "I was complaining about being used. And my therapist said, 'You *are* being used. Why shouldn't you be used, since you refuse to use yourself?' " At the time, Jones felt that Zane had shaped his career while Jones let himself sit back "as a pure force of nature."

Then, in the eighties, the prevailing ethos changed, and the notion of a black sensibility came into vogue in the downtown scene. For one thing, "multiculturalism" arrived, with much piety and posture; but in its train were some genuine innovation and originality. "It became de rigueur, just as the art world went looking for black artists at this time," he says. Bill T. Jones was coming into his own. Other artists, including black artists who were clearer about their racial allegiances, regarded his ascent with a measure of cynicism.

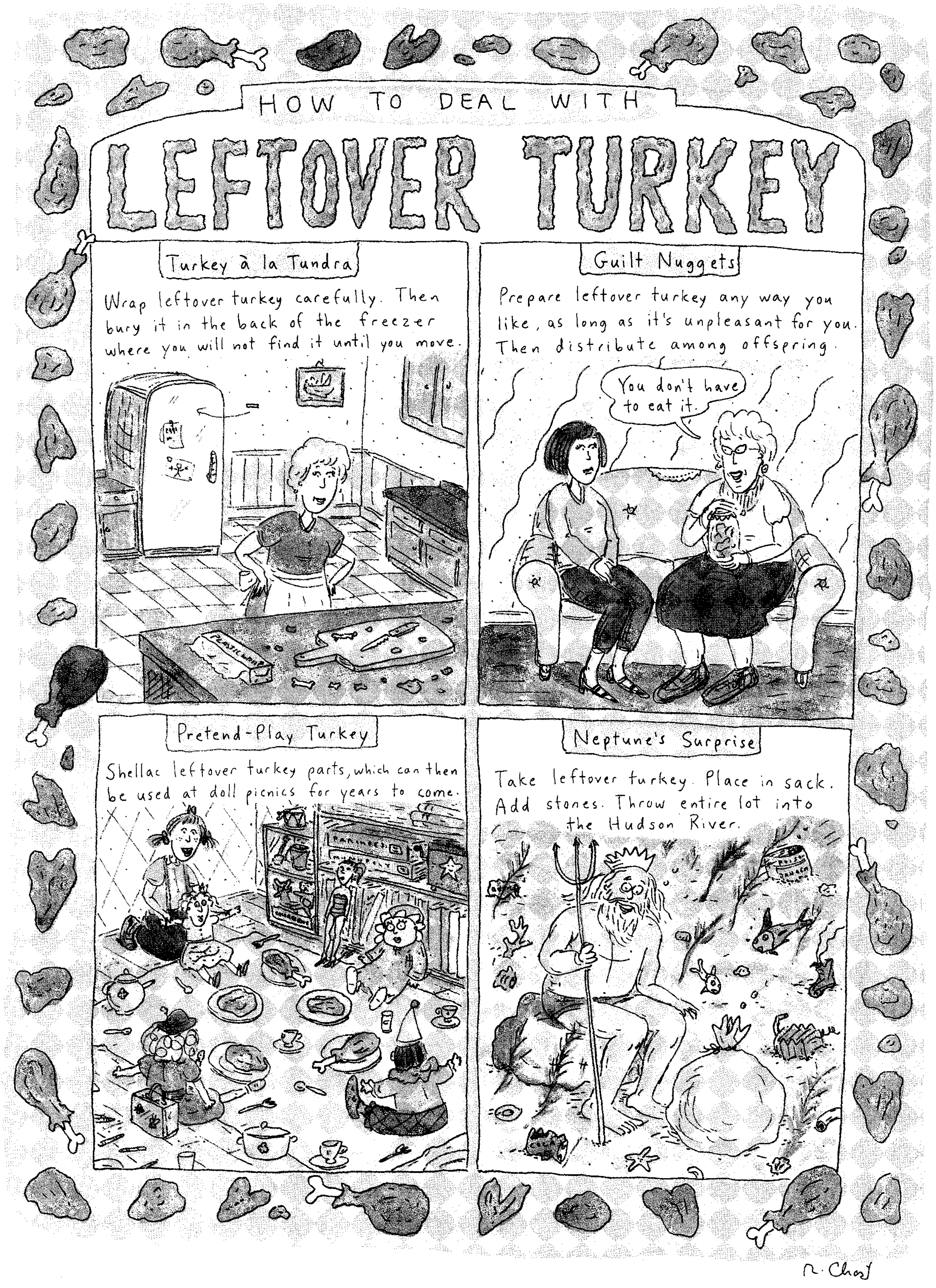
"Who was I? Was I the House Negro?" Jones asks now. "Well, yes and no. Except look who I came with." It was in 1982 that Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Company was founded. The slash, of course, does not do justice to the complexity of the pairing. For if black was in fashion, a white partner could be something of a critical encumbrance. Jones's brow furrows when he recalls the critical animosity toward his partner: " 'Jones is so good-looking, he moves with animal power, but who's that little malignant frog?' A 'malignant frog'—which is what one critic called Arnie. Or take Robert Pierce, who said that Jones and Zane are like oil and water on the stage, and that you wonder why Zane is even on the stage with him." Jones's voice is hard: "Arnie wasn't a traditional dancer. He didn't look like one, he didn't even move like one. But why do you want to exclude that from the picture? Why was the picture so much easier to understand if I was left alone? 'Well, he's just so much better a dancer.' No, that's not it! It's *easier* that way."

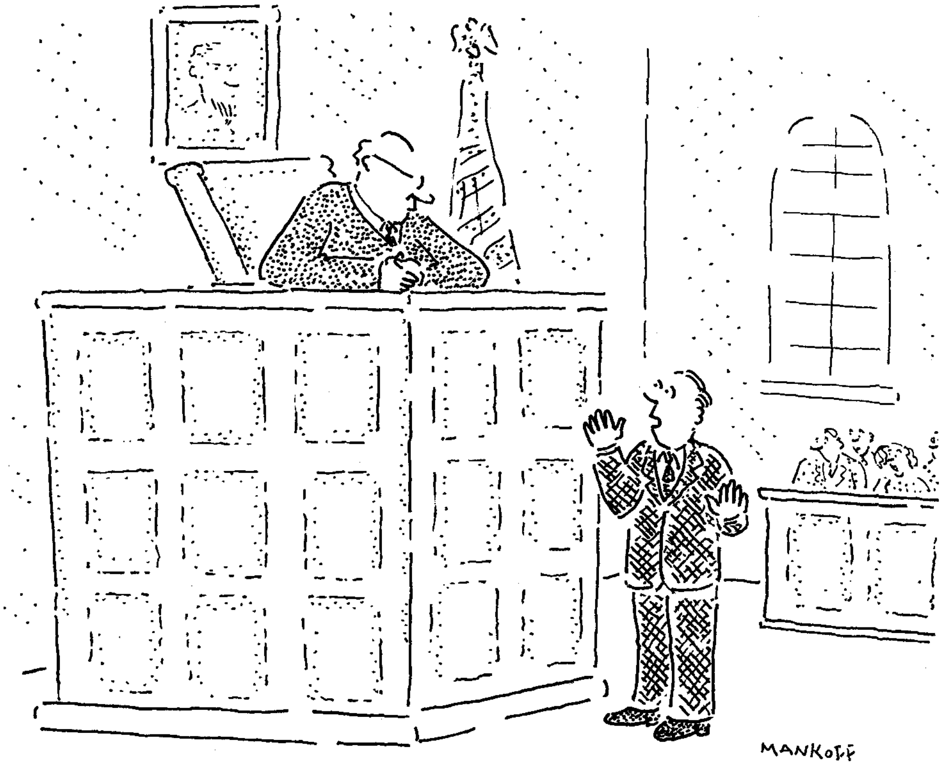
In an as-yet-unpublished autobiographical manuscript, written with the assistance of Peggy Gillespie, Jones recounts going to gay bathhouses with Zane in the late seventies and early eighties. Upon arriving, each would go his own way. He describes the Byzantine courtesies of anonymous gay sex, seemingly as elaborate and as recondite to the uninitiated as the bowing practices of the Japanese. "Often you'd come across a group of men—a 'desirable' surrounded by several men vying to be chosen," he recalls. These were the years in which he "positioned" himself as a desirable. "I would advertise my body quietly, discreetly. If someone wanted me, I would choose." Sometimes he found himself pursued by people he had no interest in—presumptuous, pushy people. "On the other hand, some undesired 'suitors' seemed decent and needy. When they put their hands on me, their entreating touch merited a gentle rebuke and an apologetic smile." In the course of these visits, he found himself "rejecting and accepting up to eight men a night." He says that the dances he and Arnie were making at the time were energetic, kinetic, and that the activity in the bathhouses seemed, by comparison, "to unfold in slow motion."



AIDS, too, works in slow motion, and it entered their lives in 1985. "Arnie had been ailing for a while," Jones told me. "He had an abscess that wouldn't heal, and rashes. We had a close friend who had died in 1981 of gay-related immune deficiency—what they had been calling the 'gay cancer.' No one was sure what it was. The test came into widespread use in 1985. We got tested. The doctor—it's just like yesterday—said, 'Arnie, it's as you thought, you are H.I.V.-positive and you have an AIDS-related illness. And, Bill, you are positive, too.' " Then the couple drove from the East Village clinic back to their home, in Nyack, and let the news sink in. "I must admit, were I to dance the moment, it would be that," he says, gesturing to an imaginary person at his side. "Because for two years, it was all about him. He was the one we were taking care of. I was in good health. I was his rock. So I didn't really think about it. Of course, there was a little catch—my being positive—but I could handle it. I think that only when he died was I really able to begin to think about the ramifications for myself."

At Arnie Zane's deathbed, Bill T. Jones staged a sort of performance: something that, he says, "I orchestrated with twenty-one people in the house." There were three of Jones's sisters, who sang songs like "They Are Falling All Around Me," by Sweet Honey in the Rock. There was a rabbi who spoke about the Book of Genesis; there was a woman who sang songs in Yiddish; there was Arnie Zane,


HOW TO DEAL WITH
LEFTOVER TURKEY
Turkey à la Tundra
Wrap leftover turkey carefully. Then bury it in the back of the freezer where you will not find it until you move.
PLASTIC WRAP
Guilt Nuggets
Prepare leftover turkey any way you like, as long as it's unpleasant for you. Then distribute among offspring.
You don't have to eat it.
Pretend-Play Turkey
Shellac leftover turkey parts, which can then be used at doll picnics for years to come.
Neptune's Surprise
Take leftover turkey. Place in sack. Add stones. Throw entire lot into the Hudson River.
R. Chast



"What can I say? Embezzlement happens."

• •

in bed, floating in and out of consciousness, hooked up to a morphine I.V. drip. At one point, Zane said, "I'm so tired, take my shoes off, I want to go now."

Jones urged Zane to hold on, telling him that the dancers would soon be arriving. In due course, the members of the dance company joined the others. Zane's parents had also been summoned. Rhodessa says that Zane's mother was initially so upset by the spectacle that she had to be persuaded not to leave, and that there were others, too, "who felt disgusted by the whole thing, who felt their emotions were being manipulated."

In some sense, what Jones orchestrated was an elaboration of an old African-American custom, and Rhodessa uses a traditional formulation when she says, "We took him over, we crossed him over." At the moment Zane died, Jones sang the spiritual "Amen." And yet there may be a distinction between ritual and theatre, even if only one of degree.

Somehow, Jones seems not altogether easy with the memory. Perhaps he is less confident that a death can be *performed*, like a wedding or a bar mitzvah or a dance composition. Perhaps it is the boundary between intimacy and publicity that he is reconsidering. When I try to imagine the theatre Jones created, I am not sure whether Zane was part of the performance or part of the audience. I do know that Jones, not Zane, was the choreographer. Jones sounds almost humble when he says, "I don't know what he wanted. He didn't talk about it."

DANCE critics refer to Jones's current work as representing a third phase, the first phase having been the stylized American Dance Asylum performances of the seventies, and the second having been the turn the Jones/Zane partnership took from the formation of the company, in 1982, until death put their collaboration asunder in 1988. It is this third phase—producing such powerful works as "Absence" and "Last Night on Earth"—that has, in general, been the most celebrated. Though Jones bristles at those who spoke slightingly of Zane, there are critics who will tell you that while Zane made Jones into a modern dancer he also held him back. One of them says bluntly, "Had it not been for Arnie Zane, Bill would have been on Broadway—he would have been Gregory Hines. But the truth is, he's a much stronger artist than Arnie, and since Arnie's death he's really blossomed. Arnie was leading him in a direction that was superficial."

But Zane's contribution was not restricted to his artistic vision. There was also the matter of body consciousness. Jones says he did not grow up thinking he was pretty. "And you know what? Arnie helped. Because that's the way he photographed me. And the way he talked about black bodies. The Leni Riefenstahl effect: exotic beauty. And it transcended the fetish." If Jones had been, in the subcultural parlance, a snow queen, that subculture accorded his white counterparts—those, that is, who "talked about black bodies" as Zane did—the less savory designation "dinge queen."

And here we reach a rather ticklish matter. The black body has, of course, been demonized in Western culture: represented as ogreish, coarse, and highly, menacingly sexualized. But the black body has also been valorized, represented, perceived as darkly alluring—still highly, menacingly sexualized but, well, in a *good* way. And this, historically, is its ambiguous dual role in the Western imagination. The hypersexualized body of the Southern lyncher's imagination produced, as its harvest, the "strange fruit" of Billie Holiday's famous blues song: black bodies swinging from trees. But then there is the equally hypersexualized body of, say, Robert Mapplethorpe's imagination: marmoreal expanses of flesh, contours, creases, and crevices all ripely gleaming with an eroticized burnish, massive genitals in the foreground—another strange fruit, perhaps? Mapplethorpe's relation to black masculinity has frequently been denounced as "exoticizing," "fetishizing," "objectifying." And so it is. But such critiques cannot acknowledge that there may be something salutarily subversive in the way it inserts black bodies into the Western fine-art traditions of the nude—so that, as the black cultural critic Kobena Mercer slyly writes, "with the tilt of the pelvis, the black man's bum becomes a Brancusi." Jones rolls his eyes when he talks about Nureyev's rumored list of "black hustlers with the biggest dicks in the world." He asks rhetorically, "Would that be racist?" Yet if it is racist when Mapplethorpe evinces this "objectifying" gaze, why isn't it equally so when Bill T. Jones solicits it? "I've done my share of promoting racial bias," Jones says matter-of-factly. "I'm no innocent to the racial bias that comes of being born into this culture." Crucially, as Jones admits, he does not disavow the gaze of white fascination: he works within it, plays with it, *uses* it. He is accustomed to taking advantage of it—both onstage and in bed. "I've been there in situations where I've known what the deal is. Having sex with somebody and you don't really *want* to hear what he's whispering under his breath as he's allowing you to molest him, or whatever his fantasy is. It's scary—and fascinating."

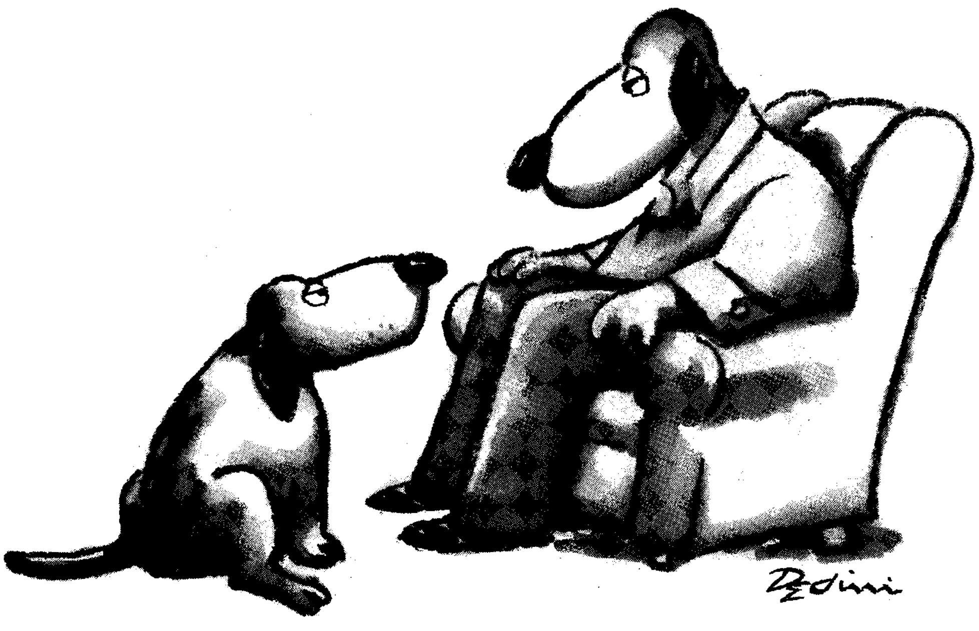
But the romance of the skin has its costs. "Look, I have made a career of facing it. My eroticism, my sensuality onstage is always coupled with a wild anger and belligerence. I know that I can be food for fantasy, but at the same time I'm a person with a history—and that history is in part the history of exploitation. And I am joining it, and this costs me something, and I want you to know that it costs me something." To him there's an important difference between exploiting yourself and being exploited by another. So it's not that Jones doesn't want to be objectified; it's just that he wants to be the one to do it. When Mapplethorpe asked if he could photograph Jones, he felt uneasy about ceding that control to another. "I told him, 'I feel a little weird about being photographed by you,' " Jones recalls. "I think he had a lot of trouble dealing with black men as people, even with me. Was I flattered by it? Yeah, of course, on some level I was. But I was not stupid, either. I knew the game. I have used it in my work: the objectification of my own body, knowing when to take your shirt off, to get up close to somebody. There's a whole dynamic that I've worked with. You can fetishize yourself." In the end, Jones agreed to be Mapplethorpe's subject, but first they reached an understanding: "No dick—that was the understanding."

This is *not* an understanding that obtains in many of Jones's performances—a fact that has got him in trouble on occasion. One somewhat notorious incident took place last summer, when he was performing a solo outdoors at a swank fundraiser for his company in the Hamptons. Jones's performance became exceedingly site-specific, his interaction with the audience rather too intimate. "I kissed one woman in the audience on the mouth," he says slowly. "Sitting near her was a very handsome young man. I went over and kissed *him* on the mouth. All things were being played with, mind you. I know the effect I have when I touch someone. I was stripped down to the waist. And then I saw the children, the children of two prospective board members. The father was standing behind them. It was a blond family, very attractive. I looked at the children, and I was thinking what was there that would take it out of the realm of being posh. And that's when I did it." What he did was to drop his pants and expose himself in front of the two children. "I went over to them, and I looked at the two little innocents sitting there. And that was that: I pulled my pants back up and went on with my performance." Though Jones later apologized, he is still bemused at the sequelae of this spur-of-the-moment impulse, which ended up as an item in the press. "It was only seconds, purposely only a moment. It was like a Japanese Kabuki *mie*—the act when an intense moment happens and the protagonist stops to make a pose and crosses one eye. When that happens, the Japanese in the audience who know Kabuki shout the performer's name with excitement."

No one shouted Jones's name in Long Island. The audience was stunned and appalled. Jones recalls that the father later brought his daughter over and instructed her to ask Jones why he had done this: " 'Go ahead, *ask* him!' " I don't know what he told them; what he told me was that it was a way of "specifically making reference to the power of my body, and the taboo that it represents." It's an explanation that seems curiously inadequate to the assaultive quality of the act, even in a theatre of transgression.

And nudity, in Jones's work, can be enlisted for more complex purposes—for communion rather than affront. At the end of his last major dance composition, "Last Supper at Uncle Tom's Cabin/The Promised Land" (1990), company members and forty or fifty local people, recruited for the purpose, appear naked onstage. Jones says, "It was a piece that had been about the things that separate people, and I thought, What is the most direct way I could talk about unity, and the risk that we take on all levels with our bodies? Get a sixty-five-year-old grandmother to be naked with a twenty-year-old strapping black man. Get a three-hundred-pound man to be naked—he was so fat the dick disappeared under the folds of his stomach. But they trusted me." And, he says, they believed in the project. "This piece that started off talking about slavery was, at the end, the ultimate vision of freedom. Because the nudity became a metaphor for our true commonality. Do you care at that point who's the millionaire, who's gay, who's the wife-beating heterosexual? Do you care at that moment?"

JONES'S artistic attentions have more recently focussed on another aspect of our shared humanity—dying. It has been almost a decade since Jones learned he was H.I.V.-positive, and though, as he's quick to say, he could be stricken tomorrow, he has never been in a hospital



"I've grown, and you haven't."

in his life. "That's the result of three hundred years of selective breeding. I've got a lot of good genes," he says, laughing. Completely asymptomatic, he does not take medicine, except for Zovirax—"purely precautionary against any little infection that might come up." What *has* changed as a result of the scourge is the body of his work, where themes of mourning and mortality now figure large. In 1992, Jones began conducting "Survival Workshops" in eleven cities across the country with people who were dealing or had dealt with life-threatening illnesses. These were four-hour sessions with small groups. Candidates, who ranged in age from eleven to seventy-five, were identified with the help of the Cancer Society, AIDS hospices, the local Red Cross. Jones prepared a promotional tape for them, which explained that he was after raw material for his art. "I'm not a therapist, I'm a man and an artist who is looking for information," he states flatly.

Participants in these Survival Workshops were filmed as Jones asked them a battery of highly specific questions: How did they learn their diagnosis? Where were they then—what was the room like? Who was the person who notified them? What did they do afterward? He also asked them to imagine their death. "Take us to your death," he said. "You're not going to have this chance in life. This is the one you want. You can own it—it's yours. What are the people around you saying? What are you thinking? What's the last thing you see, the last thing you say?" If the process can sound almost cruelly exploitative, the results are not. In each workshop, there is a moment when the participants form a chain and begin to literalize Jones's request to take us to their deaths. It's an image—that of a small group of triumphant souls, weary but determined, arms linked in a gloriously liminal dance with death—that's reminiscent of the one that concludes Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal."

Certainly it has helped him transcend the ambit of his immediate personal concerns: he has moved from the specificity of AIDS—all too gravid with that metaphoric yoking of sex with death, of *Liebestod*—to the larger condition of mortality. His latest work, "Still/Here," is less a poetics of death than a poetics of survival—or, in the current term of art, "managing mortality." It incorporates material gathered at the Survival Workshops, reassembled and set to music by the composer Kenneth Frazelle and by the rock guitarist Vernon Reid, of Living Colour. Frazelle's compositions are performed by the folksinger Odetta and by the Lark String Quartet; Reid's pieces are performed in a grittier, electronic register. The juxtaposition of the styles is oddly effective. Supporting the spectacle are video images by Gretchen Bender, costumes by Liz Prince, and lighting by Robert Wierzel.

I join an audience of about a hundred dance students at a lecture-demonstration held in the Northrop Auditorium, where Jones and members of his company explain the composition of the work. An example is the segment entitled "Tawnni's Blues." "Tawnni," Jones tells us, "was the most wonderful sprite you might ever want to meet. Even though she was literally drowning in the fluids in her lungs, she loved to talk. She'd been a gymnast, and she wanted to do all those things again. I made this trio for her." A tape is played. "My name is Tawnni Simpson," a voice says, coughing. "I think about why the hell me? Why am *I* still living, and all my friends that I've been in the hospital with are all dead? . . . I think about that constantly. But I try not to dwell on it. . . . Because you're special—that's what everybody says. . . . God has plans for you." As Tawnni speaks, Frazelle's guitar- and drum-based music keeps pace as an undercurrent, and two dancers do a sort of contemporary pas de deux.

Soon after, Jones illustrates the moment of diagnosis. "People with life-threatening illnesses have a joke—they call it the proverbial hit-by-a-truck scenario, because doctors apparently use that line frequently when informing them that they have a terminal illness. How does a choreographer begin to find a vocabulary for finding out really bad news? So we decided on the notion of being hit by something. And we tried tackling." The danc-

PARKINSON'S DISEASE

While spoon-feeding him with one hand
she holds his hand with her other hand,
or rather lets it rest on top of his,
which is permanently clenched shut.
When he turns his head away, she reaches
around and puts in the spoonful blind.
He will not accept the next morsel
until he has completely chewed this one.
His bright squint tells her he finds
the shrimp she has just put in delicious.
Next to the voice and touch of those we love,
food may be our last pleasure on earth—
a man on death row takes his T-bone
in small bites and swishes each sip
of the jug wine around in his mouth,
tomorrow will be too late for them to jolt
this supper out of him. She strokes
his head very slowly, as if to cheer up
each separate discomfited hair sticking up
from its roots in his stricken brain.
Standing behind him, she presses her cheek
to his, kisses his jowl, and his eyes seem
to stop seeing and do nothing but emit light.
Could heaven be a time, after we are dead,
of remembering the knowledge
flesh had from flesh? The flesh
of his face is hard, perhaps
from years spent facing down others
until they fell back, and harder
from years of being himself faced down

and falling back in his turn, and harder still
from all the while frowning and beaming
and worrying and shouting and probably
letting go in rages. His face softens
into a kind of quizzical wince, as if one
of the other animals were working at
getting the knack of the human smile.
When picking up a cookie he uses
both thumbtips to grip it
and push it against an index finger
to secure it so that he can lift it.
She takes him then to the bathroom,
and when they come out, she is facing him,
walking backwards in front of him
and holding his hands, pulling him
when he stops, reminding him to step
when he forgets and starts to pitch forward.
She is leading her old father into the future
as far as they can go, and she is walking
him back into her childhood, where she stood
in bare feet on the toes of his shoes
and they foxtrotted on this same rug.
I watch them closely: she could be teaching him
the last steps that one day she may teach me.
At this moment, he glints and shines,
as if it will be only a small dislocation
for him to pass from this paradise into the next.

—GALWAY KINNELL

ers then tackle each other, two at a time.

The portly dancer Lawrence Goldhuber talks—as he does in the performance itself—about his mother, who recently succumbed to cancer and had participated in a Survival Workshop in New York: about the devastations of chemotherapy, about her glabrous pate, about the translucency of her skin. "I told her she looked like a sperm," he says mordantly. "I've seen a lot of this kind of death lately. You know, the slow, bit-by-bit kind. So I can just go on, and pretend that it's normal, because it's become normal. Ever since I watched Arnie die, six years ago, it's been non-stop. And you know what? It's always the same."

At this point in the demonstration, a young woman seated across the aisle from me begins to sob. "That's how my father looked the last time I saw him," she says thickly.

Later Goldhuber talks about the numbing effects of working with this material every day. "The impact it had at first was tremendous. And then I found I've become a little callous to it—not unfeeling, but it becomes part of the everyday story. It's lost the intense emotional impact for me."

"And I always say that it's art, not life," Jones puts in. "And that's a very important distinction to make, particularly when you're trying to reflect on life."

AND, of course, on death. A few days after Jones and I spoke in Milwaukee, the papers carried the news that the black dancer and choreographer Pearl Primus, a legendary figure in modern dance, had died, at age seventy-four. Inevitably, we talk of her when we next meet, in Minneapolis. "She was breathtaking as a performer, with thighs like steel," Jones tells me, "but I can't say that she always drew me warmly to her bosom." Then he relates a story about how Primus, who had immersed herself in traditional African cultures, laid a curse on him. Percival Borde, Jones's teacher in college, had been her husband. In the early eighties, Jones appeared on a Future of Black Dance panel at the Brooklyn Academy of Music: "I was the young upstart, the person who said, 'I'm an artist first, a black person second'—that 'my blackness is only as important as I make it.' " But where he got in trouble was when he mentioned his favorite choreographers. "I mentioned Merce Cunningham, I mentioned Alvin Ailey—but I didn't mention Percy. He was not a choreographer of the same stripe as Merce Cunningham. And Miss Pearl! I can almost picture her coming down and turning three times and cursing me. She said, 'You will be sorry for this! Percival is turning over in his grave. You will *regret* this!' It was *cold*. I said to myself, 'Lady, you got the power, but I've got the power, too.' I showed respect for her. I'd done nothing wrong."

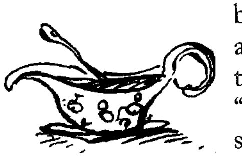
Certainly Jones's relations with his colleagues in the dance world are not uncomplicated. "I don't know of anybody right now who gets written about more than I," he says. "So there are a lot of levels on which they are meeting me. They're meeting this H.I.V.-positive person. They're meeting this artist, and they might be dubious about his work. Some people avoid meeting you, some go out of their way to meet you. I represent a lot of things, one of which is the question 'Is *this* the Zeitgeist? Is this the artist who deserves to be there?' " (Rhodessa says she grew up thinking of Bill as one of her "three nappy-headed little brothers"; now, she laughs, "sometimes I feel like Shakespeare's sister.") Jones says of his peers, "They are split about it. You have to be able to read between the lines." As you do in the world of dance critics. Not that he is suffering any dearth of veneration. *Newsweek's* dance critic, Laura Shapiro, called "Still/Here" "a work so original and profound that its place among the landmarks of 20th century dance seems ensured." I've heard others describe it as a terpsichorean counterpart to Tony Kushner's "Angels in America." René Sirvin, writing in *Le Figaro*, said that it landed "like a punch in the stomach" and deemed it "one of the major events" at the festival where it had its début.

But Bill T. Jones's ultimate stature as a choreographer remains controversial. One critic tells me, "Jones is a charismatic performer, but, structurally, his choreography often leaves something to be desired. His work is best when he is in it. It's also true that Bill hit his stride when the dance boom was over—a lot of the talent was really decimated by AIDS. That's why he and Mark Morris have the stage to themselves. And among black artists today who work in this vein he's far and away the strongest. Still, the reason he's getting so many awards so soon is that people aren't gambling on his surviving: they're giving it to him now." It is clearly a commonplace, albeit usually an unspoken one, that the fact that Jones is both H.I.V.-positive and black has more than a little to do with his having received so many laurels so early in his career.

Jones is not unaware of the skeptics. "My critics say that I'm a bad artist, because I don't really know how to dance. 'Art does this, politics does this, and social work does this,' they say. I don't recognize these boundaries." For him, art is testimony. And he values performance far more than purity. Jones *is* a formalist, plainly, but those who like their form unadulterated find his attraction to multimedia theatre a betrayal of what they recognize as dance proper.

The critic Elizabeth Zimmer says, "You have to understand that his genre is multidisciplinary dance theatre. Bill sometimes tries to stuff a twenty-pound turkey into a ten-pound bag. People want neat, pleasing elegance—single-medium artists are baffled sometimes by what he does."

Jones's relation to black culture is as complicated as his relation to the main currents of modern dance. Yet among many black artists and intellectuals, Jones commands enormous respect; he is often taken to represent a new wave of black creativity. The poet Maya Angelou says he reminds her of James Baldwin; Jessye Norman describes him as "the most soulful dancer I know." Even Arthur Mitchell—who, as a former Balanchine dancer and the founder of the Dance Theatre of Harlem, seems in so many ways Jones's opposite—calls Jones "one of the finest dance artists I've ever seen."



For his part, Jones maintains, "Artists today are criticized for being esoteric and politically correct. I'm more interested in authenticity than in originality. If originality comes, that's great. I also want to represent beauty. My paradigms of beauty have been shaped by a great deal of Eurocentric work. I want to know how pure, abstract forms work. I want to know how language can put them together." (In this vein, he talks about a "quotation" from Balanchine's neoclassical ballet "Serenade" which he inserted in a work he created for the Alvin Ailey company, and lashes out at Anna Kisselgoff, the chief dance critic for the *Times*, who, he says, wondered if he wasn't making fun of the great master. "In other words, it was 'hands off,' " he glosses.)

But it is pointless for a controversialist to bemoan controversy, and Jones is clearly still negotiating between the impersonal ideals of avant-gardism and his more populist, and personal, passions. "An artist doesn't *have* to do anything," Jones says expansively. "I know that that's an invitation to irresponsibility, but I think it's true. Artists should be the freest people in society. They don't have to pander to anyone's philosophy. But they'd better be telling me something authentic." Jones may be suspicious of race-based aesthetics, but he also maintains, "I can't even quite begin to position myself in the world matrix without taking on the issue of my humanity as a black man." Well, then, does it bother him that a black audience will probably never respond to his work as did the audiences at the première of "Still/Here," in Lyons? "I make the art that I have to make and know how to make. It has to do with where I've been, with where I've been educated. It's hard to involve the black community in that." He points out that the dance companies that have a larger black audience are those with a more familiar aesthetic, like the Dance Theatre of Harlem. "I have some of those people, some adventurous persons. But my own audiences are still dominated by the white avant-garde." He remains chary of the rhetoric of black unity, and skeptical about the prospects of black-supported institutions—black patronage for black artists. "Yes, some black people will make out. People like us. But where are our David Geffens? Blacks will come and they will be ruthless. There used to be a time when everyone was my brother or sister, but I don't know if that's really the case anymore."

In his still unfinished autobiographical manuscript Jones writes, "I will never grow old. My hands will never be discolored with the spots of age. I will never have varicose veins. My balls will never become pendulous, hanging down as old men's balls do. My penis will never be shriveled. My legs will never be spindly. My belly, never big and heavy. My shoulders never stooped, rounded, like my mother's shoulders are. . . . My face will never wrinkle. . . . My teeth will never yellow." Bill T. Jones will never grow old. Recalling the passage, I later ask Jones the sort of questions he'd asked members of the Survival Workshops. For I wonder about the death of a performance artist, someone whose most intensely remembered moments are moments of spectacle: the man who watched Jones as he slept with his first girlfriend; the deathbed theatre that Jones arranged for his partner of seventeen years; the sense of transport he has achieved on the stage. I try to imagine a life dedicated to the incursion of performance where performance might have seemed out of place; a craft dedicated to the exposure of his own physicality, and to the "gaze" of which he so often speaks.

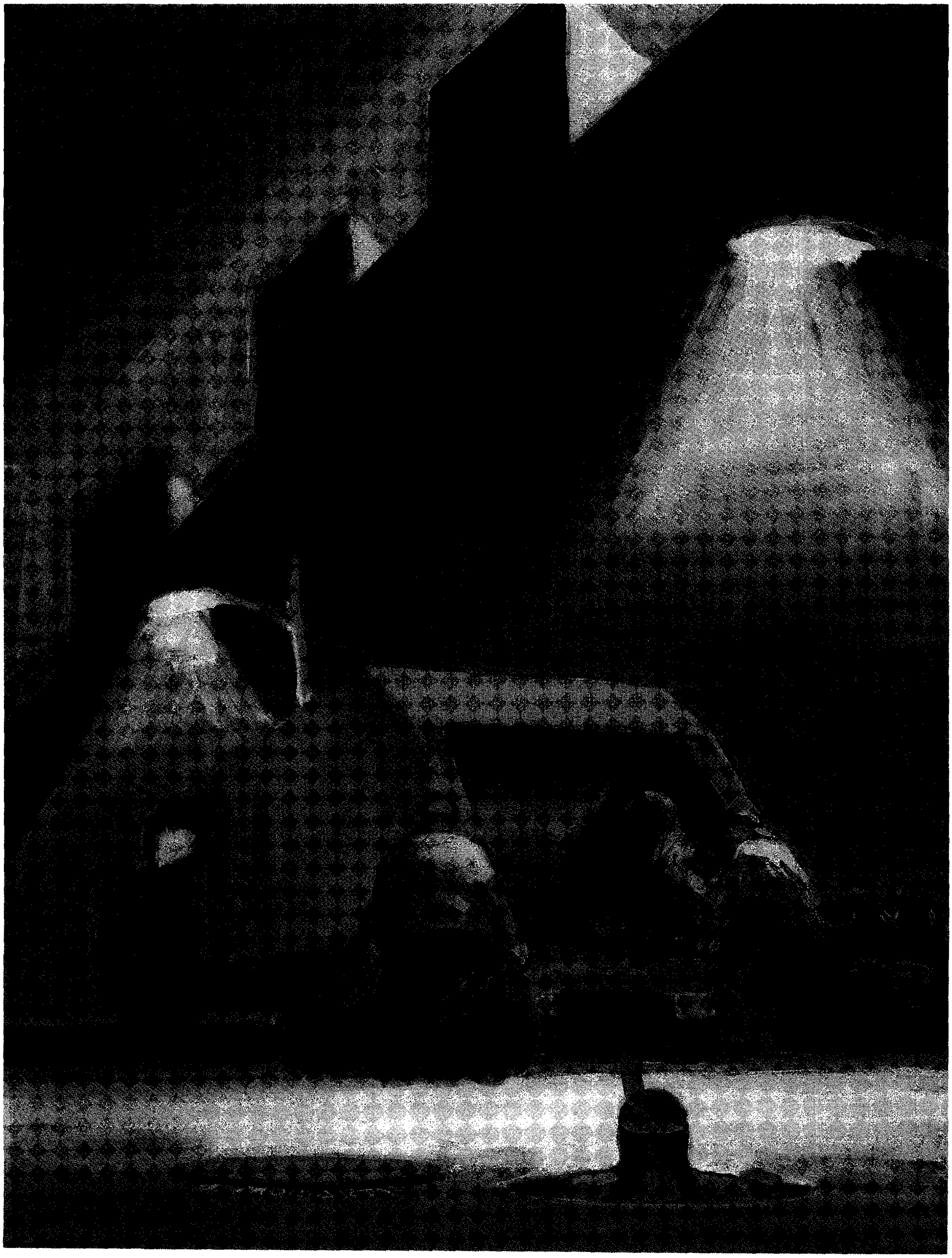
"Take us to your death," he had asked members of his Survival Workshops. And so, as we sit together in his hotel room, I ask him to describe his last night on earth. I don't ask him whether he imagines his own death as having an audience, but I am curious. Must it, too, be performance?

Slowly, as if visualizing every detail, he tells me his suicide fantasy. In his scenario, he says, his affairs would be in order. The Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Foundation would be out of debt. His will would be in place. Bjorn would be among the living, still healthy, still here. His gaze drifts off. He tells me that his death would be at home, in Nyack, but it wouldn't be like Arnie's. "A glorious fall day. I'd send notes to all my friends. Maybe no one in the office knows. The neighbors down the hill would get a note to check on me the next day. I wouldn't tell my mother or my sister: their love would be too strong."

He shuts his eyes. "And then I'd listen to music. On that day, it would be Nina Simone. It would be a long album. I'd hear the sound of the leaves outside. And I'd take pills and go to sleep." Unbidden, he answers my question. He says, very quietly, "I'd be by myself. I'd have to be by myself." ♦

ARTIST'S EASEL · BY JERRY MORIARTY

EARLY MANHATTAN

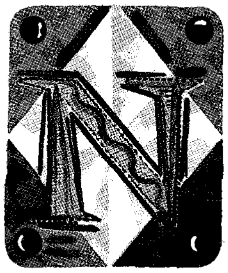


FICTION

SCHEHERAZADE IN HOLLYWOOD

BY DONALD RAWLEY

The Polo Lounge, 1:30 p.m., the Middle of August.



NO one should be caught dead here in the middle of August, when the regulars are gone, and the heat freezes the green and salmon-pink walls into something desperately sweet, like old Easter candy. But it is my favorite place in the world when it is almost empty; only one other place has as much going for it, and that's the Colosseum in Rome when the cats come out at night.

Scheherazade, named by her Iranian mother and Mexican father—Sherry to her friends—has asked me out to lunch. She is always late. I chain-smoke, and the waiter knows to fill my iced tea, bring lemons, and keep an extra glass of ice at the side. It used to be Scotch, and before that, vodka with bouillon and peppercorns for breakfast. But not anymore.

I have selected a table under the center tree, because I like shade when it's as hot as this and I like the way leaves sometimes flutter down on the table. Very picturesque. I also know that Sherry, when she arrives, will study her surroundings to make sure that picturesque is exactly what they are.

Some whores marry and marry well; Sherry has married twice to great advantage, from what she has told me. Single again, she can't resist being back on the game. She says it keeps her days interesting and her nights booked. Sherry anoints our meetings with gifts and cards and laughter. The one unspoken rule is that I believe every word she says, and she is an astonishing liar.

Sherry must think I am rich. I have always lived well and never had a dime—still don't, and don't know if I ever will. My family had money, and my lover has money, but me? It doesn't matter. That is a lie. Money matters to everyone.

Sherry walks in; a table of tourists becomes hushed, sensing that something is up, that this could be the Polaroid moment. I am the man in the corner, conveniently sweating in the shade, nondescript and satisfactory, like a telephone in a ladies' lounge.

Sherry has raven-black hair that glints with tiny sparkles of blue and violet. Her skin is not tanned so much as carefully colored by the sun. Her eyes are jungle-green; her carefully applied false eyelashes shadow glossed lips that have been outlined with a one-hair brush. She wears a shocking-pink Ungaro suit with matching heels; jewels include a ten-carat canary-yellow diamond ring that she says was a gift, of course, and a black-jade bracelet, brooch, necklace, and earrings.

No hat today—it's too hot—and her black hair is pulled back tightly into a ponytail.

This is her average luncheon ensemble. Within three seconds, Sherry has scanned the place for married men, men with money, and men without, resting her chin on Bruno's shoulder as she whispers the usual dirty lisp in his ear. This is the code, and it works. Everyone is pleasant, and nothing goes wrong. This is why lunch is a hundred dollars. Her diamond reflects the entire room like a kaleidoscope, saying, *Don't approach me unless you know how*. The tourists are speechless.

So you see why the Polo Lounge and Los Angeles exist. To render people speechless. Their eyes become heavy with avarice, chilled white wine, leaden plates of chicken salad, and waiters who know.

"You could at least say hello, Sam."

I rise, flushed, giving her a solid kiss on the mouth. No air kisses for us. Sherry giggles like a flute.

"I swear I'll change you yet."

"Tell it to Wayne." I pull out her chair.

Wayne is my lover. The one with the money. He's much older than I am, and we've been together ten years. I still have to put up with the usual remarks. I don't mind. We have a sprawling house in the San Fernando Valley, four dogs, fountains, and a pool. Ten years is serious.

"And interrupt a solid marriage? Never," Sherry says.

Like hell.

"Unless, of course—" We catch each other's eyes and laugh. This sets the tone. She has news.

"I've decided to write a book, and I want you to help me. I mean, you write poetry and screenplays and all those things. Wouldn't it be fun?"

No, it wouldn't. After a few drinks, everyone I meet wants me to write their story. I know tomorrow she will be on to something else. I inhale deeply for drama. Her eyes are assessing me.

"Well, you've certainly had a fascinating life," I say.

She leans back in her chair and crosses her legs, triumphant. Her voice becomes low, conspiratorial, a measured smirk.

"And we both know how to tell the story, don't we?" But she is speaking to the room, not to me—as if the room could hear, or would want to. She is studying her left eye in a ruby-and-enamel compact, and then I realize she is winking at someone on the other side of the patio. Excitement is expensive, and professionals waste no time. A good whore could make it as a psychiatrist, I reason.

I like the way I am part of the "we." Suddenly, I am sexual, smart, mysterious. A participant in the feminine hunt. I have never been a whore, but I enjoy thinking like one.

"You look radiant," I say.

"The jade came from Fred. Oh, but you know that." She pauses for effect. "What you don't know is the same man from Houston—"

"Hank. Hank in the sod biz from Houston."

"Right. Well, the old fart blows into town, calls me *from* Fred's and says he's cancelled the sale. Of *these* pieces, which I've had for over two months. He tells

LAURIE ROSENWALD

me he's going to call the cops if I don't show up with the jewelry. That he was coerced. Now you know and I know that any policeman is going to take one look at a sixty-year-old man who buys a valuable jade set for a pretty woman not his wife and know he hasn't been coerced for shit. I decide to go along with it. I am not thrilled, as you can well imagine, but I am amused. So I trot over there wearing all of this"—she runs her hands over the brooch—"and a thin silk dress that is barely legal. I put ice on my nipples so they stand straight out like horns. And *no* underwear. Little heels with bows on the toes. Anyways, I look at him and the cross-eyed saleslady—"

"She must have had quite a view, probably doubled. Or tripled," I say in a low voice.

Sherry laughs. "Exactly. And I give him the old Honey-why-haven't-you-called-me routine . . . you know, the I'll-return-them-but-I've-never-had-a-chance-to-wear-them bit. I say it loud enough so everyone in the store can hear me. Pouty eyes, liquid lips, the works."

"Then what?"

"He starts to stutter and cough, looking at the outline of my bush. Turns out he wasn't going to call the cops. Or make me return anything. He was jealous. A married man with five kids and six grandchildren, jealous of me. And guess what?"

"He bought you something else?"

"You bet. A strand of South Sea pearls. Big black ones."

A major lie, a well-planned lie. Every fine whore will tell you they don't have to sleep with anyone for anything—that they can get jewels by batting their eyelashes. She probably had to go down on him more than once, probably a whole weekend, and black South Sea pearls, which I know cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, are not gotten by wearing a thin silk dress. It is entirely possible she scored a strand of dyed cultured pearls, and will pass them off as Tahitian.

"Wow. I don't know how you do it."

There are other stories at lunch. How a man she dates, a movie star with a cocaine problem, climbed up the fire escape at her Mid-Wilshire twelfth-floor penthouse and held her, naked, at knifepoint, when she had a black football star—no, make it two black football stars—waiting for her in the bedroom. She was too embarrassed to admit she'd forgotten his booking. Or how the staff at the hotel in Maui named the largest orange-and-silver koi fish after her, Scheherazade.

I am in a state of surrender. I feel delicious, and we slow our pace to include our dreams, exchanging all of them, letting the afternoon slide under us like a cool sheet after a swim.

10 P.M., A DINNER PARTY IN LOS FELIZ, SEPTEMBER.

THE Felixes, a couple from La Jolla who made their fortune in outboard motors, have invited me for dinner. Wayne won't come; he says he's too old for this kind of thing, and I know he's right. Standing in the Felixes' living room, which is crumbling and full of furniture from China, I wish I were home with him. But a part of me wants to gape and play the voyeur.

There is a strange society in Hollywood of people with ridiculous fortunes who have never worked and attend everything. Their lives are a negative not developed. Poised and curled like rattlers, they survive in the dusty French grandeur of Hancock Park, the monstrous steel-and-concrete homes high in Bel Air, bought with laundered money, and the casas in Palm Springs, with private family cemeteries and statues pricked by cacti. This is where stars who have faded go to hide, to be used for décor. They hang around until they die.

Tonight the society queens are here in droves. I know all of them, and I say hello to everyone. The queens are the kind who walk the walk of spoiled women; they think I'm pretty and nice and slightly dull, believing that I married well and that that is the only entrée needed.

Then there are the women named Eleanor and Tasha and Kelly who have passed fifty, who are covered in jewels and polyester slacks and dancing with no one in particular. Their husbands are in the television business and have grown too big for any one room. They sit outside on the columned terrace with televisions plugged into outside walls, their bourbon slowly swirling with perfect, fat ice cubes and ginger ale from Lucky, harping into the night, like the parrots that live free in the canyons and scatter feathers into yucca and onto overcut lawns.

I finally see Sherry. She is sitting on a sofa, surrounded by queens and some young hoods; they know they can't pimp her, because she looks way too expensive, but to be seen with her is a step up, and they hope someone is looking. The queens memorize her laughter and the way she exhales, letting the smoke drift out of her nostrils as though it were opium.

She wears a black-satin strapless gown, her nipples barely covered. Around her neck she is wearing that strand of black pearls, stroking them to draw attention to them as she tells stories. And the way she tells them is magnificent, lowering her voice to a whisper, her shoulders lightly powdered, her profile skull-like in the lights of the city. After a gulp of champagne, she slams the glass down on the smoked-mirror table to make a point. No one moves, and in the ensuing silence there is a collective sigh.

Sherry grimaces, looks around for a break, and sees me. She crooks one finger, motioning for me to come over, and blows me a kiss. The queens are annoyed. She crosses her legs and throws her hair gently around, leaning back into the deep cushions of the sofa. I sit down next to her and smile, saying nothing, waiting to see what will happen. Sherry slides her satined weight over to me, presses against me. It is a movement so completely natural that I flinch; like an opera singer just opening her mouth, Sherry uses silence with rehearsed force.

"Wanna do it?" she lisps in my ear.

"Sure, Sherry, but I'm expensive."

"And so we should be, darling. Especially together. Very, very expensive." She nudges me to look out at the city.

The September Santa Anas have made Los Angeles shimmer. It seems that tonight every light in the city below us has been turned on, every necklace taken out of the safe. And I remind myself that this is why I am here. To sit with a beautiful whore, high up subtropical mountains, and look at a city that survives on the invisible.

"You see that? I want that." Sherry's voice is almost sad. She is playing with me. Below, in the perfumed, electric glitter, I can hear sirens. Sherry rests her hand on mine. I suddenly wonder if we will be friends when we are very, very old.

"It takes time," I say quietly.

"But I can have it?" A child's voice.

"Of course you can. You can have anything you want."

She takes her champagne glass and

wets her fingers, dabbing me behind the ears. I love the smells surrounding me—liquor and Joy perfume, hairspray and English cigarettes, leather and French roses. Sherry and I are superstitious: champagne behind the ears for luck; no locked doors; wear red to win, violet to seduce.

"Why don't you relax, Sam? Have a drink on me. Just this once. I won't tell."

"No."

I realize I sound annoyed, and get up to leave.

"Love you, Sam."

"Love you, too. Call me."

It is an old house, full of old people and old furniture, soft, easy-to-digest food, and electric candles; there is a guest book in the foyer, which I don't sign when I leave, thinking how something missed in Sherry tonight, that her silhouette was old, perched against the city like a crow on a telephone pole, seasonal and searching for food.

Sherry Is Almost Forty.

I do not know that Sherry is almost forty. She has kept her age a smear, a fast introduction where the words are mumbled. She has never spoken of it, and I have never asked, but forty is a serious age in her business. Fees plummet.

I hear everything on the phone, from a bitchy boy named Julian, who seems to survive by doing anything the day provides; recently he caught up with Sherry, drawn to her stories and doing her hair, once a week, for free. She sold him her Eldorado, and he was furious because it is constantly in the shop. He is out for revenge.

"You should see the gray hair." I hear a snip, snip on the other end. He is either doing hair or cutting coupons.

"Really," I say. I have gray hair.

"I mean, fair is fair. She used me."

"You let yourself be used."

"What do you mean?"

"You know how she is. It's all business to her." I say this cautiously, and then I listen.

"Look, I know more about her than you do." He swallows, and I hear him over the receiver; he must keep a great deal of spittle in his mouth to swallow that hard. I am positive he doesn't know any more than I do.

"I consider Sherry a great friend," I say. "We know each other very well."

"I bet you don't know she lives with a drag queen named Ellis, and that's where she gets all those pretty clothes. They're the same size."

"No, I didn't."

"And that dump she tells everybody is some penthouse is a one-bedroom on Olympic, near downtown."

I debate whether I should keep listening. I wonder if Sherry will call me tomorrow and mention Julian. Sherry has never invited me to her house. Some people do and some don't.

"How fascinating."

He thinks I'm serious and continues. "She worships you, you know. Whenever I see her at the mall—"

"At the *mall*?"

"Yeah, she works at Bullock's, in the costume-jewelry department. I thought you knew."

"No, I didn't." I am impressed.

"I was the one who introduced her to Ellis, when her dad died. She took care of him, lived with him for years."

"But that's impossible. Sherry's mother and father live in Egypt, where his business is." I think of Egyptian skin, of women with kohl under their eyes.

"You gotta be kidding. Sherry's from Fresno. So am I." Julian's voice becomes giddy.

I say nothing. Julian can hear my intake of breath.

"Sherry's always been a fag hag. That girl's never had a boyfriend."

I realize I am the most gullible of all queens. And that I am Sherry's litmus test—to see how blue turns to red and fades.

"I think she's frigid," Julian goes on.

How kind of you, I think. Sherry ought to find herself a better hairdresser.

"She's terrified of men. Runs away from anything serious."

"That I doubt."

"Oh no, it's true. Frigid."

I have to get off the phone; I'm liking it less and less. Goodbyes with Julian are not necessary, and I hang up, light a cigarette, and watch the sun pattern the garden with a vermillion lace, drying everything it touches.

Poolside in January.

I don't hear from Sherry for six months. Then the breathy voice is on the phone again. It is a surprisingly hot January morning, exotic with pine and leftover tinsel glittering on the street. The air is full of chocolate and nuts and young citrus; it is the perfect moment to reënter someone's life.

"Hello, sweetpea. I just blew in from Vegas. And guess what? I got married."

Liar. He owns you now. Whoever he is, he'll make you work.

"That's wonderful." I know I sound guarded. I keep thinking she's been fired from Bullock's and lives now under a pier, telling stories under nets of seaweed, flies crawling on her arms. Beautiful women always know when men are hiding something, and Sherry feels the pause, knows what it entails.

"You don't sound too thrilled."

"When will we see you?"

"Now. Right now."

"Wayne's out of town."

"Send him my best, but I'm still coming over."

I admit to myself that I have missed her, and that I am curious to see how long perfection can last. My voice becomes soft, feminine.

"O.K."

"I want you to meet my new hubby. He owns a casino, darling, and he's part of the Mob. Don't you just *love* it?"

"Is he really—I mean, do you know how dangerous that can be?" Is every word a lie?

"Nonsense. He's—we've got a bodyguard, an Indian named Charlie, who's a trip."

"Oh, dear."

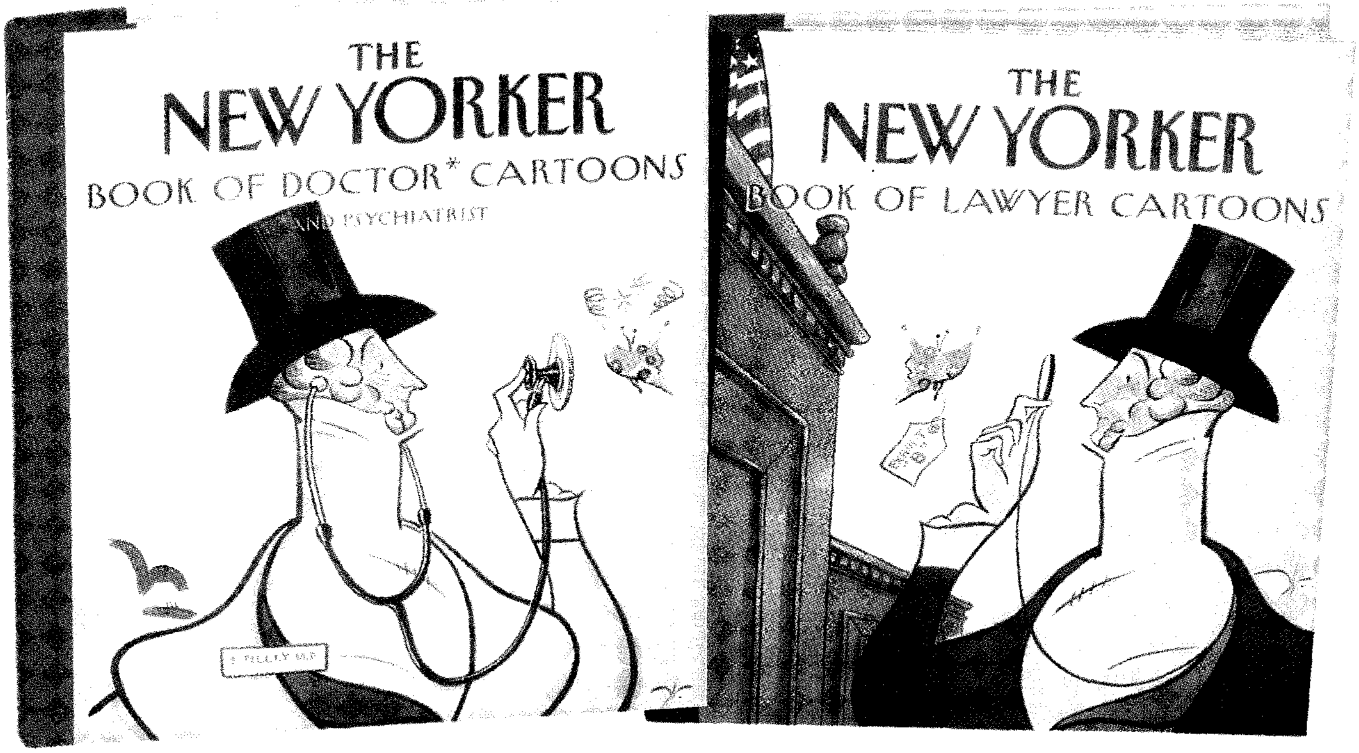
"Anyways, I want you to be cool. Seymour doesn't know anything about my sordid past. He thinks I worked at Bullock's as a salesgirl. Can you imagine?"

"Seymour?"

"Seymour Stein. . . . Stop laughing. It's true. All of it. So no talk, O.K.?"

"Fine."

Suddenly Sherry's voice is businesslike, efficient and parched. "Seymour bought me a bikini, and we're coming



There's something funny about DOCTORS and LAWYERS!

WHAT'S FUNNY about doctors is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOCTOR CARTOONS.** In 85 uproarious cartoons, here are analysts analyzing, doctors prescribing, operating, referring ("I'd like you to see a botanist. You exhibit many of the symptoms of Dutch elm disease"); doctors being sensitive ("The doctor will see you now, Mrs. Perkins. Please try not to upset him."); doctors being confrontational ("The doctor's lawyer will see you now."). From internists to acupuncturists, here are doctors of every stripe deftly dissected by great *New Yorker* cartoonists from James Thurber and Peter Arno, to Shanahan and Chast.

AND WHAT'S FUNNY about lawyers is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF LAWYER CARTOONS.** Here, in 85 hilarious cartoons, are lawyers in the courtroom, in their offices, ambulance chasing, winning — but mostly losing — cases ("I've just about resigned myself to your getting twenty years."); lawyers specializing, suing negligent children, negotiating a "pre-victual agreement" before ordering a Chinese lunch. Lawyers observed, teased, and immortalized by some of our most brilliant cartoonists, from Charles Addams and George Price and William Steig to William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Jack Ziegler and Charles Barsotti.

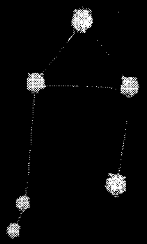
At all bookstores • Published by Knopf

And don't forget

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

The kitten-size NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOG CARTOONS

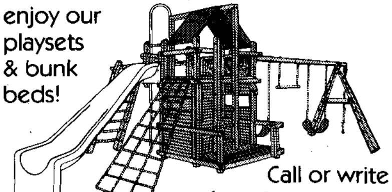


A.G.A. Correa's
Diamond Astrological Pin

One evening I visualized the stars as diamonds, initiating this design. Sky charts assure total accuracy (each diamond is proportional to the magnitude of its corresponding star). All constellations are available and the setting is 14k white gold.
Please call or write for our catalogue.

(September 24 - October 23)
Libra - The Scales.......$1285.
shown actual size &
unconditionally guaranteed

A.G.A. Correa
PO Box 401NY-9
Wiscasset, Maine 04578
(800)341-0788•Mon-Fri 9-5
FAX(207)882-9744
©A.G.A. Correa 1993. All Rights Reserved.



Fun Set!
Fun-rise to fun-set, your child will enjoy our playsets & bunk beds!

Call or write for a free catalog.

woodplay
1-800-WOODPLAY
Dept. NY • PO Box 27904 • Raleigh, NC 27611

French Travel Newsletter

La Belle France, the acclaimed travel newsletter published monthly for the past ten years, evaluates the very best — and most overrated — hotels, restaurants, and luxury destinations across France. Paris hotel and restaurant reviews, hidden gems, and French travel tips are featured every month. Unbiased, candid, and fiercely independent. $87 per year. Satisfaction guaranteed. Check, Visa, Mastercard, or American Express accepted. Mail or phone today!

The ideal Holiday gift!

LA BELLE FRANCE
THE SOPHISTICATED GUIDE TO FRANCE

Federal Express delivery for last minute orders
P.O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903 USA. Tel: (804) 295-1200
FAX orders: (804) 296-0948; Toll-free in U.S. 1-800-225-7825

swimming. He wants me to show it off."

"It's Monday—"

"I know, but we're only here for the day. Be my friend, O.K.?"

Within the hour, Sherry rings at the front gate, a black wrought-iron door from the twenties, smothered in yellow hibiscus. Her black hair, once sleek and straight, is now curly and thrown on top of her head with a bandanna. She is wearing a Pucci tunic and has huge hoops in her ears. The clear January heat is liquid around her, a gauze, and I know this new Sherry will move through heat and tropical cities with their curtains and intense sun. She will gamble and win, buy jewelry that's real, and keep it in a makeup pouch. She will buy gifts for young men.

She grins when she sees me. Behind her is a cherry-red Mercedes 450SL and a beady-eyed, pale little elderly man smoking a cigarillo. Next to him is a huge Indian man, exactly as she said. His hair, which has the same coal shine as Sherry's, is in a ponytail that goes down to his hips. Then Sherry blocks my vision. She is radiant.

"Did you see the Mercedes?" Her whisper is so loud the dogs in the house start barking. Without missing a beat, she lets in the Indian, who is now carrying Seymour in his arms. I am amazed at how tiny this man is, contorted and puffing furiously on his cigarillo. "Seymour has arthritis."

The Indian stares at me as though I am to be hunted at a later point in my life and eaten. "Seymour, this is my best friend, Sam."

"*How*yado."

"Charlie, this is Sam. Now, you be nice to him. He's one of us." I wonder what Sherry means. Am I a hood?

"Hello, Charlie." Silence. "Well well *well*. Let's get a swim and a couple of drinks." More silence. Sherry coughs.

Then, from Seymour: "You got a nice place here, Sam. You got a comfy chair?"

I am gracious and smiling.

"Of course. Come this way." As we walk through the house toward the pool, Seymour's ashes are everywhere—in the air and fluttering down on the dogs' faces.

"You sure got a lot of antiques. This place looks like a museum."

"Thanks," I say.

On the loggia, Charlie puts Seymour down in a large wicker chair that resembles a throne. Sherry squeals and peels off to reveal a string bikini and a rash on her upper thigh which looks like cigarette burns. She

SCOTTISH CASHMERE
SCARVES STOLES THROWS

Black, Red, Navy, Burgundy
Rose, Royal, Grey, Olive
Emerald, Bottle, Pink, Camel
Natural, Purple, Baby Blue

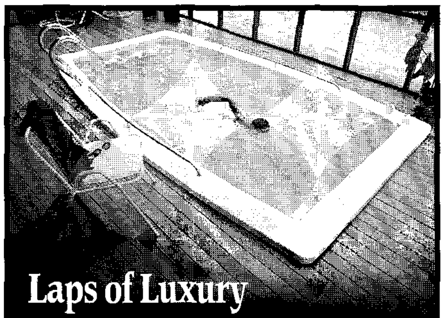
Plaids & Paisleys Also Available

12" x 60" ~~$150.00~~ $99.00
14" x 78" ~~$242.00~~ $149.00
29" x 78" ~~$450.00~~ $299.00
58" x 78" ~~$900.00~~ $559.00

The Same Top Quality Scottish Cashmere Scarves are 50% more on Madison Ave. ... and
We Ship Free !

ALBERENE CASHMERES
435 Fifth Ave (at 39th), 3rd Flr, New York, NY 10016
1-800-843-9078 • VISA, MC, AX, DIS

New York Showroom Open to the Public
CARDIGANS • CAPES • TURTLENECKS • CREWS • JEWELNECKS • VEES
VESTS • TWIN SETS • TUNICS • POLOS • GLOVES • WATCH CAPS
Lowest Prices Anywhere on Scottish Cashmeres for Men & Women



Laps of Luxury
Reward yourself with fitness in the comfort and privacy of your home. The compact pool preferred by health and sports professionals. Superior design. Fastest water current available. Effortless maintenance. 10 year warranty.

For brochure and video call 800-877-7946
Units start at $22,950
SwimEx®

INGENIOUS TEAPOT
Three compartments, one for tea, one for milk and one for sugar. Elegant yet delightfully efficient. Britsh Raj design returned to production after a lapse of some decades. Serves 3 cups. Silver plate.
$59. plus $5.50 post
800 372-HERO
HERO'S WELCOME Box 202 North Hero, VT 05474

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$149 EACH Size: 5½"x 8½", 96 pgs, 1000 copies, 2-color cvr. Negs, Proofs, Perf Bd.
From $529. Write for Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

"The arbiter of taste..."
A smashing gift.
GARY GALYEAN'S
GOLF LETTER
THE INSIDE REPORT ON WORLD GOLF
Sample upon request. 800-320-6450
Our 5th year. $78. *P.O. Box 3899, Vero Beach, FL 32964*

is wearing five-inch-heeled open-toed gold mules that clack when she walks. Very Lolita. Seymour stubs his cigarillo out and immediately lights another one with a diamond-studded lighter. Sherry watches me, flirting with Seymour, then dives into the pool, swimming underwater with long, exact strokes. The only noise at this moment is the sprinklers hissing next door.

"She's a good girl." Seymour turns and looks at me, then clears his throat. I nod my head yes and listen to the water lapping the edges of the pool. I think how Wayne would enjoy this.

"Would you like a drink? A Margarita?" For some reason, I don't see Seymour drinking gin or sherry.

"Sure." Seymour smiles, then coughs. Soon I emerge from the kitchen with Margaritas, and an iced tea for me. Seymour takes one from the tray and gestures for me to sit down.

Sherry is dog-paddling in the pool, and I look for Charlie, seeing his clothes on the pavement. He is standing naked by the diving board. I can't handle it. Sherry squeals and goes underwater as Charlie dives in.

"That girl certainly has a set of lungs, doesn't she?"

"Absolutely." As I squeeze lemon in my iced tea it squirts in my eye.

"Hope you don't mind Charlie. Kid never swims with a suit. Full Cherokee. He's my adopted son."

"Quite a large young man."

"You ain't just kiddin'." Seymour rustles in his seat. I realize he is having some sort of gastric problem.

My eye is tearing, and I twist the ring around my finger so it catches the sun.

"So when were you two married?" I ask.

"Yesterday. We're on our honeymoon. Just a night, then back to the casino. It's a small place, but we do good business. There's no bad business. You queer?" No one has ever asked me this. Seymour sips his drink, studying me.

"Yes."

"Good. The baby needs a good queer friend."

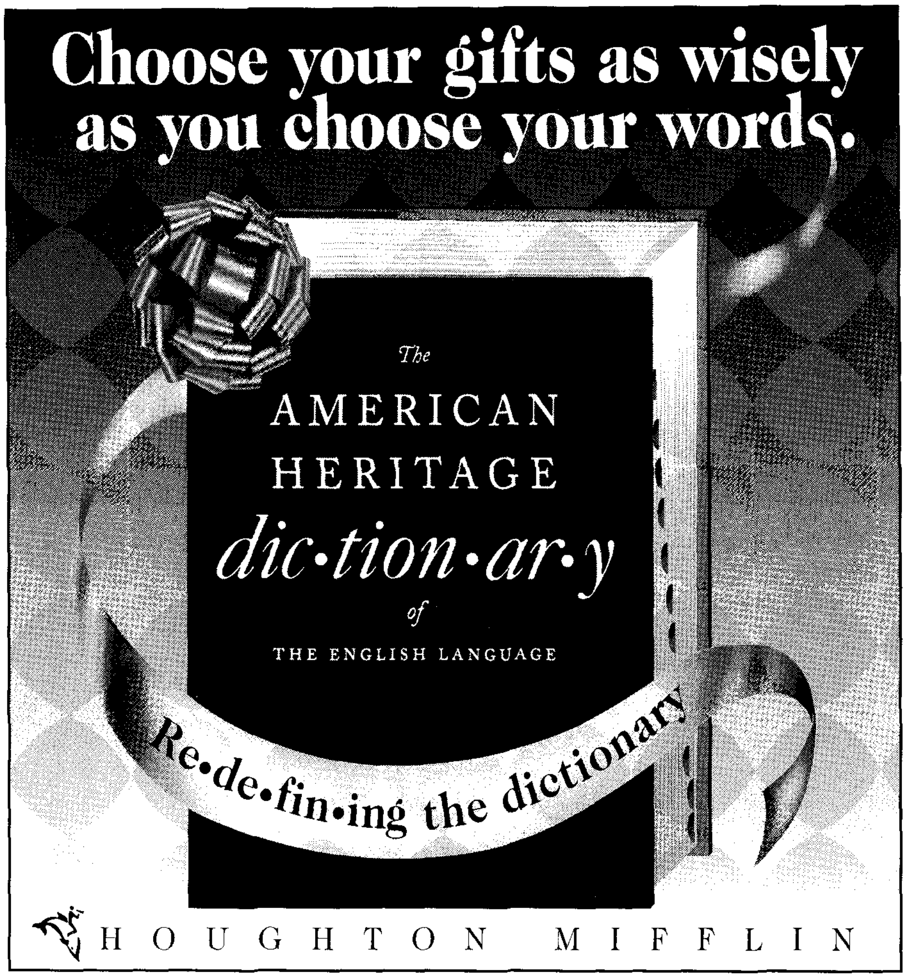
I am not sure what to say next. Seymour is in control.

"Been to Vegas lately?"

"Actually, I've never been." Which is true; Wayne refuses to go, calling it a scar in the desert.

"Never? You come soon as our guest, right?"

Seymour must have been a major



Choose your gifts as wisely as you choose your words.

The AMERICAN HERITAGE dic·tion·ar·y of THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Re·de·fin·ing the dictionary

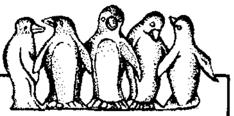
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

IN 13 DAYS YOUR FRIENDS WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU.

What you'll learn will help you exude confidence. Physical well being. Be in control of your medical future. From chronic problems like heart disease and others that demand you take steps now to reduce your risk. It's a program you'll only find at one of the top five medical centers in the country. Duke University Medical Center. Call 1-800-235-3853 today.

DUKE CENTER FOR LIVING

A Prescription For Healthy Living.



Penguins Brooch

Five happy penguins to wear on your lapel. Crafted in sterling silver by Hand & Hammer Silversmiths. 1.75" $32.00 PPd. Catalog $2.00

Williamsburg Merchants • (800) 545-4556
223 Parkway Drive • Williamsburg, VA 23185

HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

1995 Traveler's Guide to Art Museum Exhibitions

"For art lovers who travel, and travelers who love art . . ."

The only annual guide to over 1,000 exhibitions in the U.S. and abroad . . . only $15

RECOMMENDED BY THE NY TIMES, THE WASH. POST, VOGUE, AND GOURMET

CALL 1-800-2-LOVE-ART
MGP, INC. P.O. Box 25369, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007

RISTRAS! FROM NEW MEXICO

18" - $16.50	Chile Wreath
24" - $18.50	$28.50
36" - $24.50	
48" - $28.50	All ppd. Begin shipping
60" - $32.50	Late Oct.

(505) 983-5563 FAX (505) 982-0860

Artesanos Imports Co., Inc.

P.O. Dr. G Dept. NY
Santa Fe, NM 87504

GIVE A LITTLE Tenderness!®

USE YOUR MAJOR CREDIT CARD…

TO ORDER IN A FAST, PERSONAL WAY… CALL TOLL FREE 1·800·228·9055

Send specially-priced Holiday Gift Packages of world-famous Omaha Steaks.® So tender and juicy. Delivered nationwide, unconditionally guaranteed! **Hurry…your gift orders must be received by December 20th for delivery in time for Christmas!**

Special Holiday Prices Expire 12/31/94

(EXTRA CHARGE FOR ALASKA/HAWAII/CANADA GIFTS)

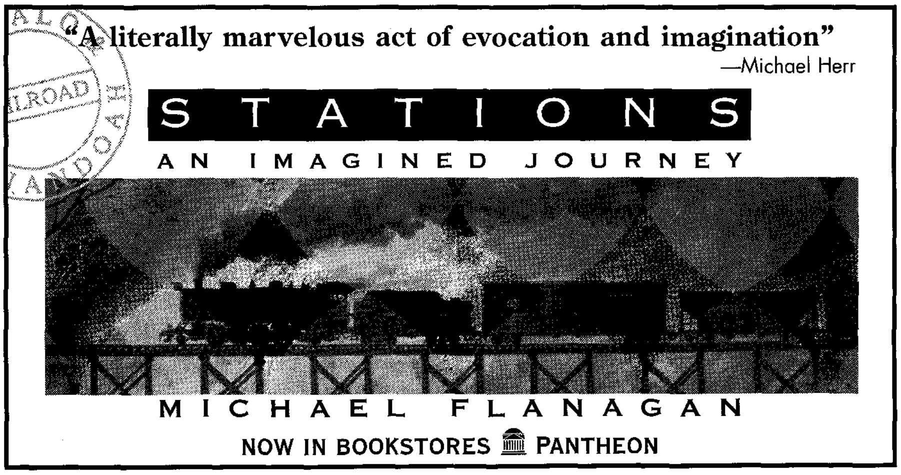
Many other great specials available. Act now!

#1135 4 (5 oz.) Filet Mignons, Save $12.00 Regularly $41.95 NOW $29.95 (PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING)

#515 8 (6 oz.) Filet Mignons, Save $20.00 Regularly $79.95 NOW $59.95 (PLUS $6.50 SHIPPING)

Omaha Steaks® International®

Dept. AD4114 • 4400 South 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127


"A literally marvelous act of evocation and imagination"

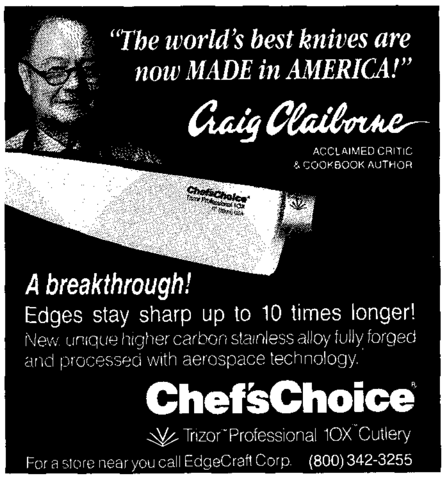
—Michael Herr

STATIONS

AN IMAGINED JOURNEY

MICHAEL FLANAGAN

NOW IN BOOKSTORES PANTHEON


"The world's best knives are now MADE in AMERICA!"

Craig Claiborne

ACCLAIMED CRITIC & COOKBOOK AUTHOR

A breakthrough!

Edges stay sharp up to 10 times longer!

New unique higher carbon stainless alloy fully forged and processed with aerospace technology.

Chef'sChoice®

Trizor® Professional 10X® Cutlery

For a store near you call EdgeCraft Corp. (800) 342-3255

Cat-Treats-of-the-Month

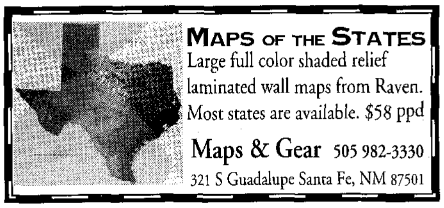
Do Something Nice For Your Cat

Exotic treats or catnip from around the world each month. **Great gift!** Send $47/year to: **The Catnip Trading Co.** Or call 1-800-8CATNIP.

Cancel any time for pro-rata refund. MA residents add $1.90 sales tax.

the Catnip Trading company

17 North St.
Lexington MA
02173-1811


MAPS OF THE STATES

Large full color shaded relief laminated wall maps from Raven. Most states are available. $58 ppd

Maps & Gear 505 982-3330

321 S Guadalupe Santa Fe, NM 87501

shark in his prime. The way he throws out the word "right" eliminates argument.

"You know her pretty well, don't ya, kid? She's a liar, isn't she? I had her checked out. She's harmless. A good, sweet kid."

"Seymour, I—"

"There she goes again. Look at that girl swim."

Sherry comes out of the pool, followed by Charlie, who shakes himself dry. Seymour picks up on my widening stare, and quietly speaks.

"That's the way the Indians do it, ya know, shake it off just like a hound—and they never change." There is awe in his voice. As Sherry comes over to us she takes a Margarita. She sits next to Seymour. Charlie puts his clothes on and sits in the corner, keeping an eye on me.

"Tell Sam what we're goin' ta do, Helen."

"Helen?" An ice cube has gone down my throat.

Seymour shoots a withering glance at me. "Of course it's Helen. Isn't your name Helen, Helen?"

Sherry giggles and coos at Seymour, kicking my foot quickly. Seymour clicks his tongue against his false teeth. Sherry's hair has fallen in wet curls on her shoulders. She lights a cigarette and studies me.

"Seymour says I can have a house in Beverly Hills, besides the house in Vegas. And I want you to help me find it. Please, Sam. We'll have fun."

"Sure. That's great."

"She's worked hard all her life, ya know. Took care of a sick old man when her mother cleared out," Seymour growls.

Sherry pats his hand. "That's enough, darling."

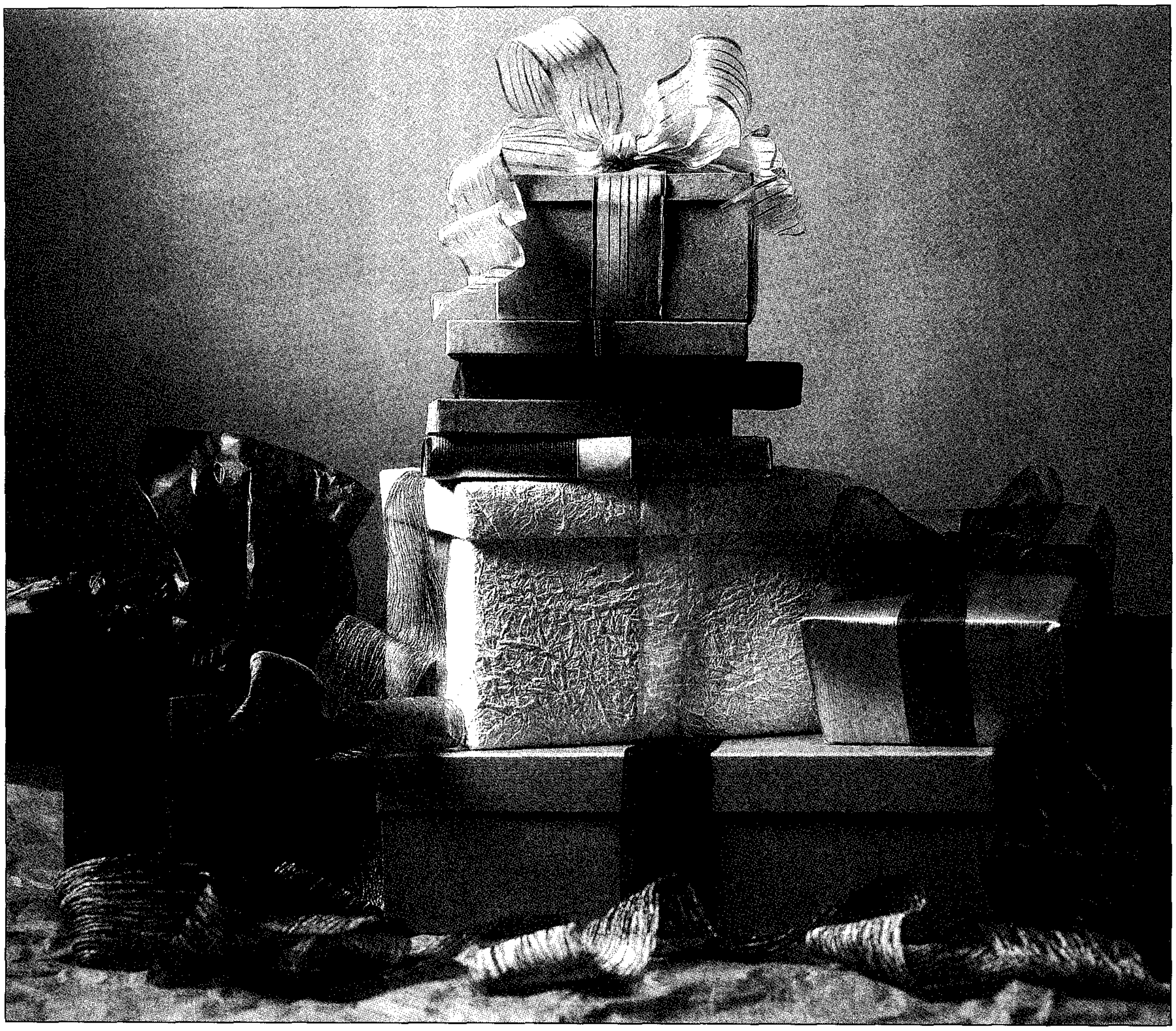
Suddenly, the lies are floating skyward, like cut balloons. Sherry is Helen, and Helen is forty, and I am rooted in the moment, watching the salt from the Margaritas spill in chunks on the tile. ♦

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

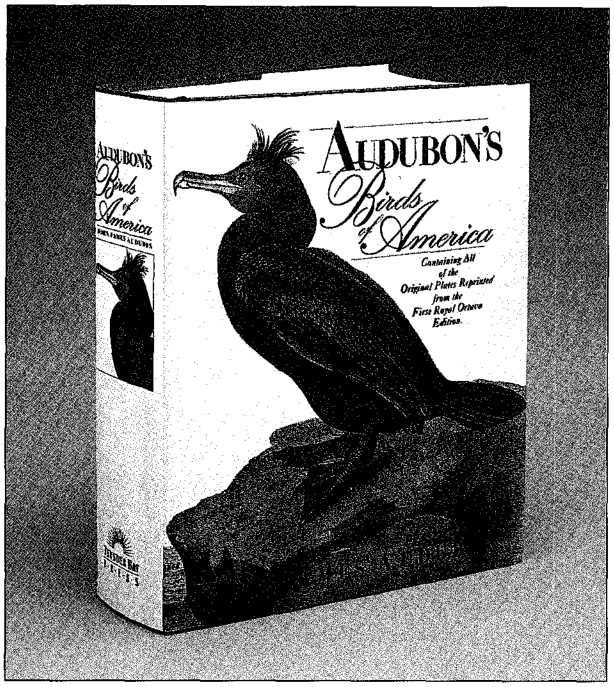
[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

"No one sets out to make a lousy film," observes one marketing analyst. "But when the knife hits the bone, you realize that your child is not the homecoming queen you visualized. How do you tell someone his daughter is homely—especially when you're the date? Besides, you've already bought the dress."

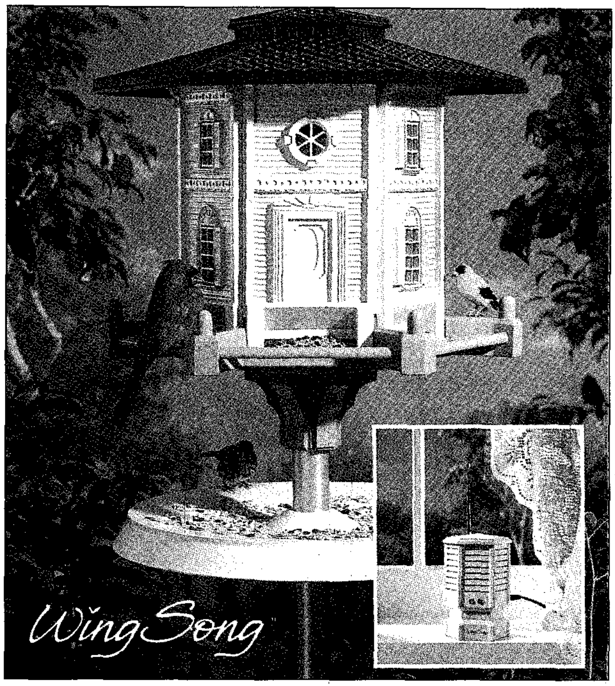
HOLIDAY *Gift Guide*



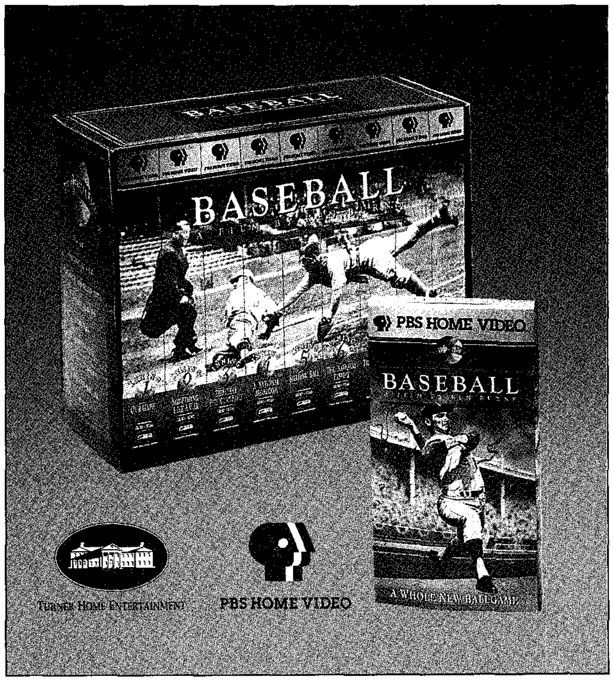
The season is upon us, and it's time to plan for holiday parties, festive trimmings, and, of course, gift giving. Loved ones and friends — both old and new — deserve something special. But what? The following pages feature an inspiring array of ideas to help you with your holiday shopping. There is something here for everyone on your list — maybe even for you.


AUDUBON'S
Birds of America
Containing All of the Original Plates Reprinted from the First Royal Octavo Edition.
Thunder Bay Press

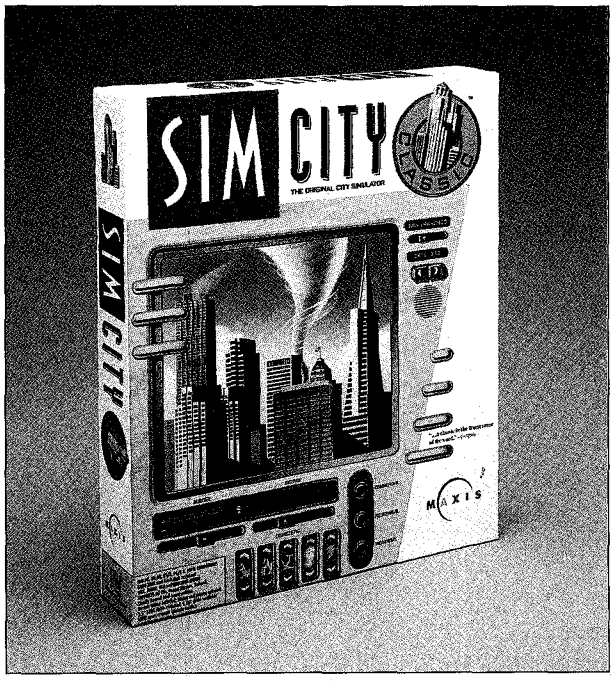
Audubon's Birds of America. Most acclaimed book of wildlife drawings ever published. One plate per page allows exquisite reproduction. All engravings are reproduced full size. Call (800) 284-3580 or send check, money order, MC, VISA, or Discover, for $49.95 plus $5.00 shipping/handling to Thunder Bay Press, 5880 Oberlin Drive, Suite 400, San Diego, CA 92121.



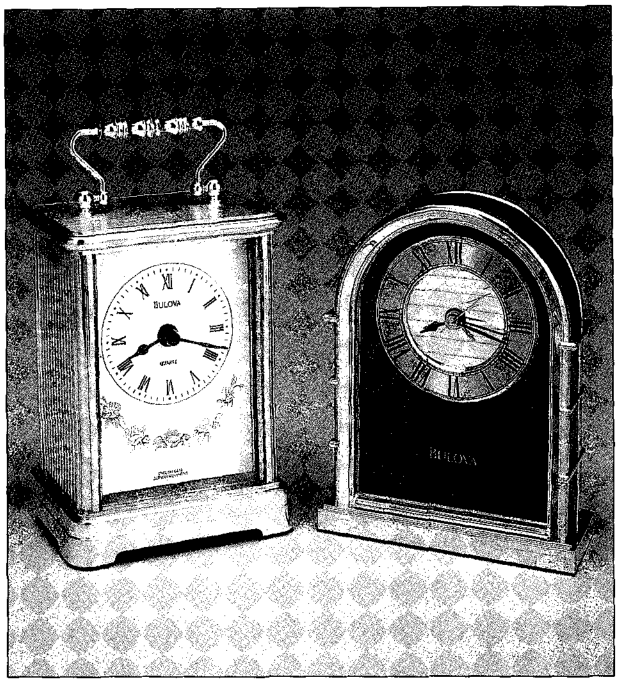
The WingSong™ Bird Feeder brings the sound of wild songbirds right into your home—live. Thanks to WingSong's patented built-in microphone and portable receiver/speaker, you can hear the large number and wide variety of songbirds WingSong attracts as they feed. For a nearby retailer, call County Line Limited® at (800) 692-6056.


BASEBALL
PBS HOME VIDEO
BASEBALL
A WHOLE NEW BALLGAME
TURNER HOME ENTERTAINMENT
PBS HOME VIDEO

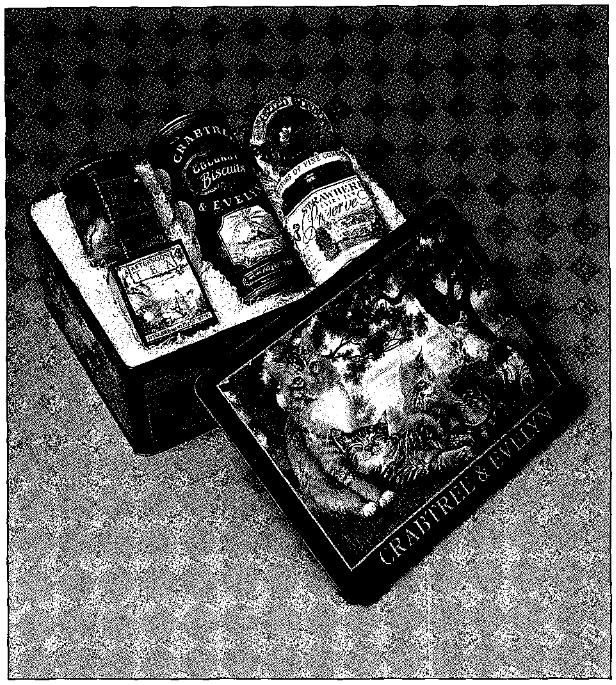
Turner Home Entertainment. "I can't imagine a better gift to baseball than BASEBALL." (Sports Illustrated) The acclaimed, nine-inning PBS series by Ken Burns is now yours to give, theirs to relive on home video. Get 'em BASEBALL. It's the game of our lives. Available wherever videos are sold.


SIM CITY
CLASSIC
THE ORIGINAL CITY SIMULATOR
MAXIS

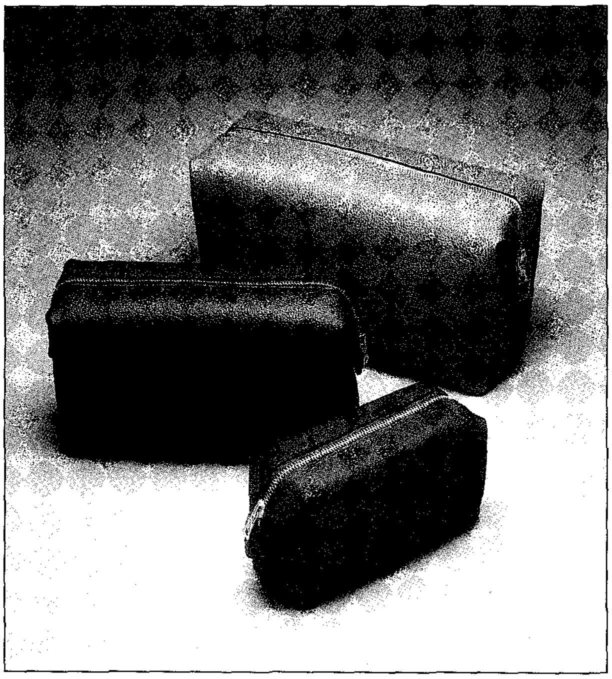
SimCity Classic™ is the original, award-winning city simulator that lets you create your own city, fight urban problems and build infrastructure while balancing your city's budget. Special holiday pricing - $19.95 (add $5.00 shipping/handling and applicable sales tax). Available for Macintosh, DOS, Windows. Call (800) 33-MAXIS to order.



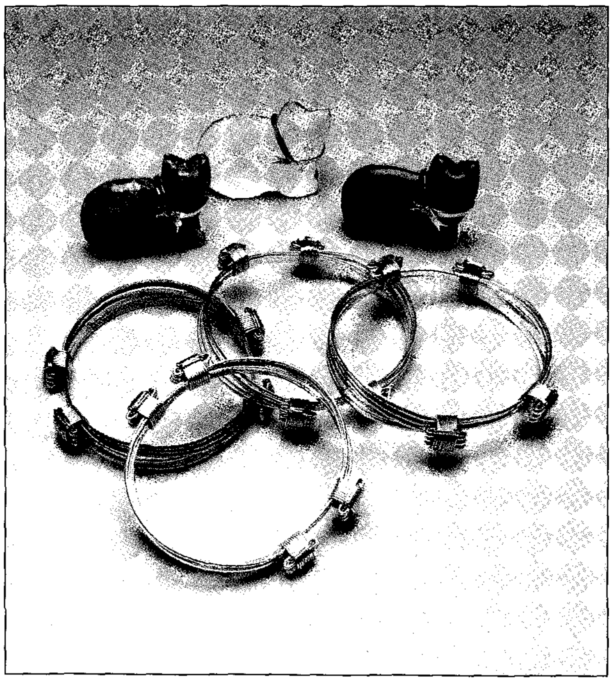
Bulova's all gold tone "Composition" carriage clock with English roses on the dial, $34.95. Green marbleized and gold tone "Verde" alarm clock, $41.95. Available at all fine jewelry, gift, and department stores or call (800) 228-5682 for more information.



Crabtree & Evelyn®. Our limited edition collector's tin features a cat's-eye view of life in the English countryside, with a snug-fitting, unhinged lid. It contains Apricot/Sherry Liqueur Preserve, Strawberry Preserve, Coconut Crunch Cookies, English Breakfast Tea, and Assorted Bon Bons. Tin measures 10¾"x8"x4". For your nearest store, please ring (800) 542-9439, ext. 8106. $55.00.

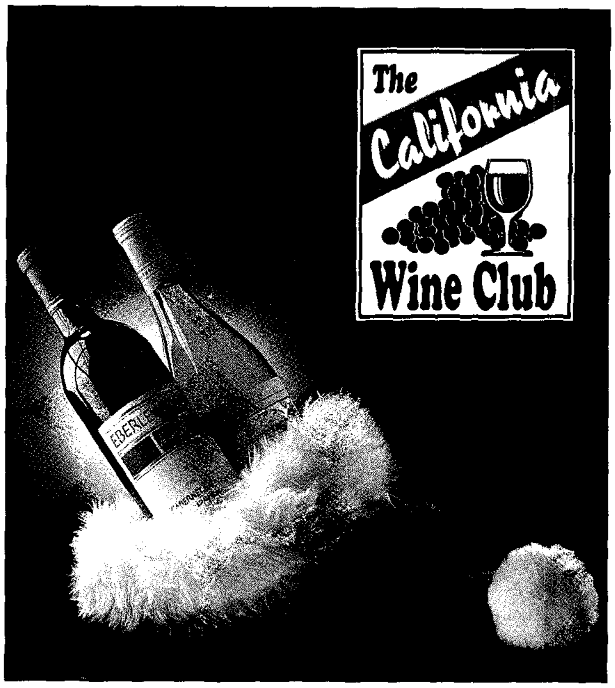


Crouch & Fitzgerald has offered New Yorkers the finest in luggage and leathergoods since 1839. These elegant pigskin make-up and sundries cases have two inside pockets, washable linings, and are available in Black, Pine, Gold, and Red. Small - $60.00; Medium - $75.00; Large - $90.00. For New York location, call (800) 6-CROUCH; for Short Hills, NJ location, call (800) 428-0151.



Pendragon's. Out of Africa Safari bracelets...our hand-made magnificent bracelets with four knots slide to adjust to any wrist. For men and women. Copper - $79.00, Sterling - $129.00, Sterling w/14k knots - $219.00, 14k Gold - $695.00. Cat pins...also hand-made of sterling silver with poppy jasper, quartz crystal, or black onyx - $79.00. Call (800) 473-3011.

Advertisement



The California Wine Club. 'Twas the Wine Before Christmas... Enrich the holiday season and beyond for friends and loved ones, with a monthly delivery of two award-winning wines chosen from California's finest boutique wineries. $30.00 for each month desired, includes eight-page newsletter. Call (800) 777-4443.

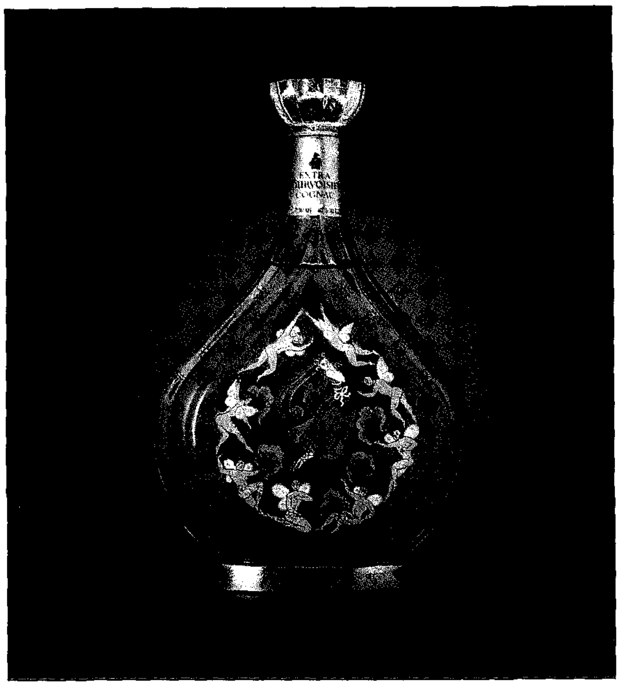
BIGELOW TEAS
Earl Grey
MINT MEDLEY
ORANGE & SPICE
APPLE ORCHARD
SWEET DREAMS

Bigelow® Tea Chest. The ideal holiday gift for family and friends, this elegant wooden tea chest has a fine walnut finish, lined with a rich interior. Each tea chest is $39.95 (includes shipping/handling) and holds a delicious assortment of 64 individually overwrapped tea bags. To order, call (800) 841-8158. Please mention code GG-94.

The Bose® Wave® radio is the perfect gift for music lovers, including yourself. You'll be amazed by its big, rich stereo sound. Yet it's small enough to fit almost anywhere. The $349.00 Wave radio includes a remote control, and many other features. Call (800) 845-BOSE, ext. RP124.

The Zodiac Collection. Beautiful gifts with a personal touch. Products available in all twelve signs. Scarf (35"x35") 100% Silk Jacquard - $80.00; Crystal paper weight (3"x3"x2") - $40.00; Pin (Bright/Matte gold tone finish) - $20.00. Prices include gift packaging and shipping/handling. (Sales tax additional in NY.) Satisfaction guaranteed. Call (800) SODIACS (763-4227).

HOLIDAY *Gift Guide*



A Connoisseur's Collection. An extraordinary assemblage of premium spirits and wines from around the world. Includes special, limited editions like the seventh decanter in the Courvoisier Collection Erté series, "La Part des Anges." Exquisite packaging. Superbly aged products for discriminating collectors. Order your limited edition, complimentary catalog now by calling (800) 447-2692.

The oft-quoted saying,
"It is better to give
than to receive"
is on everyone's lips
this season.
Never has it been so true.

For information on advertising in *The New Yorker*,
contact Julie McGowan, Advertising Director, at (212) 536-5546.

HOLIDAY *Gift List*

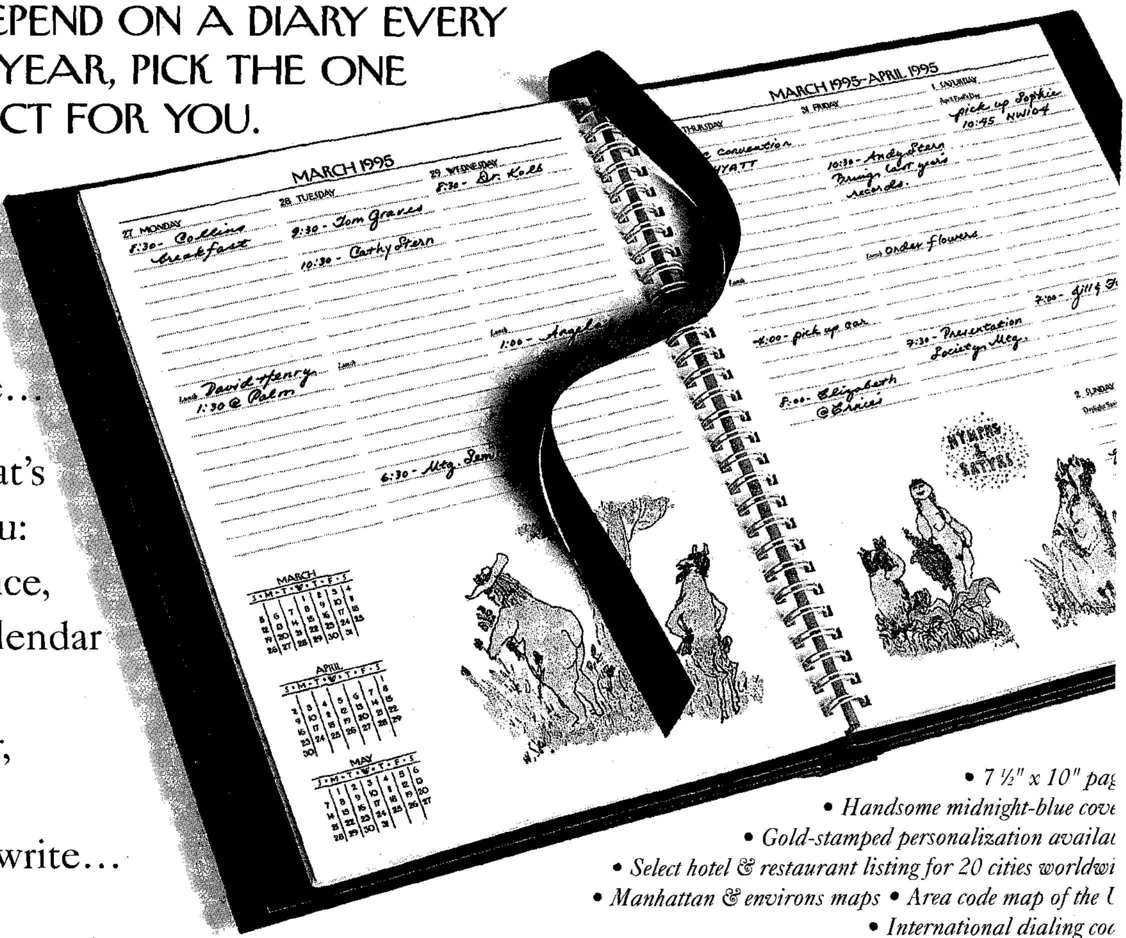
Use the space below for your own holiday gift list. Take the list with you when you do your holiday shopping – or have it handy when you order by phone.

Name *Gift Suggestions*

1. ....
   ....
2. ....
   ....
3. ....
   ....
4. ....
   ....
5. ....
   ....
6. ....
   ....
7. ....
   ....
8. ....
   ....
9. ....
   ....
10. ....
   ....
11. ....
   ....
12. ....
   ....
13. ....
   ....
14. ....
   ....
15. ....
   ....

THE PERFECT COMPANION FOR 1995

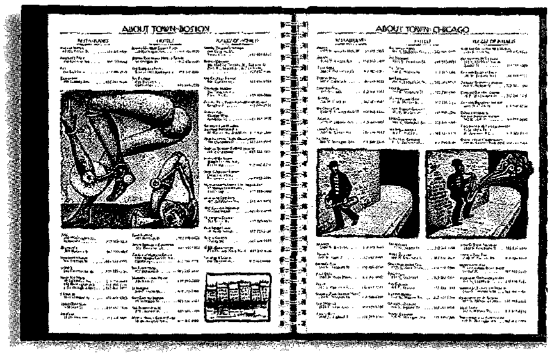
SINCE YOU DEPEND ON A DIARY EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, PICK THE ONE THAT'S PERFECT FOR YOU.



Bright, attractive, colorful, always good for a smile...

Recognizes what's important to you: a week at a glance, three-month calendar on each spread, a ribbon marker, lie-flat binding, lots of space to write...

- *7 ½" x 10" pag*
- *Handsome midnight-blue cove*
- *Gold-stamped personalization availa*
- *Select hotel & restaurant listing for 20 cities worldwi*
- *Manhattan & environs maps* • *Area code map of the*
- *International dialing co*



Knows all the right places to go and how to reach them—restaurants, museums, clubs, galleries, theatres.

THE 1995 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY.

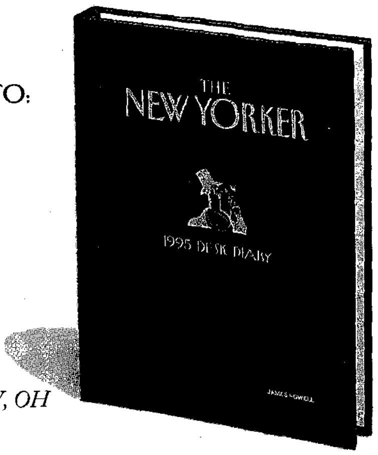
CALL (800) 336-5510 *for credit card orders,*

OR SEND A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO:

THE NEW YORKER
BOX 10214, DEPT. 236422-023
DES MOINES, IA 50336-0214

Yours for only $24.95 for standard diary or $27.95* for the personalized version, plus $3.25 in the US ($6.50 in Canada) for shipping and handling. For personalized diaries please specify the name(s) to be imprinted (limited to 22 letters).*

** Offers only available in the US and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.*



THE CRITICS

BOOKS

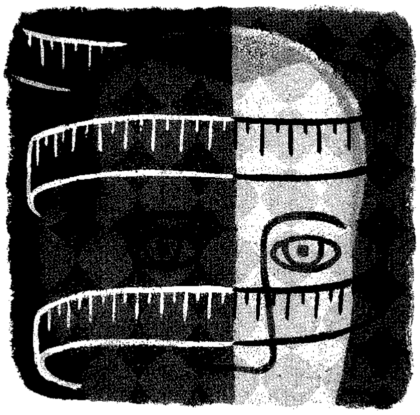
CURVEBALL

BY STEPHEN JAY GOULD

“The Bell Curve,” by Richard J. Herrnstein and Charles Murray (Free Press; $30), subtitled “Intelligence and Class Structure in American Life,” provides a superb and unusual opportunity to gain insight into the meaning of experiment as a method in science. The primary desideratum in all experiments is reduction of confusing variables: we bring all the buzzing and blooming confusion of the external world into our laboratories and, holding all else constant in our artificial simplicity, try to vary just one potential factor at a time. But many subjects defy the use of such an experimental method—particularly most social phenomena—because importation into the laboratory destroys the subject of the investigation, and then we must yearn for simplifying guides in nature. If the external world occasionally obliges by holding some crucial factors constant for us, we can only offer thanks for this natural boost to understanding.

So, when a book garners as much attention as “The Bell Curve,” we wish to know the causes. One might suspect the content itself—a startlingly new idea, or an old suspicion newly verified by persuasive data—but the reason might also be social acceptability, or even just plain hype. “The Bell Curve,” with its claims and supposed documentation that race and class differences are largely caused by genetic factors and are therefore essentially immutable, contains no new arguments and presents no compelling data to support its anachronistic social Darwinism, so I can only conclude that its success in winning attention must reflect the depressing temper of our time—a historical moment of unprecedented ungenerosity, when a mood for slashing social programs can be powerfully abetted by an argument that beneficiaries cannot be helped, owing to inborn cognitive limits expressed as low I.Q. scores.

“The Bell Curve” rests on two distinctly different but sequential arguments, which together encompass the classic corpus of biological determinism as a social philosophy. The first argument rehashes the tenets of social Darwinism as it was originally constituted. “Social Darwinism” has often been used as a general term for any evolutionary argument about the biological basis of human differences, but the initial nineteenth-century meaning referred to a specific theory of class stratification within industrial societies, and particularly to the idea that there was a permanently poor underclass consisting of genetically inferior people who had precipitated down into their inevitable fate. The theory arose from a paradox of egalitarianism: as long as people remain on top of the social heap by accident of a noble name or parental wealth, and as long as members of despised castes cannot rise no matter what their talents, social stratification will not reflect intellectual merit, and brilliance will be distributed across all classes; but when true equality of opportunity is attained smart people rise and the lower classes become rigid, retaining only the intellectually incompetent.


“The Bell Curve” holds no new arguments or compelling data but cashes in on the depressing temper of our time.

This argument has attracted a variety of twentieth-century champions, including the Stanford psychologist Lewis M. Terman, who imported Alfred Binet’s original test from France, developed the Stanford-Binet I.Q. test, and gave a hereditarian interpretation to the results (one that Binet had vigorously rejected in developing this style of test); Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, who tried to institute a eugenics program of rewarding well-educated women for higher birth rates; and Richard Herrnstein, a co-author of “The Bell Curve” and also the author of a 1971 *Atlantic Monthly* article that presented the same argument without the documentation. The general claim is neither uninteresting nor illogical, but it does require the validity of four shaky premises, all asserted (but hardly discussed or defended) by Herrnstein and Murray. Intelligence, in their formulation, must be depictable as a single number, capable of ranking people in linear order, genetically based, and effectively immutable. If any of these premises are false, their entire argument collapses. For example, if all are true except immutability, then programs for early intervention in education might work to boost I.Q. permanently, just as a pair of eyeglasses may correct a genetic defect in vision. The central argument of “The Bell Curve” fails because most of the premises are false.

Herrnstein and Murray’s second claim, the lightning rod for most commentary, extends the argument for innate cognitive stratification to a claim that racial differences in I.Q. are mostly determined by genetic causes—small differences for Asian superiority over

Why do
fools fall in love?

Odyssey of the Heart

The Search for Closeness, Intimacy, and Love
by John Harvey

Renowned psychologist Dr. John H. Harvey answers all of your questions by exploring what psychologists really know about love. Practical, poetic and profound, *Odyssey of the Heart* presents real cases and real findings about every aspect of any relationship.

Now at bookstores
W.H. Freeman and Co.

Enjoy ACCESS® to the best places...

Even San Franciscans are amazed at the doors that open with SF ACCESS. Discover the best of the city you love, and learn to love the cities you visit with ACCESS guides.

$18.00 paperback

Richard Saul Wurman
SAN FRANCISCO
ACCESS

HarperReference
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd.*

ITALY
WRAPPED TO GO

We wrap up the whole country, Alps to Apulia, into an exciting, eight-page, monthly newsletter full of up-to-the-minute hotel and restaurant reviews and wonderfully practical, inside information. See why the New York Times called us "most sophisticated" and why our readers trust us to steer them straight.

Our red-and-green logo looks great on a holiday gift card. Subscriptions: $54 (U.S.) for 11 issues (outside N. America add $10). Sample issue: $10 (refundable). Last-minute gift announcements are no problem. Full satisfaction or full refund. Send check, Amex, VISA or MC number (with expiration date and phone) to:

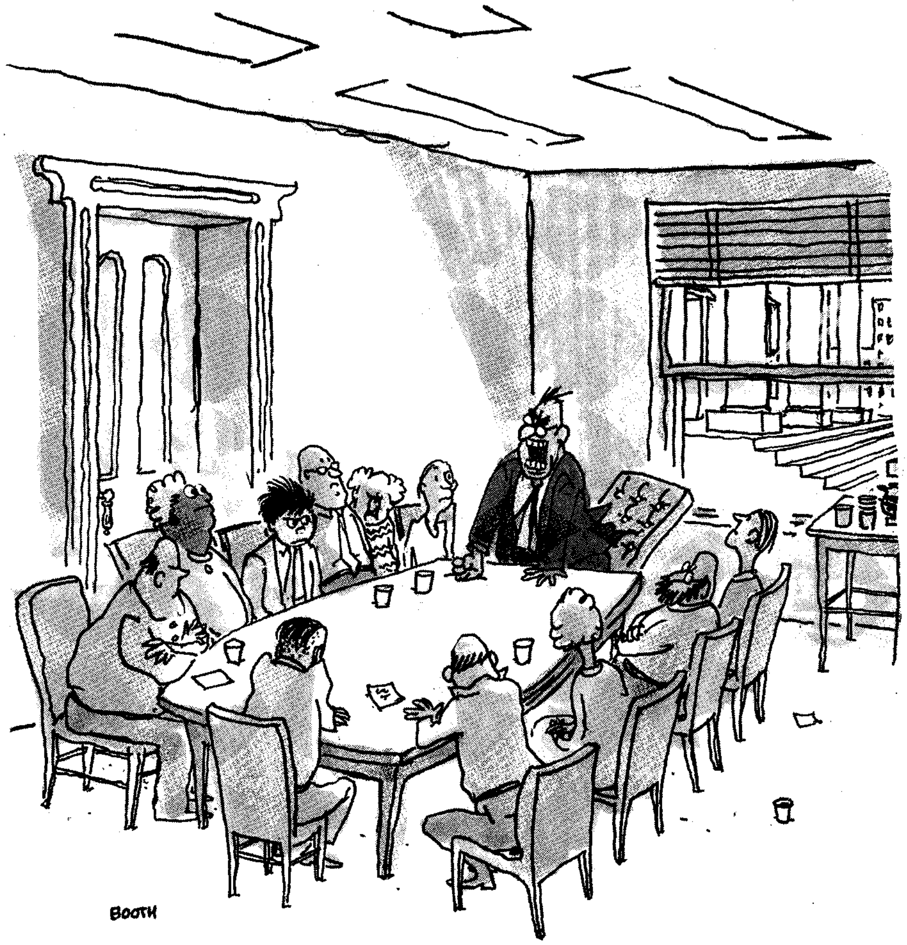
the ITALIAN traveler

PO Box 32 Livingston NJ 07039
☎ (800) 362.6978 Fax (201) 994.3847

Caucasian, but large for Caucasians over people of African descent. This argument is as old as the study of race, and is almost surely fallacious. The last generation's discussion centered on Arthur Jensen's 1980 book "Bias in Mental Testing" (far more elaborate and varied than anything presented in "The Bell Curve," and therefore still a better source for grasping the argument and its problems), and on the cranky advocacy of William Shockley, a Nobel Prize-winning physicist. The central fallacy in using the substantial heritability of within-group I.Q. (among whites, for example) as an explanation of average differences between groups (whites versus blacks, for example) is now well known and acknowledged by all, including Herrnstein and Murray, but deserves a re-statement by example. Take a trait that is far more heritable than anyone has ever claimed I.Q. to be but is politically uncontroversial—body height. Suppose that I measure the heights of adult males in a poor Indian village beset with nutritional deprivation, and suppose the average height of adult males is five feet six inches. Heritability within the village is high, which is to say that tall fathers (they may average five feet eight inches) tend to have tall sons, while short fathers (five feet four inches on average) tend to have short sons. But this high heritability within the village does not mean that better nutrition might not raise average height to five feet ten inches in a few generations. Similarly, the well-documented fifteen-point average difference in I.Q. between blacks and whites in America, with substantial heritability of I.Q. in family lines within each group, permits no automatic conclusion that truly equal opportunity might not raise the black average enough to equal or surpass the white mean.

Disturbing as I find the anachronism of "The Bell Curve," I am even more distressed by its pervasive disingenuousness. The authors omit facts, misuse statistical methods, and seem unwilling to admit the consequences of their own words.

THE ocean of publicity that has engulfed "The Bell Curve" has a basis in what Murray and Herrnstein, in



"I say we go for the record in punitive damages!"

Time for Diamonds

© Sidney Mobell

Imagine... A miniture 18K gold hourglass filled with 200 tiny cut diamonds weighing a full carat total weight. The diamonds actually sift through instead of sand.
A timely gift for any occasion.
Yellow gold $2500
Honored by Swiss Museum

Internationally famed.
But uniquely San Francisco.

sidney mobell
Designer and Creator of Fine Jewelry

ONE FINE STORE IN SAN FRANCISCO
FAIRMONT HOTEL • ATOP NOB HILL
950 MASON STREET • (415) 421-4747
(800) 442-7999
MEMBER AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY

3 AUDIO BOOKS FOR 99¢ EACH

Tom Clancy
Debt of Honor

When you join the Audio Book Club.
Best Sellers on Tape
Hundreds of Titles
1-800-422-2258
Audio Book Club
©1994 Audio Book Club 4NY04
P.O. Box 986 • Hicksville, NY 11802-0986

CLASSIC T-SHIRTS!
Beethoven, Da Vinci, Sitting Bull, Jung, Poe, Mozart, Chehsire Cat, Shakespeare, Austen, Nietzsche, Darwin, Van Gogh, Twian, etc.
Brochure of over 100 designs $1.00
T-shirt: (white, ash, red) $14.75 4/$54
Sweatshirt: (white or ash) $25. 2/$48
Sizes: S, M, L, XL **Shipp:** $4.00 per order.
MC/VISA 1-800-747-2747
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS P.O. BOX 604 NY, BARRE, VT 05641

SYBARITIC SAFARIS
East Africa in style. Spacious tents. King-size beds. Gourmet meals. 2 staff/guest. Tailored itineraries for groups of up to 8. Supreme comfort in tantalizing Tanzania.
CAMPFIRE SAFARIS
938 Santa Clara Ave., Alameda, CA 94501 (510)769-8268
campfire safaris

an article in *The New Republic* last month, call "the flashpoint of intelligence as a public topic: the question of genetic differences between the races." And yet, since the day of the book's publication, Murray (Herrnstein died a month before the book appeared) has been temporizing, and denying that race is an important subject in the book at all; he blames the press for unfairly fanning these particular flames. In *The New Republic* he and Herrnstein wrote, "Here is what we hope will be our contribution to the discussion. We put it in italics; if we could, we would put it in neon lights: *The answer doesn't much matter.*"

Fair enough, in the narrow sense that any individual may be a rarely brilliant member of an averagely dumb group (and therefore not subject to judgment by the group mean), but Murray cannot deny that "The Bell Curve" treats race as one of two major topics, with each given about equal space; nor can he pretend that strongly stated claims about group differences have no political impact in a society obsessed with the meanings and consequences of ethnicity. The very first sentence of "The Bell Curve" 's preface acknowledges that the book treats the two subjects equally: "This book is about differences in intellectual capacity among people and groups and what those differences mean for America's future." And Murray and Herrnstein's *New Republic* article begins by identifying racial differences as the key subject of interest: "The private dialogue about race in America is far different from the public one."

Furthermore, Herrnstein and Murray know and acknowledge the critique of extending the substantial heritability of within-group I.Q. to explain differences between groups, so they must construct an admittedly circumstantial case for attributing most of the black-white mean difference to irrevocable genetics—while properly stressing that the average difference doesn't help in judging any particular person, because so many individual blacks score above the white mean in I.Q. Quite apart from the rhetorical dubiety of this old ploy in a shopworn genre—"Some of my best friends are Group X"—Herrnstein and Murray violate fairness by converting a complex case that can yield only agnosticism into a biased brief for permanent and heritable difference. They impose this spin

The Impressionists' Table
Recipes & Gastronomy of 19th-Century France
by Alexandra Leaf
Wine Selections by Jacques Pépin

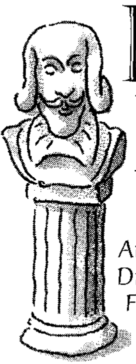
"What a treat!...
A francophile's delight, marrying the study of art and cuisine."
—Dorothy Cann Hamilton, French Culinary Institute

A stunning display of art and gastronomy in Impressionist France, this glorious cookbook belongs on the coffee table as well as in the kitchen. 9½" x 9½"

Available at fine bookstores

RIZZOLI
International Publications

POETRY FOR CATS

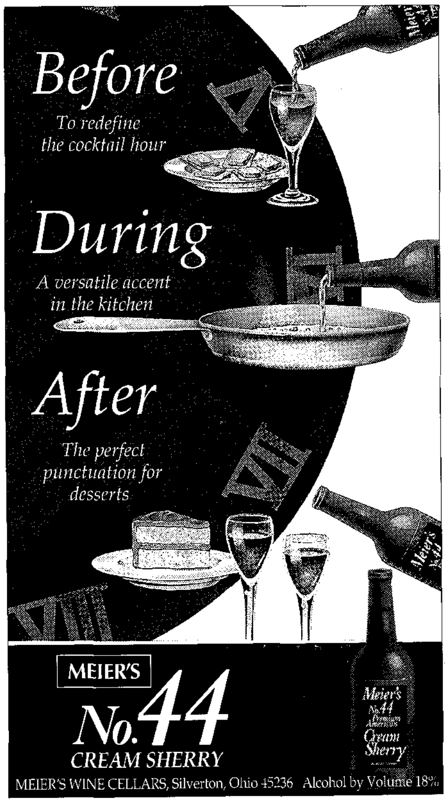


The Definitive Anthology of Distinguished Feline Verse
by
Henry Beard
Author of *French for Cats*

At last, in one elegant volume, all the best-loved masterpieces of kitty literature.

"To go outside, and there perchance to stay
Or to remain within: that is the question."
—Hamlet's Cat's Soliloquy by William Shakespeare's Cat

At bookstores everywhere
VILLARD BOOKS
A Division of Random House, Inc.



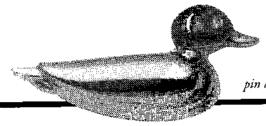
MEIER'S
No.44
CREAM SHERRY
MEIER'S WINE CELLARS, Silverton, Ohio 45236 Alcohol by Volume 18%

Celebrate July 4th & All Events
CARBIDE CANNON
BIG BANG! $119.95

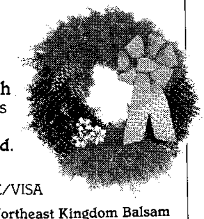
Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Handsome decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: 9" cannon, **$49.95 postpaid;** 17" cannon, **$89.95 postpaid;** 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, **$119.95 postpaid.** The larger the cannon the louder the bang! **Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, $6.00; 3 packs for $15.00.** Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee. Send for **FREE CATALOG!**

The Conestoga Co., Inc., Dept NY, PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016

★★ Call 1-800-987-BANG (2264) ★★



pin at actual size
N/9 3 © 94
WINDSOR HOUSE COLLECTION
Our exclusive lapel pin with diamond eye, enameled head in royal or forrest. 14k $461. 18k $570.
Orders or colour folio 800-827-6199
J. Austin Forbes
London Fine Jewellery

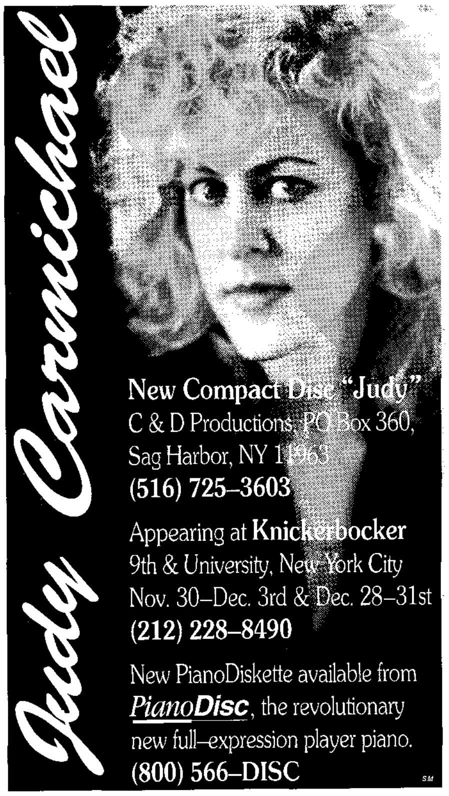


SEND A BIT OF THE
VERMONT WOODS
FOR CHRISTMAS
22 inch Balsam Wreath
w. red velvet bow, cones
and berries, enclosed
gift card . . . $23.85 ppd.
Cedar-Pine "indoor"
wreaths & garlands. MC/VISA
FREE BROCHURE!
Northeast Kingdom Balsam
Dept NY94, W. Glover, VT 05875
1-800-322-YULE

by turning every straw on their side into an oak, while mentioning but downplaying the strong circumstantial case for substantial malleability and little average genetic difference. This case includes such evidence as impressive I.Q. scores for poor black children adopted into affluent and intellectual homes; average I.Q. increases in some nations since the Second World War equal to the entire fifteen-point difference now separating blacks and whites in America; and failure to find any cognitive differences between two cohorts of children born out of wedlock to German women, reared in Germany as Germans, but fathered by black and white American soldiers.

"THE BELL CURVE" is even more disingenuous in its argument than in its obfuscation about race. The book is a rhetorical masterpiece of scientism, and it benefits from the particular kind of fear that numbers impose on nonprofessional commentators. It runs to eight hundred and forty-five pages, including more than a hundred pages of appendixes filled with figures. So the text looks complicated, and reviewers shy away with a knee-jerk claim that, while they suspect fallacies of argument, they really cannot judge. In the same issue of *The New Republic* as Murray and Herrnstein's article, Mickey Kaus writes, "As a lay reader of 'The Bell Curve,' I'm unable to judge fairly," and Leon Wieseltier adds, "Murray, too, is hiding the hardness of his politics behind the hardness of his science. And his science, for all I know, is soft. . . . Or so I imagine. I am not a scientist. I know nothing about psychometrics." And Peter Passell, in the *Times:* "But this reviewer is not a biologist, and will leave the argument to experts."

The book is in fact extraordinarily one-dimensional. It makes no attempt to survey the range of available data, and pays astonishingly little attention to the rich and informative history of its contentious subject. (One can only recall Santayana's dictum, now a cliché of intellectual life: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.") Virtually all the analysis rests on a single technique applied to a single set of data—probably done in one computer run. (I do agree that the authors have used the most appropriate technique and the best source of informa-



New Compact Disc "Judy"
C & D Productions, PO Box 360,
Sag Harbor, NY 11963
(516) 725-3603
Appearing at Knickerbocker
9th & University, New York City
Nov. 30–Dec. 3rd & Dec. 28–31st
(212) 228-8490
New PianoDiskette available from
PianoDisc, the revolutionary
new full–expression player piano.
(800) 566–DISC
SM

BOB,
WHAT GOES AROUND
COMES AROUND! KATE
Approx. 12" Long
BOOMER~GRAM©
A TRULY UNIQUE & LASTING GREETING
MANY HAPPY RETURNS !
Send an authentic Australian wooden Boomerang, the symbol of return and renewal. Crafted by aboriginal people, each Boomerang features an original hand painting. Your personal "*Many Happy Returns*" message will be inscribed on the reverse side. A gift to be kept and proudly displayed. *Give It A Go! Call today and we'll get your personalized greeting on its way.*
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED.
Only $29.95 plus $3.00 S&H
1 800 390 BOOM
Trade Inquiries Welcome
AUSTRALIA DREAMING INC.
P.O. Box D, Middletown, RI 02842
DEPT. NG8

MicroRacer™
#1043
Formula
Mercedes
4" long
Key-wind motor
$45.00
Lilliput P. O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447 Pay by Visa, MC, AmEx, check.
Call 800-TIN-TOYS Fax 702-463-5581 Shipping $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax.

ANGEL
Pin or Pendant
Velvet Box
Pin
Sterling Silver $ 75
14k Gold $750
Pendant w/20" box chain
Sterling Silver $ 85
14k Gold $790
1-800-235-0471 24 hrs.
VISA, MC, AMEX
S/H $3.50
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701
Size
2 3/4" W x 1" H

FAMILY PLANNING BEGINS AT 50.

FOR THE MATURE INDIVIDUAL, family planning begins with thoughtful consideration of a bequest or life income gift to Planned Parenthood Federation of America. Life income gifts provide income for life for one or two persons... a charitable income tax deduction... avoidance of capital gains tax... and probable reduction of estate taxes. Support our vital work on behalf of family planning and reproductive freedom across the U.S. and in 15 other countries. For your free booklet, mail this coupon or call our manager of planned gifts at 1-212-261-4693 or 1-800-829-PPFA. Thank you.

NAME 0177
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

Please clip and send to:
Manager of Planned Gifts
Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc.
810 Seventh Avenue
New York, NY 10019-5882

Planned Parenthood®
Federation of America, Inc.

A copy of our latest financial report is available from the New York Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, New York 12231, or from Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc. 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019-5882. Please write PPFA for a description of our program and activities and/or a list of the organizations to which PPFA has contributed in the last year.
© 1993 PPFA, Inc. This ad was paid for with private contributions.

tion. Still, claims as broad as those advanced in "The Bell Curve" simply cannot be properly defended—that is, either supported or denied—by such a restricted approach.) The blatant errors and inadequacies of "The Bell Curve" could be picked up by lay reviewers if only they would not let themselves be frightened by numbers—for Herrnstein and Murray do write clearly, and their mistakes are both patent and accessible.

While disclaiming his own ability to judge, Mickey Kaus, in *The New Republic*, does correctly identify the authors' first two claims that are absolutely essential "to make the pessimistic 'ethnic difference' argument work": "(1) that there is a single, general measure of mental ability; (2) that the I.Q. tests that purport to measure this ability . . . aren't culturally biased."

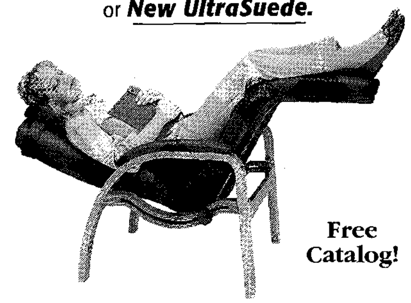
Nothing in "The Bell Curve" angered me more than the authors' failure to supply any justification for their central claim, the sine qua non of their entire argument: that the number known as *g*, the celebrated "general factor" of intelligence, first identified by the British psychologist Charles Spearman, in 1904, captures a real property in the head. Murray and Herrnstein simply declare that the issue has been decided, as in this passage from their *New Republic* article: "Among the experts, it is by now beyond much technical dispute that there is such a thing as a general factor of cognitive ability on which human beings differ and that this general factor is measured reasonably well by a variety of standardized tests, best of all by I.Q. tests designed for that purpose." Such a statement represents extraordinary obfuscation, achievable only if one takes "expert" to mean "that group of psychometricians working in the tradition of *g* and its avatar I.Q." The authors even admit that there are three major schools of psychometric interpretation and that only one supports their view of *g* and I.Q.

But this issue cannot be decided, or even understood, without discussing the key and only rationale that has maintained *g* since Spearman invented it: factor analysis. The fact that Herrnstein and Murray barely mention the factor-analytic argument forms a central indictment of "The Bell Curve" and is an illustration of its vacuousness. How can the authors base an eight-hundred-page

Back Relief and Relaxation

Treat your back to the world's most stress-free recliner...

Adjusts from vertical to horizontal in the doctor-recommended 90/90 position.
Elegant wood finishes, with leather, fabric or **New UltraSuede.**



Free Catalog!

BackSaver Call 1-800-251-2225
or fax 24 hrs. 1-800-443-9609
53 Jeffrey Avenue, NY67, Holliston, MA 01746

¡Ciao Bella!
Gelato

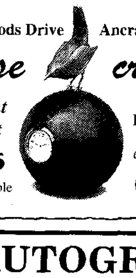
"My darling *pumpkin*,
let's misbehave
this holiday season.
Dear little *biscotti*,
I am absolutely...
pistachio about you.
To think. *Coconut*.
we simply telephoned
1 800 343 5286
and that sweet F.W. Pearce
sent us a freezerful.
Oh. my *passion (fruit)*,
that delightful man
flew in our lovely flavors
from Italy!"

"Oh, my *Ciao Bella*, Gelato!"

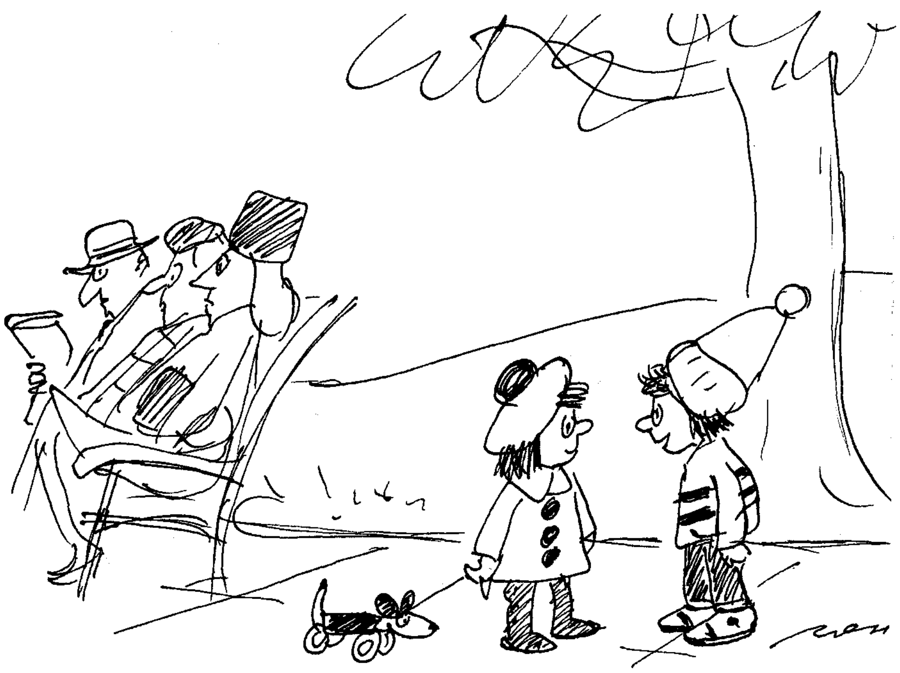
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links,
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165. Visa/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

SMITH HILL Woods Drive Ancramdale, NY 12503
clockwise creatures
solid pewter
an elegant & cheerful gift
$7.50 S&H **$125**
catalogue available
BIRD, CAT or COW *on a 4" metal ball clock base*
(800) 327-2079



AUTOGRAPHS
& HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS
Our fully illustrated catalog features original letters, documents, and photographs signed by famous historical figures.
Call today for catalog information
(310) 575-3851



"Tell me about yourself. Are you on solids?"

• •

book on a claim for the reality of I.Q. as measuring a genuine, and largely genetic, general cognitive ability—and then hardly discuss, either pro or con, the theoretical basis for their certainty?

Admittedly, factor analysis is a difficult mathematical subject, but it can be explained to lay readers with a geometrical formulation developed by L. L. Thurstone, an American psychologist, in the nineteen-thirties and used by me in a full chapter on factor analysis in my 1981 book "The Mismeasure of Man." A few paragraphs cannot suffice for adequate explanation, so, although I offer some sketchy hints below, readers should not question their own I.Q.s if the topic still seems arcane.

In brief, a person's performance on various mental tests tends to be positively correlated—that is, if you do well on one kind of test, you tend to do well on the other kinds. This is scarcely surprising, and is subject to interpretation that is either purely genetic (that an innate thing in the head boosts all performances) or purely environmental (that good books and good childhood nutrition boost all performances); the positive correlations in themselves say nothing about causes. The results of these tests can be plotted on a multidimensional graph with an axis for each test. Spearman used factor analysis to find a single dimension—which he called *g*—that best identifies the common facto behind positive correlations among th tests. But Thurstone later showed tha *g* could be made to disappear by simpl rotating the dimensions to different positions. In one rotation Thurstone place the dimensions near the most widel separated attributes among the tests thus giving rise to the theory of multipl intelligences (verbal, mathematical, spatial, etc., with no overarching *g*). Thi theory (which I support) has been advocated by many prominent psychometricians, including J. P. Guilford, in th nineteen-fifties, and Howard Gardne today. In this perspective, *g* cannot hav inherent reality, for it emerges in one for of mathematical representation for correlations among tests and disappears (o greatly attenuates) in other forms, whic are entirely equivalent in amount of information explained. In any case, you can' grasp the issue at all without a clear exposition of factor analysis—and "The Bel Curve" cops out on this central concept

As for Kaus's second issue, cultura bias, the presentation of it in "The Bel Curve" matches Arthur Jensen's an that of other hereditarians, in confusin a technical (and proper) meaning o "bias" (I call it "S-bias," for "statistical" with the entirely different vernacula concept (I call it "V-bias") that provoke

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, light-weight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160 **Sale $89** Shipping and handling, $6.50

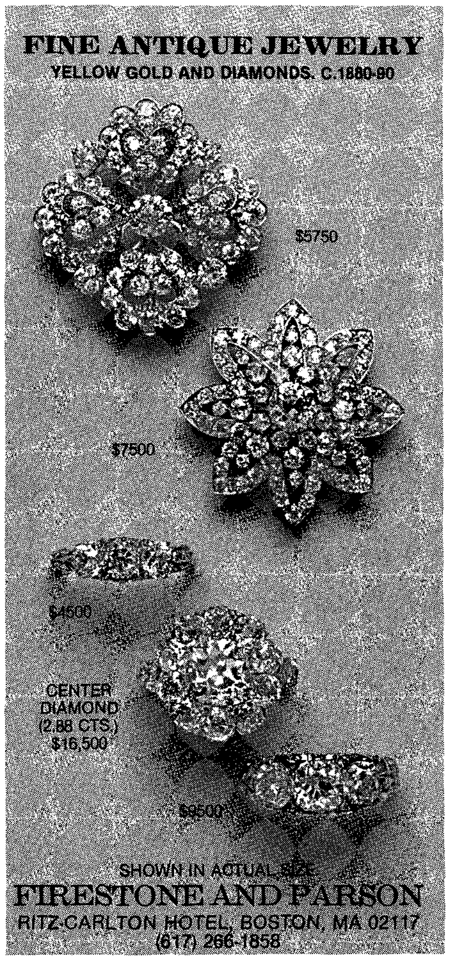
Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $4.50

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.

☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7¼% tax

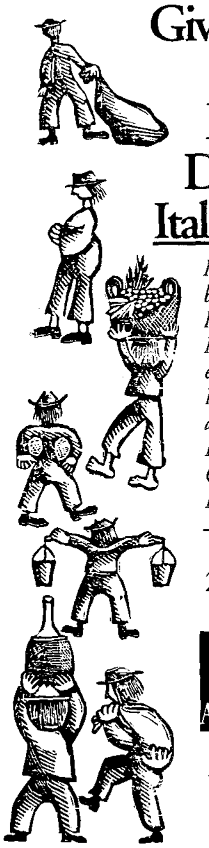
WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA



FINE ANTIQUE JEWELRY
YELLOW GOLD AND DIAMONDS. C.1880-90

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617) 266-1858



Give The *Only* Magazine Exclusively Devoted To Italian Cuisine

Recipes; Articles; Cookbook, Wine and Video Reviews; Profiles of Chefs; Humor; Traditions; Covering America and Italy; Big Cities, Towns, Villages and Countryside. Forty Plus Pages. In Beautiful Full Color. 1995 Will Be Our Fifth Year of Publishing.

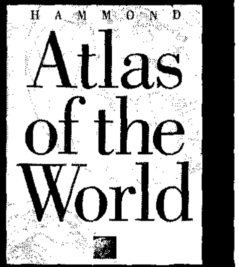
1 Yr. (6 Issues) $17
2 Yrs. (12 Issues) $26
Canada Add $8/Overseas $12

Special Holiday Offer: Buy 1 Subscription And The 2nd Is 1/2 Price

Holiday Gift Card Available Upon Request

800-438-2385
CHECK or M.O. only

Journal of **Italian Food & Wine**
609 W. 114th St. / Ste. 77• NY, NY 10025



GO GLOBAL

Give Greece, Glengarry, Galápagos, and the Gobi All in One Great Gift.

HAMMOND Atlas of the World

Defining Today's World
HAMMOND

PLAY MONDOES, the mind-tingling, Mondrian-inspired card game with vertical, horizontal & diagonal scoring. Compact, challenging & creative.

MONDOES

A DOUBLE DECKER OF A CARD GAME!

$15 POST PAID TO
AMELIA + ASSOC, INC.
8 WEST MADISON STREET
BALTIMORE, MD 21201
410-727-3100

filmclips
Your guide to the best films on video
A monthly newsletter of reviews for the movie lover on your holiday list.
to order call 1.800.395.9344 anytime

popular debate. All these authors swear up and down (and I agree with them completely) that the tests are not biased—in the statistician's definition. Lack of S-bias means that the same score, when it is achieved by members of different groups, predicts the same thing; that is, a black person and a white person with identical scores will have the same probabilities for doing anything that I.Q. is supposed to predict.

But V-bias, the source of public concern, embodies an entirely different issue, which, unfortunately, uses the same word. The public wants to know whether blacks average 85 and whites 100 because society treats blacks unfairly—that is, whether lower black scores record biases in this social sense. And this crucial question (to which we do not know the answer) cannot be addressed by a demonstration that S-bias doesn't exist, which is the only issue analyzed, however correctly, in "The Bell Curve."

THE book is also suspect in its use of statistics. As I mentioned, virtually all its data derive from one analysis—a plotting, by a technique called multiple regression, of the social behaviors that agitate us, such as crime, unemployment, and births out of wedlock (known as dependent variables), against both I.Q. and parental socioeconomic status (known as independent variables). The authors first hold I.Q. constant and consider the relationship of social behaviors to parental socioeconomic status. They then hold socioeconomic status constant and consider the relationship of the same social behaviors to I.Q. In general, they find a higher correlation with I.Q. than with socioeconomic status; for example, people with low I.Q. are more likely to drop out of high school than people whose parents have low socioeconomic status.

But such analyses must engage two issues—the form and the strength of the relationship—and Herrnstein and Murray discuss only the issue that seems to support their viewpoint, while virtually ignoring (and in one key passage almost willfully hiding) the other. Their numerous graphs present only the form of the relationships; that is, they draw the regression curves of their variables against I.Q. and parental socioeconomic status. But, in violation of all statistical norms that I've ever learned, they plot *only* the regression curve and do not

New Orleans Hosts An Exhibition Of Monet Masterworks

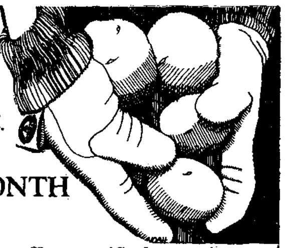
January 7–March 12, 1995, New Orleans Museum Of Art

The exhibition, *Monet: Late Paintings of Giverny from the Musée Marmottan,* will feature a number of Monet's paintings that have never before been seen in the U.S.

The art of living is on exhibit everyday in New Orleans in her brassy music, in her unique cuisine and in her alchemical ability to turn any occasion into a party.

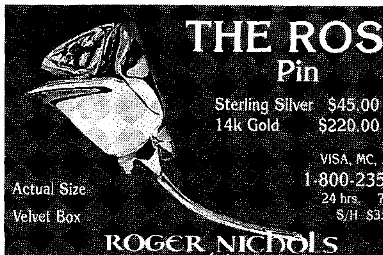
Call ahead, **1-800-766-7711**, and we'll send you a Good Times Guide to New Orleans, including a Lodging Guide and vouchers worth $2500 in dining and entertainment values.

NEW ORLEANS
Come Join The Parade

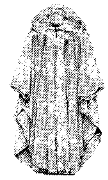


Something new, for something old.
POTATO OF THE MONTH
Postage Paid

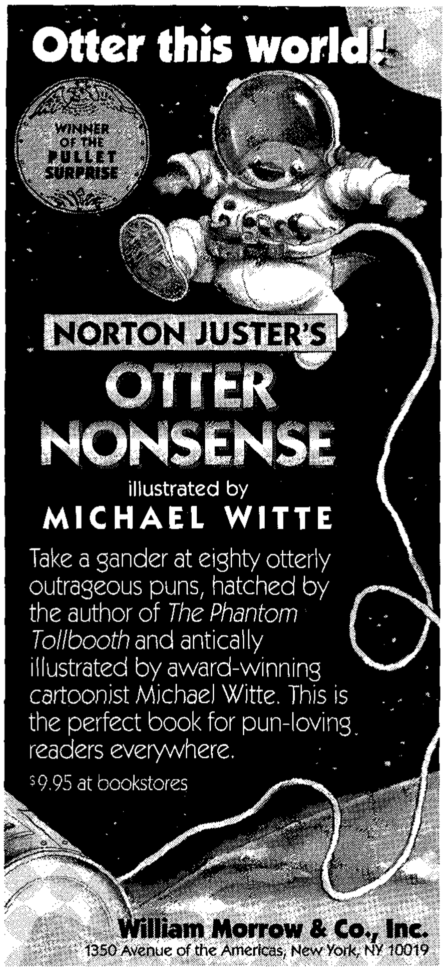
New Penny Farm offers certified organic potatoes in many of the old-fashioned, flavorful varieties — delivered to your door each month. For a free catalog, write: PO Box 448-Y; Presque Isle, Me. 04769. Or call: 1-800-827-7551. VISA/MasterCard accepted.



THE ROSE Pin
Sterling Silver $45.00
14k Gold $220.00
VISA, MC, AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 hrs. 7 days
S/H $3.50
Actual Size
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS
fine studios jewelry
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701



Factory Direct • Handcrafted • Elegant
WOOL CAPES
Classically tailored. Top quality pure woolens. Two styles; hooded & capelet. Long, regular, petite sizes. People love the warmth - and the romance - of our capes. Free swatches and Brochure.
(800) 788-9842 or write: Casco Bay Fine Woolens, 34 Danforth St., Box 25NY, Portland, Maine 04101


Otter this world!

WINNER OF THE PULLET SURPRISE

NORTON JUSTER'S
OTTER NONSENSE
illustrated by
MICHAEL WITTE

Take a gander at eighty otterly outrageous puns, hatched by the author of *The Phantom Tollbooth* and antically illustrated by award-winning cartoonist Michael Witte. This is the perfect book for pun-loving readers everywhere.

$9.95 at bookstores

William Morrow & Co., Inc.
1350 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019

Travel Newsletter for Discriminating Golfers

"Shrewdly, GOLF TRAVEL *includes information its bigger competitors ignore" — Town & Country*

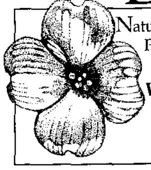
GOLF TRAVEL, the acclaimed monthly newsletter, evaluates the best—and most overrated—golf travel destinations in the U.S. and abroad. Eliminates guesswork and costly mistakes. Includes course reviews, lodging, dining, non-golf activities, and more each month. Unbiased, candid, and fiercely independent. $79 per year, satisfaction guaranteed. Check, VISA, MasterCard, or American Express accepted. Mail or phone today!

The ideal Holiday gift!

GOLF TRAVEL
Federal Express delivery for last minute orders
P.O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903 USA. Tel: (804) 295-1200
FAX orders: (804) 296-0948; Toll-free in U.S. 1-800-225-7825

Washable Sheepskin Slippers & Boots

Write or Call:
Aussie Connection
135 NE Third Avenue
Hillsboro, OR 97124
1-800-950-2668
for a FREE Catalog


DOGWOOD PIN

Nature's elegance is captured in this Dogwood Pin crafted in sterling by Hand & Hammer Silversmiths. 1.5" $39 PPd. Catalog $2.00

Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1 (800) 545-4556

HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

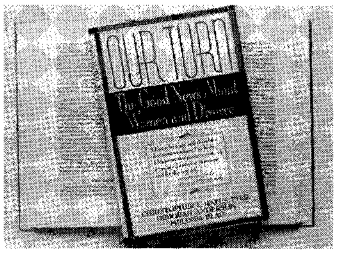
show the scatter of variation around the curve, so their graphs do not show anything about the strength of the relationships—that is, the amount of variation in social factors explained by I.Q. and socioeconomic status. Indeed, almost all their relationships are weak: very little of the variation in social factors is explained by either independent variable (though the form of this small amount of explanation does lie in their favored direction). In short, their own data indicate that I.Q. is not a major factor in determining variation in nearly all the social behaviors they study—and so their conclusions collapse, or at least become so greatly attenuated that their pessimism and conservative social agenda gain no significant support.

Herrnstein and Murray actually admit as much in one crucial passage, but then they hide the pattern. They write, "It [cognitive ability] almost always explains less than 20 percent of the variance, to use the statistician's term, usually less than 10 percent and often less than 5 percent. What this means in English is that you cannot predict what a given person will do from his I.Q. score. . . . On the other hand, despite the low association at the individual level, large differences in social behavior separate groups of people when the groups differ intellectually on the average." Despite this disclaimer, their remarkable next sentence makes a strong causal claim. "We will argue that intelligence itself, not just its correlation with socioeconomic status, is responsible for these group differences." But a few per cent of statistical determination is not causal explanation. And the case is even worse for their key genetic argument, since they claim a heritability of about sixty per cent for I.Q., so to isolate the strength of genetic determination by Herrnstein and Murray's own criteria you must nearly halve even the few per cent they claim to explain.

My charge of disingenuousness receives its strongest affirmation in a sentence tucked away on the first page of Appendix 4, page 593: the authors state, "In the text, we do not refer to the usual measure of goodness of fit for multiple regressions, R^2, but they are presented here for the cross-sectional analyses." Now, why would they exclude from the text, and relegate to an appendix that very few people will read, or even consult, a num-

—OUR FACULTY—
—REACH FAR—
—BEYOND THE—
—CLASSROOM—

"Our Turn"
Pocket Books


Professor Christopher Hayes, Ph.D.
Psychology Department
Southampton
LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY
Education That Works®

FACTORY-DIRECT SAVINGS

FREE STEREO CATALOG

We make speakers and music systems designed by Henry Kloss (founder of AR, KLH & Advent). We sell them, and components by Pioneer, Sony, Philips, Carver & others-factory direct. You can save hundreds of dollars. Our New Ensemble® II subwoofer-satellite speaker system (above) sells for $439, about half the price of competing models. 30 day return guarantee.

1-800-FOR-HIFI 1-800-367-4434

CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS
The country's largest factory-direct stereo company.
Suite 132, 154 California Street
Newton, MA 02158 Fax 617-332-9229

ber that, by their own admission, is "the usual measure of goodness of fit"? I can only conclude that they did not choose to admit in the main text the extreme weakness of their vaunted relationships.

Herrnstein and Murray's correlation coefficients are generally low enough by themselves to inspire lack of confidence. (Correlation coefficients measure the strength of linear relationships between variables; the positive values run from 0.0 for no relationship to 1.0 for perfect linear relationship.) Although low figures are not atypical for large social-science surveys involving many variables, most of Herrnstein and Murray's correlations are very weak—often in the 0.2 to 0.4 range. Now, 0.4 may sound respectably strong, but—and this is the key point—R^2 is the square of the correlation coefficient, and the square of a number between zero and one is less than the number itself, so a 0.4 correlation yields an r-squared of only .16. In Appendix 4, then, one discovers that the vast majority of the conventional measures of R^2, excluded from the main body of the text, are less than 0.1. These very low values of R^2 expose the true weakness, in any meaningful vernacular sense, of nearly all the relationships that form the meat of "The Bell Curve."

LIKE so many conservative ideologues who rail against the largely bogus ogre of suffocating political correctness, Herrnstein and Murray claim that they only want a hearing for unpopular views so that truth will out. And here, for once, I agree entirely. As a card-carrying First Amendment (near) absolutist, I applaud the publication of unpopular views that some people consider dangerous. I am delighted that "The Bell Curve" was written—so that its errors could be exposed, for Herrnstein and Murray are right to point out the difference between public and private agendas on race, and we must struggle to make an impact on the private agendas as well. But "The Bell Curve" is scarcely an academic treatise in social theory and population genetics. It is a manifesto of conservative ideology; the book's inadequate and biased treatment of data displays its primary purpose—advocacy. The text evokes the dreary and scary drumbeat of claims associated with conservative think tanks: reduction or elimination of welfare, end-

A NEW ANTHOLOGY, PERSONALLY SELECTED BY THE AUTHOR

THE Annie Dillard READER

Including selections from

PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK

TEACHING A STONE TO TALK

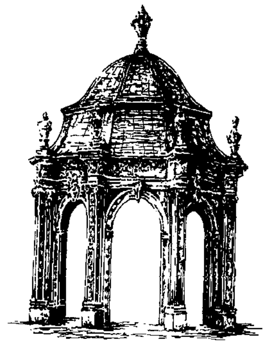
HOLY THE FIRM

AN AMERICAN CHILDHOOD

THE LIVING *and Selected New Work*

A richly rewarding sampler from "one of our major writers."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*Canada Ltd.*



Follies and Fantasies

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

Sally Sample Aall
Photographs by Nic Barlow
Introduction by Dale Harris

128 pages, 178 illustrations, 150 in color
Harry N. Abrams, *publisher*

ARCHIVIA BOOKS 212/439·9194 $39.95

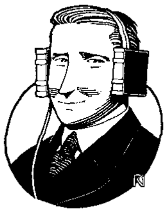
Design at Harvard

Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Design

CAREER DISCOVERY PROGRAM
June 19–July 28, 1995

For people of all ages considering career choices or changes

Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-495-5453

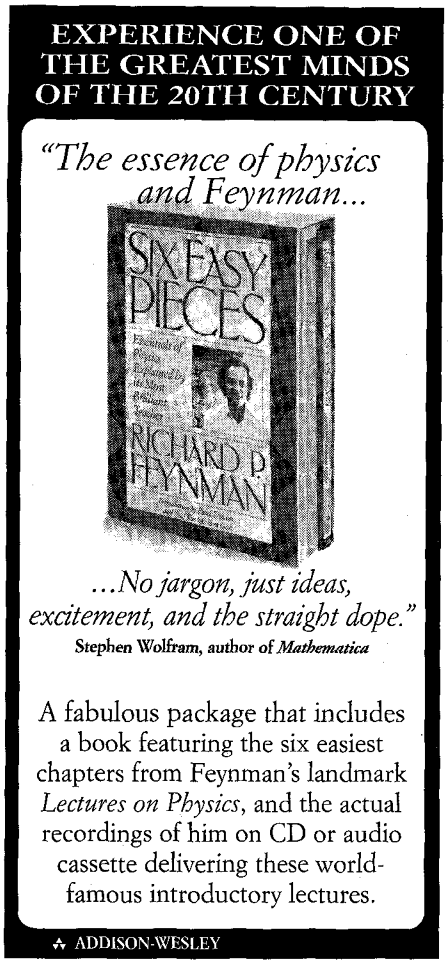


Recorded Books™

NEW **The Day After Tomorrow**
by Allan Folsom

Narrated by George Guidall
Unabridged on cassette
Call for a free brochure:
1-(800)-638-1304
Ask about quick and easy rentals by mail.

Recorded Books, Inc.
270 Skipjack Road
Prince Frederick, MD 20678

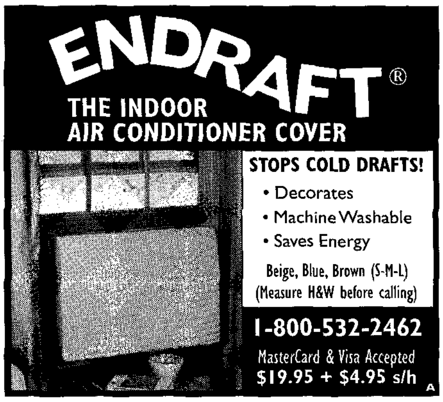

EXPERIENCE ONE OF THE GREATEST MINDS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

"The essence of physics and Feynman...

...No jargon, just ideas, excitement, and the straight dope."
Stephen Wolfram, author of *Mathematica*

A fabulous package that includes a book featuring the six easiest chapters from Feynman's landmark *Lectures on Physics*, and the actual recordings of him on CD or audio cassette delivering these world-famous introductory lectures.

ADDISON-WESLEY


ENDRAFT®
THE INDOOR AIR CONDITIONER COVER
STOPS COLD DRAFTS!
- Decorates
- Machine Washable
- Saves Energy

Beige, Blue, Brown (S-M-L)
(Measure H&W before calling)
1-800-532-2462
MasterCard & Visa Accepted
$19.95 + $4.95 s/h
A

MC² DESIGN®
Ltd. Editions
14k Gold
(Actual Size)
SEA OTTER
$295
With Pearl & Platinum Whiskers
©1992 B & P McCaleb
1-800-537-2169 (PST/7-days)
Visa/MC Catalog Available LaConner, WA

TRAVELLER'S BOOKSTORE
Your source for worldwide guidebooks, maps, travel literature & accessories.
Free Color Catalog
1 • 800 • 755 • 8728
75 Rockefeller Plaza • NYC

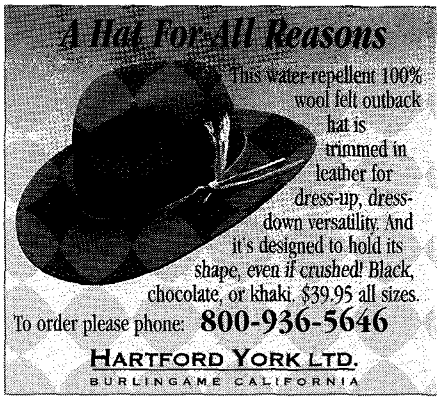
ing or sharply curtailing affirmative action in schools and workplaces, cutting back Head Start and other forms of preschool education, trimming programs for the slowest learners and applying those funds to the gifted. (I would love to see more attention paid to talented students, but not at this cruel price.)

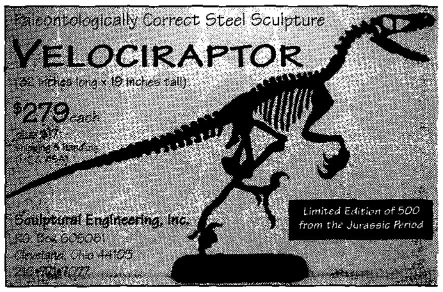
The penultimate chapter presents an apocalyptic vision of a society with a growing underclass permanently mired in the inevitable sloth of their low I.Q.s. They will take over our city centers, keep having illegitimate babies (for many are too stupid to practice birth control), and ultimately require a kind of custodial state, more to keep them in check—and out of high-I.Q. neighborhoods—than to realize any hope of an amelioration, which low I.Q. makes impossible in any case. Herrnstein and Murray actually write, "In short, by *custodial state*, we have in mind a high-tech and more lavish version of the Indian reservation for some substantial minority of the nation's population, while the rest of America tries to go about its business."

The final chapter tries to suggest an alternative, but I have never read anything more almost grotesquely inadequate. Herrnstein and Murray yearn romantically for the good old days of towns and neighborhoods where all people could be given tasks of value, and self-esteem could be found for people on all steps of the I.Q. hierarchy (so Forrest Gump might collect clothing for the church raffle, while Mr. Murray and the other bright ones do the planning and keep the accounts—they have forgotten about the town Jew and the dwellers on the other side of the tracks in many of these idyllic villages). I do believe in this concept of neighborhood, and I will fight for its return. I grew up in such a place in Queens. But can anyone seriously find solutions for (rather than important palliatives of) our social ills therein?

However, if Herrnstein and Murray are wrong, and I.Q. represents not an immutable thing in the head, grading human beings on a single scale of general capacity with large numbers of custodial incompetents at the bottom, then the model that generates their gloomy vision collapses, and the wonderful variousness of human abilities, properly nurtured, reëmerges. We must fight the doctrine of "The Bell Curve" both be-

Give the gift of Maine, a fragrant BALSAM FIR
WREATH $27.
Includes Shipping!
Adorned with cones and crabapples, with a red velvetina bow. Gift packaged with your message enclosed.
Shipped UPS anywhere in continental U.S. All major credit cards accepted.
Approx. 22" diameter
Color brochure upon request.
The Christmas Greens Shop
Dept. N21 • Blue Hill, ME 04614
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-255-8874
In Maine: 207-374-5156
9-6 EST Monday-Saturday
FAX 207-374-2967


A Hat For All Reasons
This water-repellent 100% wool felt outback hat is trimmed in leather for dress-up, dress-down versatility. And it's designed to hold its shape, even if crushed! Black, chocolate, or khaki. $39.95 all sizes.
To order please phone: 800-936-5646
HARTFORD YORK LTD.
BURLINGAME CALIFORNIA


Paleontologically Correct Steel Sculpture
VELOCIRAPTOR
(32 inches long x 19 inches tall)
$279 each
plus $17 shipping & handling (U.S. & USA)
Limited Edition of 500 from the Jurassic Period
Sculptural Engineering, Inc.
P.O. Box 606081
Cleveland, Ohio 44105
[illegible]

Scandinavian
LEFSE
"For Your Holiday Table"
Hand Rolled Potato Bread
Shipped Fresh.....Daily
1-800-775-1585
...LIMITED AVAILABILITY...
Beaver Creek Kitchen
Hatton, N.D.

cause it is wrong and because it will, if activated, cut off all possibility of proper nurturance for everyone's intelligence. Of course, we cannot all be rocket scientists or brain surgeons, but those who can't might be rock musicians or professional athletes (and gain far more social prestige and salary thereby), while others will indeed serve by standing and waiting.

I closed my chapter in "The Mismeasure of Man" on the unreality of *g* and the fallacy of regarding intelligence as a single-scaled, innate thing in the head with a marvellous quotation from John Stuart Mill, well worth repeating:

> The tendency has always been strong to believe that whatever received a name must be an entity or being, having an independent existence of its own. And if no real entity answering to the name could be found, men did not for that reason suppose that none existed, but imagined that it was something particularly abstruse and mysterious.

How strange that we would let a single and false number divide us, when evolution has united all people in the recency of our common ancestry—thus undergirding with a shared humanity that infinite variety which custom can never stale. E pluribus unum. ♦

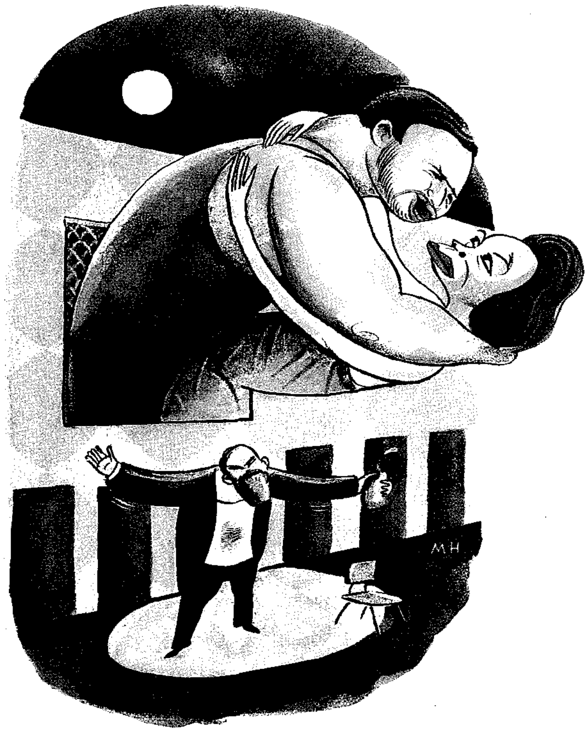
MUSICAL EVENTS

SOUND AND FURY

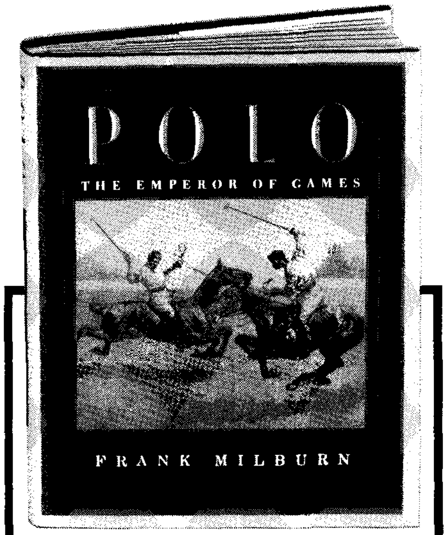
BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

THE stage is full of machines. This is the first presentation of Shostakovich's "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" at the Met since 1935, and a huge crane rears up at the back of the set. There are scenes featuring gantries, an earthmover, an automobile for the hapless husband to drive off in, a crushed replica of it to store his body in. And all the while we see, cavorting and killing, those other machines: human beings.

"Lady Macbeth" is a savage piece, a hysterical piece. It's been remembered in the history books as the opera that—soon after Stalin saw it (or most of it), in 1936, by which time it had been playing in Russia and abroad for two years—was fiercely condemned in a *Pravda* editorial, removed from the stage (two productions were then running in Moscow), and taken as the occasion for a crackdown on the composer. Now, at the Met, we can hear the alarm bells that must have rung in the Great Leader's ears, and we can hear, too, that the anonymous *Pravda* writer wasn't such a bad music critic in remarking how "snatches of melody, embryos of a musical phrase drown, struggle free, and disappear again in the din, the grinding, the squealing." That's pretty much



Shostakovich's "Lady Macbeth": The liveliest production to appear on the Met's stage in years.



POLO The Emperor of Games

BY FRANK MILBURN

"The best book I've read on this most glorious and difficult of sports. Enchanting — full of vivid detail, wonderful stories, and sharp observation."
—Nelson Aldrich

It's a lively social history of polo over the course of 2,000 years

It's written by a member of one of polo's first families. Among its highlights:

- **Tales of polo's halcyon 1920s, when crowds of 40,000 would watch the great Tommy Hitchcock in action**
- **The 50-year dominance of Argentina, where the game involves new levels of danger**
- **Famous people who have played polo: among them Winston Churchill, Lord Mountbatten, Averell Harriman and Prince Charles**
- **Polo's current comeback in popularity and the author's hopes and fears for the future of the sport**

At all bookstores
Just published by Knopf

BIRD WATCHER'S
DIGEST

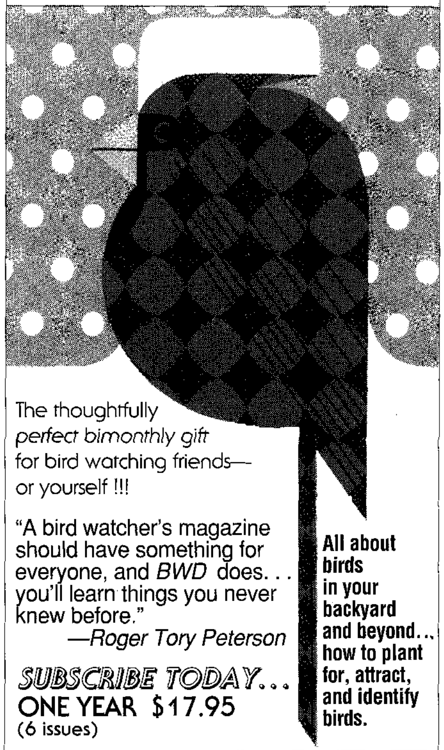
The thoughtfully
perfect bimonthly gift
for bird watching friends—
or yourself !!!

"A bird watcher's magazine should have something for everyone, and BWD does. . . you'll learn things you never knew before."
—Roger Tory Peterson

All about birds in your backyard and beyond... how to plant for, attract, and identify birds.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY...
ONE YEAR $17.95
(6 issues)

Bird Watcher's Digest
Box 110, Dept. ANYO, Marietta, OH 45750
VISA / MC Call 1-800-879-2473 ANYO



AS SEEN IN PARIS

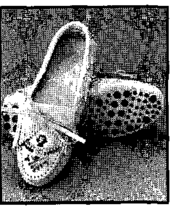
FROM THE 4e
MY CARDIGAN
OF ULTRA FINE
100% MERINO
WOOL IS LIGHT
AS A SHIRT,
TAILORED TO BE
A BLAZER AND
HIP ENOUGH
TO BE NOTICED.
CHARCOAL GREY
US $119+S/H
PH: 401-861-0014
(9-5 EASTERN TIME)

CLARK'S REGISTER 150 CHESTNUT ST. PROV, RI 02903

GARLIC PIN

The king of culinary herbs beautifully rendered by Newport silversmith James Breakell. Sterling silver $35, 14k gold $347. Add $3.50 handling. Major credit cards. 1-800-767-6411.
Catalog on request.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
⅞"
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St. Dept NYG Newport, RI 02840

FREE CATALOGUE
MINNETONKA MOCCASINS
CALL 1-800-603-0003
Handsewn in the U.S.A. Hundreds of styles.
WORLD TRADERS®
Bar Harbor Rd., Box 158-6
Brewer, ME 04412



how the score sounds—if we interpret "melody" to mean any kind of lyrical cantabile, as opposed to the perky little tunes on which Shostakovich based what James Conlon, conducting at the Met, reveals indeed as mostly din, grind, and squeal.

Soulfulness is all but extinguished because, in the gallery of bullies, villains, and hypocrites who make up the cast, souls are all but extinguished: the rare visions of a less driven, riven world arise around musical reminiscences of "Boris Godunov," and they're generally slammed shut fairly fast—perhaps nervously fast, as if they were temptations that had to be rejected. For Shostakovich, the notion of human aspiration singing itself out in G minor had been revealed as an illusion by the great revolutions of his time: Stravinsky's and Lenin's. "The Rite of Spring" had asserted that music's business was not with the expression of an individual psyche but with the structure and action of society, and to that extent its composer had shown himself a faithful follower of Marx; at least, that was the way his message was understood and transmitted by Shostakovich.

"Lady Macbeth" is a post mortem on Romanticism. What had been the great sustaining metaphor of Romantic music—love—is in this opera displaced by brute sex. The only character who makes any attempt to reveal an inner life is the antiheroine of the title, Katerina Ismailova, and what she shows of herself is a wasteland of Chekhovian boredom, musically voiced in a kind of Soviet blues. Maria Ewing's performance in this role is a key element in the Met triumph. She starts out slumped in a flabby armchair, singing with a passionate disdain—the passion in the occasional attack or gleam on notes that otherwise come out of her mouth and pass her by, almost as if they belonged to someone else. And that's how she goes on. She doesn't get excited by her serial murders: of her father-in-law, her husband, her sexual rival. The only moment when her voice is thoroughly, violently present and engaged comes in the yelping of the first bedroom scene with Sergei, the laborer with and for whom she goes on her track of homicides. Life for this Katerina is either orgasm or nothing. And mostly, of course, it's nothing—though this nothing, as Ms.

The perfect gift . . .

A **Maine Holiday Wreath** for you, your loved ones or as a business gift. Perfect for that hard-to-buy-for person. Beautifully handcrafted of freshly-cut balsam fir boughs, pine cones, red apples and a red velveteen ribbon. Approx. 22" diameter. Price **$23.95** (add $4.50 for UPS shipping in the 48 USA). Guaranteed when shipped after Thanksgiving. For quantity price and orders call: **1 800 776-8778** or 207 667-5561 8-5 EST Mon-Sat, or FAX 207 667-8315 or write to **Maine Holiday Wreaths**. Clearly print receivers name(s), shipping address, any special delivery instructions & optional message. M.O., Check, VISA, DISCOVER or MasterCard accepted. Avoid the rush and possible disappointment, Order early!

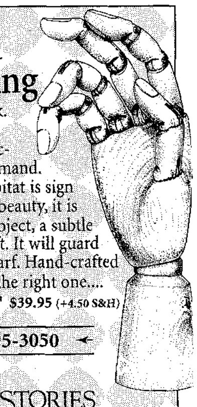
Maine Holiday Wreaths
P. O. Box 536 - N Ellsworth, ME 04605

Let the Hand do the Talking

It stood on Michelangelo's desk. Fortune tellers, scientists and magicians used it. It communicates. Expresses anger. Love. Demand. It provokes, it mediates. Its habitat is sign language. An age old object of beauty, it is still the artist's model, an art object, a subtle communicator, a whimsical gift. It will guard the wedding ring. Or hold a scarf. Hand-crafted of selected wood. And yes, it's the right one....
MG001 - Artist's Model Hand 10" $39.95 (+4.50 S&H)

To order: 1-800-895-3050

TRADING STORIES
5th Street Public Market, 296 E. 5th Street, Eugene, OR 97401
TALES AND TREASURES FROM AROUND THE WORLD



LONDON THEATRE NEWS

Stylish monthly newsletter features reviews, recommendations, theatre and restaurant listings, and a ticket booking service. $49 - 1 yr; $29.95 - 6 months. Please send check to:

London Theatre News
Suite 620, 12 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.
Or call: 1-800-779-0077.

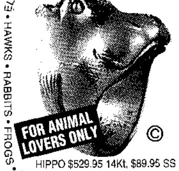
ELEPHANTS • DUCKS • HIPPOS • OWLS • HAWKS • MICE • LIONS • SEALS • DOGS •

CLASS RING.

Graduate to this unique and stunning expression of your love for animals. Pick your favorite species/breed...Rings, Earrings, Broaches in Gold & Silver from $49.95
CALL FOR FREE CATALOG OR TO ORDER
SIGI DESIGN
1165A Castle Rd., NY,Sonoma, CA 95476
1-800-407-SIGI (7444) Visa-M/C-Amex
(707) 939-0464 • Handcrafted in USA

FOR ANIMAL LOVERS ONLY ©
HIPPO $529.95 14Kt, $89.95 SS

SEALS • DOGS • CATS • HORSES • DUCKS • LIONS • HAWKS • MICE • FROGS •
FROGS • RABBITS • HAWKS •

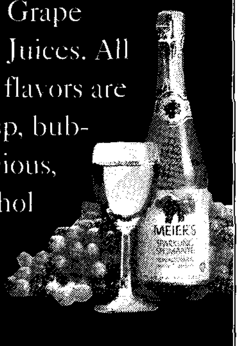


100% fun. 0% alcohol.

For all your celebrations, choose Meier's Sparkling Grape Juices. All eight festive flavors are naturally crisp, bubbly and delicious, without alcohol or added sugar.

MEIER'S

John C. Meier Juice Co. 800 346-2941

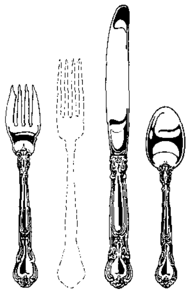


MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?

Now you can replace pieces or add to your sterling silver collection at up to 75% off retail prices. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware, with over 850 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory. (We also buy sterling, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.) Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP

3164 Peachtree Rd. Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305
Phone (404) 261-4009 Hours 10-5, Mon.-Sat.

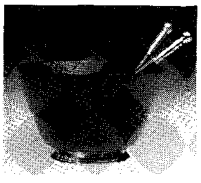


A PERFECT, EXQUISITE GIFT

Handcrafted mahogany salad bowl, pewter base, with matching servers. 10" diam. $135; 12" $165; 14" $210. Gift Box. S/H $4. Satisfaction Guaranteed. To order, or for a catalog 1-800-449-7344.

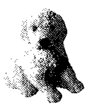
AMANDARI
Fine Mahogany Gifts

9 Academy Lane
Salisbury, CT 06068



DOG LOVERS!

GOLDEN RETRIEVER-"A Magnificent work of art"
Correct in every detail
Hand-crafted & Hand-painted
Adult (17½") - $135 + S&H
Puppy (5") - $22 + S&H
(Other breeds available)
Visa, MC or check
WILLARD & FISH
Source Menagerie
10210 CIRCLE DR., AUSTIN, TX 78736
(512)288-0515



Ewing expresses it, never for an instant ceases to fix attention on her singing and her person.

The emptiness inside Katerina is one element of Shostakovich's autopsy; another is the ripe vitality of movement in his score. Rhythm here is, most frequently, mechanical repetition, and the musical forms that the nineteenth century made to seem agencies of pleasurable relaxation and social intercourse—the dance forms of waltz, polka, galop—are pressed to the point where they suggest, rather, the tyranny of a military regime or the control of a circus whip. They don't swing hearts; they drill bodies. And bodies are what Graham Vick, the director, brings onto the stage, in a production that combines amazement with parodic self-deflation. Mr. Vick's sense of the outrageous is finely tuned. When Katerina's lascivious longings are answered by the advent of a set of hunks who could have stepped off jeans posters, together with a row of other men in shower cubicles, or when the double bed of adultery arrives—with sheets of shocking pink—in the embrace of a forklift, or when the funeral party goes off with candle-carrying mourners solemnly gliding up and down through the air, or when serried policemen show lurid T-shirts under their uniforms, the production is laughing at itself, so we're encouraged to laugh with it, and with the piece. And that laughter keeps us in there, keeps us mindful of the cynicism and the viscerality.

Mr. Vick and his production team—the designer Paul Brown, the lighting designer Nick Chelton, the choreographer Ron Howell—are making their house débuts, and they bring more life to this stage than it's seen in years. They use its space, by means of their machinery, their vibrant color, their aerial ballet, and their sense of spectacle as comedy. They also get around the chief problem of space: lack of immediacy. Partly because of the lighting, partly because of the way the set's tilted, and partly because of the effrontery of so much that's going on, this is a show that, emphatically, comes across. Apart from one early scene of happy peasants and workers casting down red roses, there's no totalitarian camp. By placing the action in the fifties, as it seems from Ms. Ewing's flaming dress of red-dashed yellow and from items of inte-

ADIRONDACK ESCAPES

THE POINT

"#1 RESORT IN THE U.S."

"...formerly the lodge of the Rockefellers; according to charmed reviewers, 'there are not enough superlatives' to describe this 'fantastic hideaway' located on Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, a 'serene' wilderness lodge offering uncommon luxury; it's a 'very special, one-of-a-kind retreat'..."
ZAGAT SURVEY

The Point - private, romantic and eminently civilized.
Member Relais & Chateaux.
$825 - $1025 per night, all inclusive.
800-255-3530, HCR 1, Box 65, Saranac Lake, NY 12983

LAKE PLACID LODGE

"PERFECT PEACE"

"...22 rooms with that distinct Adirondack spirit. Cedar twigwork by local craftsmen, Native American throw rugs, and carefully chosen paintings by regional artists create a surprising air of elegance."
TRAVEL & LEISURE

Lake Placid Lodge - sumptuously rustic and romantic, crackling fires and deep soaking tubs, exceptional French-American cuisine, sparkling vistas of snow-covered peaks – a fantastic winter retreat.
$150 - $400 per couple, European plan.
518-523-2700, P.O. Box 550, Lake Placid, NY 12946

BOOKS ON TAPE®

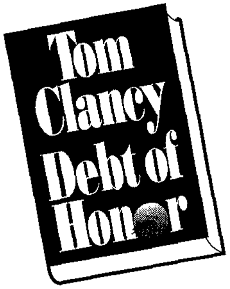
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

(800) 626-3333

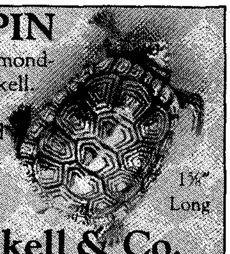


TURTLE PIN

Beautifully detailed diamond-back from James Breakell. In sterling silver $35. In 14k gold $352. Add $3.50 handling. Call for catalog. 1-800-767-6411.

1⅜" Long

J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St Dept NYTU Newport, RI 02840

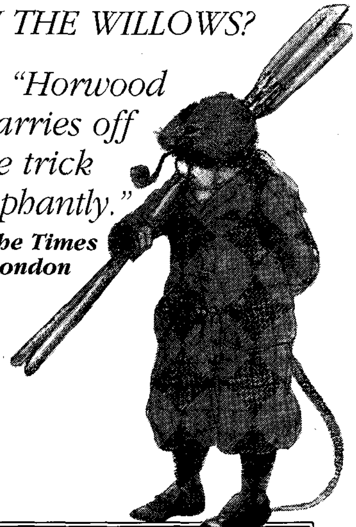


Featured In The Wall Street Journal & On Nat'l. Public Radio

ImaginEngine
Subscriptions Dept. N
Tel: 800-883-3803*

To: KIDS Ages 5-12 Who Love Mail!
A Special Pen Pal Program Fostering Reading, Writing & Creativity!

*Subscribe today!
e-mail: penpals@ImaginEngine.com



Is it possible to recreate the magic of THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS?

"Horwood carries off the trick triumphantly."

–The Times of London

William Horwood THE WILLOWS IN WINTER

The enchanting sequel to THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

Illustrated by Patrick Benson

A Thomas Dunne Book

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

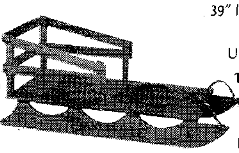
MEDIA STUDIES AT THE NEW SCHOOL.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

The New School

Master of Arts in Media Studies

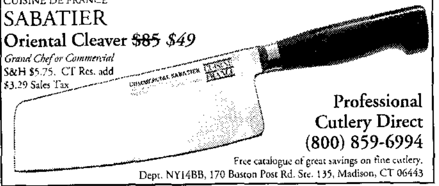
66 West 12th Street New York, NY 10011
212 229 5630 ext. 50



JANESVILLE®
SLED
$90
+$8.00 UPS
($10.00 West Coast)
Check
Visa or MC
(608) 754-0026

Solid Oak
39″ long, 15″ wide
5″ to deck
Urethane finish
10″ Stake sides
Steel on runners
Free Brochure

Wisconsin Wagon Co. 507 Laurel, Janesville, WI 53545



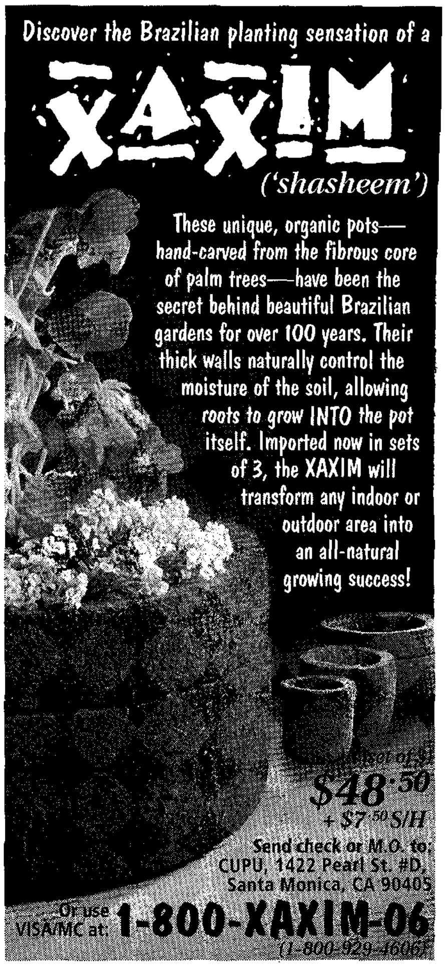
CUISINE DE FRANCE
SABATIER
Oriental Cleaver ~~$85~~ *$49*
Grand Chef or Commercial
S&H $5.75. CT Res. add
$3.29 Sales Tax

Professional
Cutlery Direct
(800) 859-6994
Free catalogue of great savings on fine cutlery.
Dept. NY14BB, 170 Boston Post Rd. Ste. 135, Madison, CT 06443

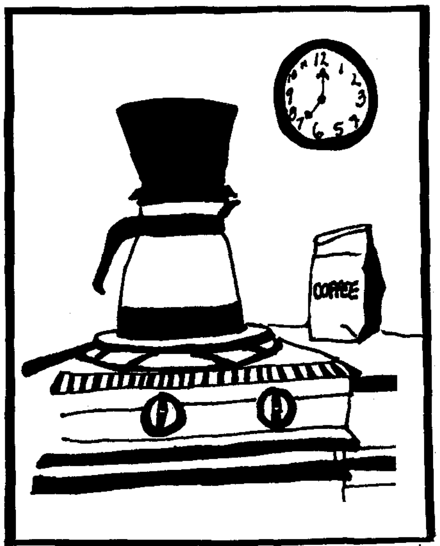
rior décor, Mr. Vick and his colleagues are able to give a quick image of the bourgeois dream anywhere. And the jumbling of the code objects is right for a piece so stylized: the eternal summer sky is painted across the walls and the many doors; the neatly rolled lawn is a carpet. The irruption into this environment of heavy industrial equipment is, again, a nice equivalent to the way the music goes, at the point where the opening private scene, largely Katerina's, is invaded by the chorus (singing with excellent fullness and spirit) and by blasting ostinato.

The opera is mainly about this opposition between the vacant, unrooted, washed-out, frustrated individual and the vigorous commonality, and since Katerina is onstage almost throughout—and then always dominant—there's not much glory in most of the supporting roles. There are moments for a Shabby Peasant (Dennis Petersen, shambling well) and an Old Convict, who is the messenger of determination, if not of comfort, in the final act (his solo beautifully sung by Alexander Anisimov), but only the lover and the father-in-law have any more consistent importance. Vladimir Galouzine, the Sergei, has a very Russian tenor, which he uses to suggest not emotional fragility but a springing natural urgency and a zeal for sex. The dark-gray bass of Sergei Koptchak, in the part of the father-in-law, is all gloom and disapproval. Having these Slavic singers on board provides, I suppose, some justification for performing the opera in the original language, though here was a case for the Met to make an exception and translate. "Lady Macbeth" isn't about getting the right phonemes.

Its concern is, rather, as Stalin surely understood, with continuing the revolution by other means. The year 1917 had unthroned authorities; "Lady Macbeth" mocks everything except desolation. There's no reason to suppose that Shostakovich wasn't committed to the revolution. Several of his works of the twenties are overtly political, and if there are signs in them of bad faith the reasons are overeagerness and lack of precedents more than compulsion. "Lady Macbeth" perpetuates the overturning of the old world and the search for the new: it's in this search, as the convicts shuffle off, that the opera comes finally to a note of grim hope—of hope that might, at the



Discover the Brazilian planting sensation of a
XAXIM
('shasheem')
These unique, organic pots—hand-carved from the fibrous core of palm trees—have been the secret behind beautiful Brazilian gardens for over 100 years. Their thick walls naturally control the moisture of the soil, allowing roots to grow INTO the pot itself. Imported now in sets of 3, the XAXIM will transform any indoor or outdoor area into an all-natural growing success!
Set of 3!
$48.50
+ $7.50 S/H
Send check or M.O. to:
CUPU, 1422 Pearl St. #D,
Santa Monica, CA 90405
Or use VISA/MC at: 1-800-XAXIM-06
(1-800-929-4606)



"JAVA"
Giant 24" x 36" poster signed by popular Cape Cod illustrator Suzie Coon. **$25.** post paid, shipped immediately. Send check to Suzie Coon, P.O. Box 2657, Orleans, MA 02653. 508 / 255-8331.
FOR ANYONE WHO *LOVES* COFFEE!

NEW MOON
The Magazine for Girls and Their Dreams
Award winner • International • Edited by Girls!
Praised by NY Times, Ms., Utne Reader, Chi.Trib., US News
Profiles, History, Cartoons, Arts, Sports for Real Girls!
$25 / year (6 issues) 1-800-381-4743
PO Box 3620-Y, Duluth, MN 55803

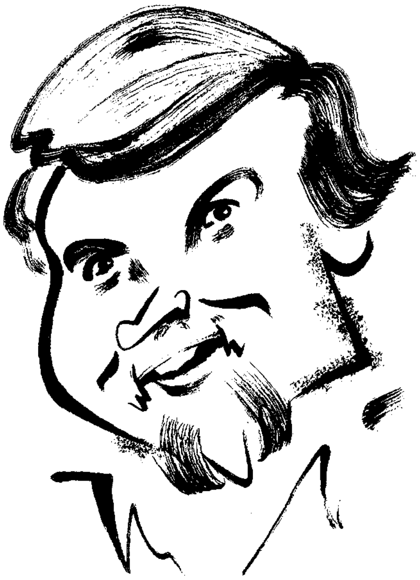
1934 première, have included the hope of more Shostakovich operas to come. Two years later, that possibility ended, because Stalin wasn't interested in revolution and had a fair contempt for hope.

Hence the inevitable domino-fall of ironies. A revolutionary composer, among the first reared in a revolutionary society, was castigated by the leaders of that society. Forced, then, to write about the only society left to him—that of himself—he became the outstanding example of everything he'd earlier spurned and derided, the outstanding creator of music as individual expression. "Lady Macbeth" may leave us with little solace, but it does leave us with the irreverent, exuberant, fearless image of Shostakovich before that last long martyrdom. ♦

THE THEATRE

STURM UND DURANG

BY NANCY FRANKLIN



Christopher Durang: Taking on the titans in "For Whom the Southern Belle Tolls" and "A Stye of the Eye."

IN the first moments of Christopher Durang's doubly eponymous new production at the Manhattan Theatre Club, "Durang Durang," the always welcome ghost of Robert Benchley makes an appearance. The program of six sketches begins with the audience receiving a lecture on the theatre from a suburban matron, a Mrs. Sorken, played by Patricia Elliott as a sort of twinkling Shirley MacLaine type. She takes up her task with the breezy authority of the absurd: "I've come here to talk to you about theatre, and why we all leave our homes to come see it, assuming we have." With that wry curlicue, Durang deflates our desire to "understand," much as Benchley punctured Max Eastman's 1936 plodding analysis of humor, "The Enjoyment of Laughter," in a straight-faced parody entitled "Why We Laugh—or Do We?" With the headlong bumptiousness of Benchley's most famous monologue, "The Treasurer's Report," Mrs. Sorken, handily making up in enthusiasm what she lacks in knowledge, informs us that "the word 'drama' comes from the Greek word 'dran,' which means to do, and which connects with the English word 'drain,' meaning to exhaust one totally, and with the modern pharmaceutical tablet, Dramamine, which is the trade name of a drug used to relieve airsickness and seasickness and a general sense of nausea, or *nausée* as Jean-Paul Sartre might say, perhaps over a cup of espresso at a Paris bistro." Swept away by the romance of it all, she tumbles over the falls of logic into nonsense: "How I love Paris in the spring, or would, if I had ever been there."

The monologue sets the tone for the next two pieces—"For Whom the Southern Belle Tolls," a parody of "The Glass Menagerie," and "A Stye of the Eye," a sendup of Sam Shepard's existential cowboys which also contains some swipes at a few other large theatrical targets, including David Mamet. (At the end of Mrs. Sorken's talk, she tells us that the plays we are about to see are by Christopher Durang, "one of my favorite writers." He is also her nephew,

LAST 8 PERFORMANCES
ANGELS
MILLENNIUM APPROACHES
BEST PLAY 1993 TONY® AWARD
PERESTROIKA
BEST PLAY 1994 TONY® AWARD
TO ORDER TICKETS CALL:
Tele-charge®: (212) 239-6200
OUTSIDE METRO NY: (800) 432-7250
WALTER KERR THEATRE, 219 W. 48TH STREET

PAUL GARMIRIAN CIGARS
"Just As Good As Pre-Castro Havanas"
Gourmet Series
Available In 15 Shapes
Call, fax or write for speedy courteous service,
32 page catalog $2, free with order.
Georgetown Tobacco
Box NY, 3144 M St, Wash, DC 20007
202-338-5100 fax 202-338-0008
800-345-1459 orders only

Remember Laughter
A Life of James Thurber
by Neil A. Grauer
"A uniquely sparkling book."
—HUGH KENNER
"Biography at its best."
—JAMES J. KILPATRICK
at bookstores everywhere
University of Nebraska Press • 800-755-1105

GIVE THE GIFT THEY WILL LOVE
ALE IN A PAIL
ALE IN THE MAIL
8 gourmet bottles of beer (4 twin paks) fresh from select microbreweries, in a gift pail. $21.95 + Ship.
ALE IN THE MAIL CLUB MEMBERSHIPS
Experience a wide selection of microbrewed beers each month From $13.95 Per Mo. + Ship.
1•800•5•SEND•ALE
VISA 1-800-573-6325 MasterCard
Void where prohibited. Participants must be 21 or older.

Scandinavian Computer Furniture
Call for free catalog of our entire line for PCs & Macs starting at $299.
☎ 1-800-722-6263 ScanCo Redmond, WA

SUNSHINE EARRINGS
Exquisitely detailed in 18K Solid Yellow Gold, for pierced ears. Comes postage paid in gift box.
With diamond eyes...$385.00
Without diamonds...$290.00
N.J. Res. add 6% Tax
Send check or money order to...
Actual Size with diamonds
JEWELS & GEMS
63 Werimus Road
Woodcliff Lake, N.J. 07675
1-800-441-5729

We Desire to Purchase...
Book Collections, Fine Bindings, First or Significant Editions: all periods, subjects and languages.
American Historical Autographs and Documents, collections or single items, Colonial period to the present.
David L. O'Neal Antiquarian Booksellers Inc.
234 Clarendon St., Boston, MA 02116 • 617-266-5790
Free appraisals cheerfully given.

she confesses, and she says that if David Mamet were her nephew she's sure he'd be her favorite writer, but she doubts whether Mamet would have an aunt like her. "I think if he has any aunts, they are probably Chicago gangsters who use the F-word.") In "Southern Belle" Durang turns outsiderness inside out, releasing his characters from their raw, tender feelings by sending them over the top, to a place where they, and we, feel no pain. Laura is now Lawrence, who is overly fond of his collection of glass cocktail stirrers (he has names for them) and chafes under his mother's wish to marry him off to the "feminine caller" that his brother Tom brings to the house. But Lawrence needn't worry: Ginny turns out to be a lesbian. Oh well! Amanda chastises Tom: "And you—bringing a lesbian into this house. We haven't had a lesbian in this house since your grandmother died." The absurdity of theatre itself—the artifice of it—is perfectly captured in an exchange taken from a motif in "The Glass Menagerie" and twisted so that it comes out like Beckett with a joy buzzer. As Ginny leaves, Amanda, played with hilariously vulgar gentility by Lizbeth Mackay, says, "Lawrence, I don't believe I would play the victrola right now."

LAWRENCE: "What victrola?"

AMANDA: "Any victrola."

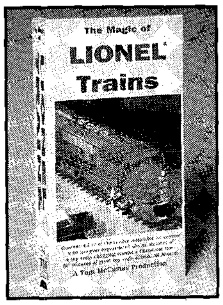
It's not so much "I can't go on, I'll go on" as "Aw, go on."

The backdrop of the Shepard sendup is a picture of a lone house on the prairie next to a wind turbine; a pile of spare tires on the stage completes the desolate, Dust Bowl look. It goes without saying that a dog is heard howling in the distance. This is a land of symbols, and, because it is a Christopher Durang play, where words take on a life of their own, it is also a land of cymbals, which one of the characters likes to hit periodically, just in case we miss the point that America has gone the way of all topsoil. There are seven actors in the cast of "Durang Durang," and each gets a role in this freewheeling vehicle, which goes all over the road, rear-ending, just for the fun of it, "Agnes of God" and "Equus" in addition to Shepard and Mamet. Patricia Randell, as the sluttish Mae—"You spell it just like 'Ma' but add an 'e' to it"—at first appears to have mixed up which of two brothers she loves, Frankie or Jake (both played

The Ultimate Musical Gift

The Heifetz Collection
Celebrate the legacy of Jascha Heifetz – the Violinist of the Century – with the largest collection of recordings ever assembled to honor an instrumentalis
Each deluxe Heifetz edition includes:
• 65 CDs arranged in 46 volumes
• Over 300 musical selections
• 130-page commemorative booklet
• Handsome, durable display cases
This is the ultimate gift for every lover of fine classical music. Available for $549.00 plus shipping and handling from
Compact Disc World
Tel:1 (800) 836-8742

LIONEL® Remember?



Steam engines puffing smoke. Whistles. Tiny lights. The milk car. Trains under the tree. This new video captures all the magic and memories. Great gift: Order shipped within 24 hours. Length: 55 min. Satisfaction guaranteed.
$19.95 plus $4 p&h
"If you buy one video about toy trains, this should be the one."
Tom Snyder, CNBC
TM BOOKS VIDEO
Box 279
New Buffalo, Mi. 49117
1-800-892-2822

SEND CAKE!
Holiday Cake and Birthday Cake Sent Anywhere in the Country.
CAKEMAIL BAKERIES
DIAL 1-800 CAKEMAIL
Overnight Delivery Guaranteed! Free Brochure.

A Great Holiday Gift For The Beginning Bird-Watche

Signed by Artist
MACMILLAN FIELD GUIDES
BIRDS OF NORTH AMERIC
EASTERN REGION - Bull, Gold, Prall
Illustrated By Pieter D. Prall
$13.95 Plus $2.50 P&H Per Book
(NJ res. add 6% Sales tax)
To Order: Send Check, M.O. or Call:
PIETER D. PRALL FINE ART PRINTS
P.O. BOX 450 STOCKTON, NJ 08559 • 1(800)334-88

by Marcus Giamatti), but then she says:

> Oh, ain't you realized yet, you're two aspects of the same personality. And you and I are two aspects of the same personality, only we're male and female, and you're male and male, so I wish you'd get yourself into one person so you and I could combine into one person also. But if you remain two people, then when you and I combine, we'll be three people, and that's not what I want.

Here Durang seems to have hit on something that Shepard, in his exploration of the shifting American self, may have missed: the question of identity turns out to be nothing more or less than a math problem.

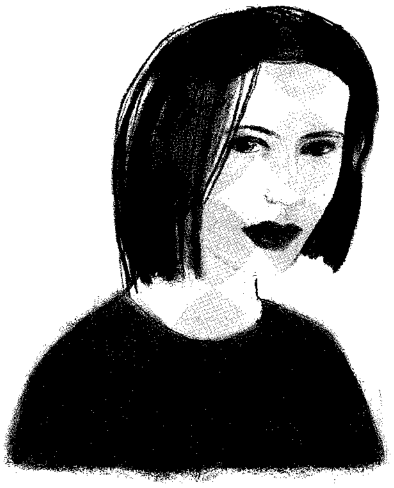
The second half of the evening is almost as impressive as the first, though the farcical gears eventually wind down, and we finish up with a funny but familiar scene of a playwright having to endure a business lunch at the Russian Tea Room with a vapid movie-development person. Still, there are great touches right to the end: the playwright is whisked from his apartment to the restaurant so quickly by a banquette being pushed up behind him that he's still in boxers and a polo shirt, and his basket of unfolded laundry, which was on a table in his apartment, winds up in the restaurant with him. All the sets are economical and evocative, and, under the direction of Walter Bobbie, so are the performers, who also include Keith Reddin, Becky Ann Baker, and David Aaron Baker. Mr. Reddin (who is better known as a playwright) is very good in a number of pathetic, repressed roles; he looks as if he were afraid that someone is about to hit him and afraid that someone *isn't* about to hit him. Sitting through "Durang Durang" is a little like going on the bumper cars at an amusement park: you're so caught up in the exhilarating hysteria that it doesn't matter to you that you're not actually going anywhere except—momentarily, blissfully—outside yourself. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

RED BLUES

BY ANTHONY LANE

"RED" is the conclusion to Krzysztof Kieślowski's commanding "Three Colors" trilogy, a companion piece to "Blue" and "White." It is also, so he says, the last film that he will ever make. This may or may not turn out to be the case; for the moment, however, he is going off to smoke cigarettes, chop wood, and generally do whatever retired Polish film directors do. The new movie certainly feels like a late work, even a posthumous one; it is about many things—a man of magisterial but moribund powers, a shipwreck, near-magic, and the pairing of young lovers. In short, it is Kieślowski's "Tempest," suffused with valediction, with something sharp and autumnal settling over the simplest action. When just the sight of a car pulling around a bend above Lake Geneva at dusk makes you reach for your handkerchief, you know you're in trouble.



Irène Jacob: She is to Krzysztof Kieślowski what Catherine Deneuve was to Buñuel.

Most of the film is set in Geneva, and the plot is essentially a two-hander. Other hands join in from time to time, but their gestures merely direct us to the main couple. The heroine, Valentine (Irène Jacob), is a model—the only false note in the movie, since she looks too short to be a model, and too

THE PERFECT GIFT

"[The] substandard bearer... a KILLER."

—Time Magazine

RANDOM HOUSE HISTORICAL DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SLANG
J. E. LIGHTER
VOLUME I A-G
THE ONLY HISTORICAL DICTIONARY OF SLANG, SPANNING THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF SLANG USE IN AMERICA

"A monumental book."
—The New York Times

Americans have always had a way with words. Now there's a resource that charts the natural history of American slang. The product of decades of research, the *Random House Historical Dictionary of American Slang* Volume I ranges over three centuries, all regions of the country, and all walks of life, with entries drawn from politics, law enforcement and criminals, pulp fiction, Hollywood & television, the drug world, the military, jazz and rock and roll, Black English, and much more. It may be the only dictionary you'll read from cover to cover.

Random House Historical Dictionary of American Slang Volume I: A–G
1,080 pages, 0-394-54427-7, $55.00

Available at fine bookstores everywhere
or call 1-800-793-2665

Random House Reference

FOR over two decades,

VERBATIM,
The Language Quarterly,

has kept its tens of thousands of readers (in more than 65 countries) informed, entertained, and amused by its readable, perceptive articles, trenchant book reviews, incisive correspondence, and funny squibs dealing with all aspects of language – especially English.

Subscribe now at
$16.50 a year.

Send a check or VISA/MC information to:

VERBATIM
P.O. Box 78008MN
Indianapolis, IN 46278-0008

VISA and MC customers in the US and Canada may telephone
(800) 999-2266.

Wordlovers appreciate receiving VERBATIM for Christmas or any occasion. A gift card is sent to recipients on request.

SANIBEL & CAPTIVA
ISLANDS

There's a pair of sundrenched shell-laden islands off the Gulf coast of Florida where you can explore miles of natural sugar-sand beaches & vacation in a fully equipped condominium or private home. Sound tantalizing?

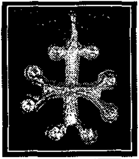
800-237-6008
Island Accommodations

PMR Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.
P.O. BOX 5 • SANIBEL, FL 33957

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608



22 KT BYZANTINE CROSS CHOKER

A solid 22kt gold casting of 6th c. original 1¼" x 1" Byzantine bronze cross on calf leather cord with cobalt glass bead accents. $450– ppd V/MC. P.O. 210933
Auke Bay, AK 99821

MRH MICHAEL REID HUNTER, GOLDSMITH
(907) 789-6312 1-9PM EST

hesitant, and definitely too beautiful. She lives alone in her apartment, trading awkwardness over the phone with a distant boyfriend, whom we never see. Driving home at night, she hits a dog—one of many accidents in the movie, ranging from a tiny stumble on the catwalk to a full-scale disaster. The dog is a German shepherd named Rita, whose role in life, it becomes clear, is to be a kind of furry Emma Woodhouse, yanking together those who might otherwise never meet. Valentine goes to the address on Rita's collar, and after passing through what appear to be the early stages of a horror movie—iron gate, gloomy house, the door unlocked and creaking—she finds the owner (Jean-Louis Trintignant) completely indifferent to the dog's fate. Days later, Rita leads her back to the same place, as if to insist that some good will come of the encounter. This time, Valentine approaches in sunshine, with no cause to be afraid; but, inside, the owner hunches in a darkness of his own, tuning a radio so that he can spy on the telephone talk of his neighbors. "It's disgusting," she says. "Yes," he replies, "and, what's more, it's illegal." He seems to like it that way.

This perverse old man, it turns out, is a retired judge, although he could equally be an ex-con, the wreck of that impenetrable killer played by Trintignant in "The Conformist." He is called Joseph Kern—a Kafka name, ideal for a person of his singular, secretive tastes—but we don't find that out until halfway through the movie; Kieślowski delights in feeding us information drop by drop, not just because of his own instinctive reticence but because of the halting, half-assed comedy of human acquaintance that he sees around him. Kern and Valentine square off against each other, their repulsion overcome by the simple wish to learn more; like Hannibal Lecter without the appetite, he cross-examines Valentine as if she, and not he, had committed a crime, guessing her family problems—her brother is a junkie—and predicting her future. As the movie proceeds, she turns the tables, and draws from him a confession of heartbreak, of the betrayal that bled him dry and led him toward the secluded passion of the voyeur. "Maybe you're the woman I never

Finest Ruby Red Grapefruit
From Florida's Indian River

TREE RIPENED - BRIMMING WITH JUICE
ORCHARD SWEET - NO SUGAR IS NEEDED
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Always a Welcome Gift for family and friends

6 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 279	$12.95
15 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 260	$19.95
27 GRAPEFRUIT	Pack 270	$27.95
6 GRAPEFRUIT & 6 ORANGES	Pack 205	$16.95
9 GRAPEFRUIT & 9 ORANGES	Pack 210	$20.95
18 GRAPEFRUIT & 18 ORANGES	Pack 215	$28.95
1/2 BU. GRAPEFRUIT & ORANGES IN A HANDWOVEN BASKET	Pack 248	$24.95

ALL PRICES INCLUDE DELIVERY!

SEND NO MONEY NOW

Send your gift list or Call Dept. 113 Toll Free:
1-800-285-8488
PAY OR CHARGE TO YOUR CREDIT CARD ONLY AFTER SHIPMENTS ARE MADE

Write or call for FREE Catalog offering other fine gifts!

HARRY'S
CRESTVIEW
GROVES

DEPT. 113 • 9030 17th PLACE • VERO BEACH, FL 3296

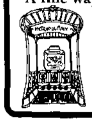
THE BARRETT-SMYTHE
FINE ART COLLECTION

Thirty-eight intricate detailed signature designs by globally renowned artist Jon Robyn presented on the world-famous windproof lighter.

Zippo

To place an order or request a free Zippo Barrett-Smythe catalog, call 1-800-335-5994

SMOKED TROUT & SALMO
by
Villa Tatra
Rocky Mountains, Colorado
SMOKED SALMON 1 1/2lbs with S & H $42
SMOKED TROUT 1 1/2lbs with S & H $24.7
NO PRESERVATIVES, ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS OR COLO
1800-430-4003 Major Credit Cards



PARIS NOTES
The Newsletter for People Who Love Pari
A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.
History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People, Fun Facts, Travel and Language Tips, and Mo
$36 per year (10x). Sample copy $6. Cheques only.
PO Box 3668, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

met," he tells Valentine. This being a Kieślowski movie, the grand unburdening of Kern's soul is slightly interrupted by someone who asks if either of them has seen a cleaning woman carrying a bucket.

That is what Kieślowski groupies come to love in his work: not the mocking of tragedy but the gentle reminder that tragedy should never expect to have the stage to itself. Normal life keeps looking up through the trapdoor. The core of "Red" lies in two or three long, mournful exchanges between Valentine and Kern, and a plain account of the film would make it sound talk-heavy (like that other discursive Trintignant picture "My Night at Maud's"); yet you never feel lectured at, and you come away from it not with an earful of lines but with a head full of all the images that punched holes in the dialogue. The movie is almost radioactive; objects and expressions are hot with meanings that you can't quite tease out, and that resist the tedium of a symbolic reading. Even the color red—haunting the story in every shape, from a knot of ribbon to a gigantic poster—will not stay still, flickering from passion to wrath or warmth. What the central characters say to each other is less important than the leathery, bookish darkness of the room where they say it, or the shocking whiteout when Kern replaces a bare bulb in a lamp, or the stones hurled through his windows and then arranged on top of the piano. They were thrown by enraged neighbors, who have discovered his creepy pastime; in their place, he says, he would do exactly the same. At such a moment, you feel the whole movie revolving around Kern; he sucks the action into himself, until you can't tell whether he is pushing the other characters to and fro like toys or helplessly watching them slide toward his own brand of Hell.

This is Trintignant's picture—one of the great crusty-old-guy performances, putting him alongside Victor Sjöström in "Wild Strawberries," although Trintignant seems even more resistant to mellowing. Grizzled and gray, his jaw as stubbled as a tramp's, old clothes hung on his bony frame, he seems a lifetime away from the sleek young paramour of "A Man and a Woman." But then Trintignant was

Save $20.00 and treat your family to a genuine
HARRINGTON'S
Vermont Smoked Ham
—now only $21.95!

★ ★ ★
Order yours now!
Special Introductory Offer
Regular price $41.95, now only $21.95
Limit 2 at this special price.
Expires 12/30/94

"You won't find a better-tasting ham than the old-fashioned Corncob Smoked Ham I make for Harrington's up here in Vermont. You'll love it — and that's my promise or your money back!"
Vern Richburg, Smokemaster

. . .and for TURKEY LOVERS:

Cob Smoked
Boneless Turkey Breast
Tender, moist, smoky delicious — and 100% white meat with no fillers. Fully cooked 2 1/2 lb. Boneless Turkey Breast now only $19.95, a $9.00 savings.

FREE! Order *both* our Smoked Ham *and* Boneless Turkey Breast (shipped to same address) and we'll include 6 oz. of our special Aged Cheddar and 1/2 lb. Cob Smoked Bacon — free!

HARRINGTON'S
1821 Main Street, Richmond, VT 05477

☐ 121-265 Ready-to-Cook Half Ham (6 lbs.) $21.95 + $6.95, total $28.90
☐ 206-265 Boneless Turkey Breast (2 1/2 lbs.) $19.95 + $6.95, total $26.90
☐ 123-265 BOTH Ham and Turkey Breast to same address $39.90 + $6.95 shipping, total $46.85 includes FREE Cheddar and Bacon.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
______________________ Zip ______________________

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Charge my ( ) VISA ( ) MC ( ) AMEX ( ) Diners ( ) Discover (Include card no. and exp. date, plus your name and address if different from shipping address above.) Available in Continental US only. Limit 2. Not for retail stores.

RUSH Orders: (802) 434-4444

THE WELL BRED
WATCH CAP
The perfect lifetime gift. Guaranteed. Forever.

Handcrafted in Prince Edward Island and sold throughout the world, our hats are worn from the Arctic to the South Pole. From the many breeds of sheep in Great Britian we have selected 3 of the finest and offer our hats in the undyed natural colour of the breed. The **Black Welsh Mountain** (dark brown), **The Jacob** (gray) and **The Cheviot** (natural). Each hat comes with a full colour picture and history of the breed, the knitter's signature and is packaged in a slide-cover wooden box.

Your Choice of breed only $32. (all shipping, handling, duty & taxes included)
Call between 8:00am and 8:00pm Mon. – Sat. (EST).

Call us at 1-800-565-WOOL (9665) or fax us at 1-800-315-HATS (4287)
We accept Visa, Mastercard and American Express. Call for our free sweater catalogue.
Great Northern Knitters, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada C1E 1B0

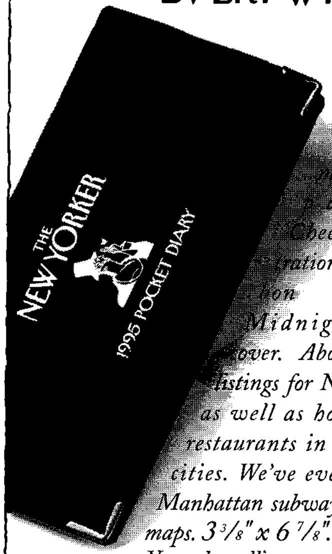
MURDER INK®
The world's oldest mystery bookstore.
2486 Broadway NYC 1 · 800 · 488 · 8123
FREE CATALOG

Particular Places
BRITAIN: Delightful cottages & farmhouses, stately mansions & castles. By week/month. Each personally selected. (212) 460-8012.
FREE RURAL RETREATS CATALOG

ONCE UPON
a Telephone
AN ILLUSTRATED SOCIAL HISTORY
Ellen Stern and
Emily Gwathmey

Lavishly illustrated with everything from movie stills to matchbooks, and including excerpts from a variety of literary sources, *Once Upon a Telephone* is an entertaining history of an indispensable and inescapable appliance.

At bookstores everywhere
HARCOURT
BRACE



TAKE IT WITH YOU
EVERYWHERE

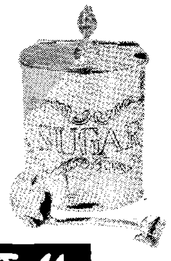
Roomy appointment pages. Cheery illustrations. A ribbon marker. Midnight-blue cover. About Town listings for New York, as well as hotels and restaurants in 18 other cities. We've even added Manhattan subway and bus maps. 3 3/8" x 6 7/8".
Yours by calling:

1-800-336-5510

for credit card orders, or send check or money order for $14.95, plus $2 shipping and handling, to:*
The New Yorker *1995 Pocket Diary*
Box 10214, Dept. 021063-002
Des Moines, IA 50336.

* Residents of CA, CO,GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH, please add sales tax. In Canada, add 7% GST. Offer only available in U.S. and Canada. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery

© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.



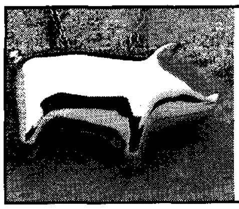
Sugar Box
Heavy, hotel silver-plate from traditional British pattern. Box measures 3" high, with hinged lid and spoon.

$34.95 + $6.95 FedEx shipping
Charge or check
Unconditionally guaranteed

Sur La Table

Catalog Sales
84 Pine Street
Pike Place Farmers' Market
Seattle WA 98101

800 243-0852 FREE CATALOG
Importers and sellers of fine kitchen equipment since 1972

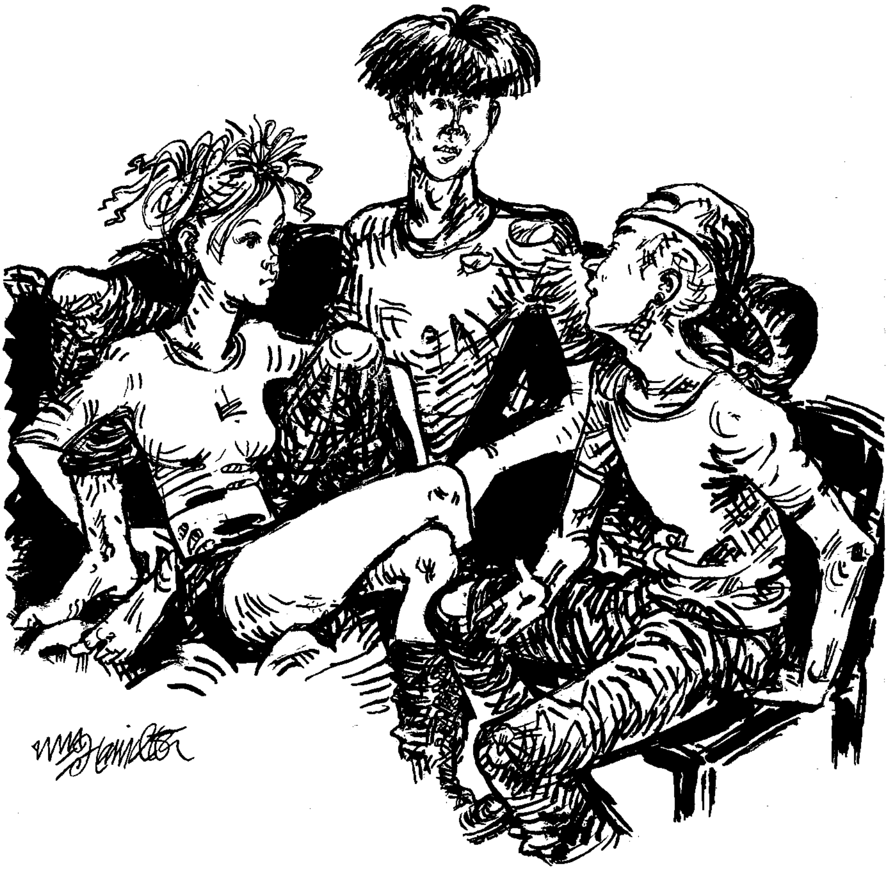


This Little Piggy
is designed in sterling silver or 14 kt. gold suspended on a generous 30" chain. Sterling Silver $49, 14 kt. Gold $175, Gold with Diamond snout $195 plus $4.95 postage.
Hyde Park,
7777 E. Hampden Ave,
Denver, CO 80231
1-800-530-24KT.

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295

never a wholly convincing heartthrob; you could hear his brain throbbing as well, the hum of his mental radar as he scanned a swooning romance for danger signals. He had the intensity of a lover but the suspicious gaze of a private eye; his performance dried the tears of a wet movie, and made it more interesting than it had any right to be. In 1986, Trintignant and Anouk Aimée teamed up to shoot a sequel—an unwise move, needless to say, but also an unnecessary move, because the true aftermath, the only one that makes any sense, is "Red." When the judge tells of being cuckolded, you can't help imagining Anouk Aimée packing her bags and sneaking out at dawn. Joseph Kern has arrived at such a pitch of disillusionment that you wonder at the strength of the illusions he started out with. The old man is unsteady on his feet, hobbling out with a stick as Valentine comes to his gate, but the steadiness is still there in his eyes, in the crisp manner of his speech. Exasperated by his reluctance to engage with life, Valentine snaps. "Then stop breathing," she says. Kern considers for a second. "Good idea," he replies, sounding rather chipper at this sensible suggestion.

It would have been easy to set up "Red" as a clash of styles—the aging complainer versus the spirit of youth But Kieślowski keeps blurring the division: Kern starts to come off his leash unwrapping a bottle of eau-de-vie and taking his tanklike Mercedes out for spin, while Valentine, in turn, seems ol for her years, at least in the full tide o emotions that floods across her face Irène Jacob was discovered by Kieślowski, who saw her playing a short role in Louis Malle's "Au Revoir les Enfants and realized (goodness knows how) tha she was the one; she has worked with him only twice—in "The Double Life o Véronique" and now in "Red"—but sh seems to gather up and project everything that his movies are about, a Catherine Deneuve did with Buñuel Her performances are wonderfully exhausting. Watch Valentine accepting refill of eau-de-vie; from the tangle o dread and delight in her expression, you might think that it really *was* the elixi of life. When Kern asks her to smile fo him, she obeys, as she does when a pho



"I'm going into advertising—but, you know, negative advertising."

Reserve your nights for the holiday shopping days.

This holiday season, make Swissôtel your place for peace after a day of holiday spirit. Each Swissôtel offers deluxe accommodations and discounts from neighboring stores. Complimentary breakfast and privileges at our on-site health clubs. Plus, a Swissôtel original– a one-of-a-kind snowflake sculpted of pure Swiss chocolate. In Atlanta and Boston from $115; Chicago from $145 including a $50 gift certificate at Saks; and New York from $235.

For information and reservations, please call toll free 1-800-63 SWISS.

swissôtel

A Swissair Company

RICH • BASEL • MONTREUX • DÜSSELDORF • AMSTERDAM • ISTANBUL • CAIRO
NGKOK • BEIJING • SEOUL • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

tes per night subject to availability and taxes. Chicago package requires 2 night iimum. Valid 11/18-12/30/94.

"From the Heart"
a commemorative pendant

Sterling $85
Gold by quote

MEGIN DIAMOND DESIGNS
1-800-808-4ART
P.O. Box 4095
Santa Fe
NM
87502

all pieces signed, dated & numbered.

Available in 1994 only.

"A smoothness and elegance rarely encountered" N Y TIMES

Only 100 of these superb small casks were handcrafted by French artisans, using the staves of old cognac barrels. The genuine article: you'll leave it to your grand-children. Your name on the numbered brass plaque.

$250 plus the cost of a case of brandy to fill it. Information: call Ansley Coale 707 462-3221.

GERMAIN - ROBIN

"The World's Best Cognac?" L A TIMES

he Big Plane Trip

"I rarely see a children's video this interesting, or intelligent!"

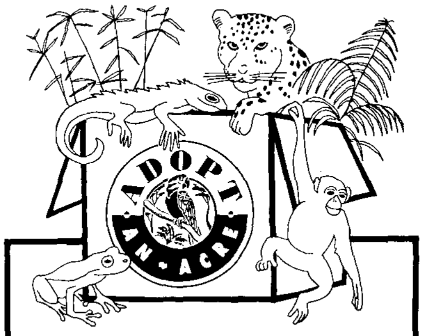
hildren's video - Only $12.95 plus shipping

-800-KID VIDEO (543-8433)

tographer instructs her to "be sad"; but in both cases the look that follows is entirely her own, stronger than either man would have expected, or even wished. Jacob is at the mercy of her moods, yet somehow they give her definition (it would be fascinating to see her play light comedy); she is both fated and free, a one-woman demonstration of Kieślowski's abiding theme.

The climax of "Red" is a bit of a gamble, twisting events in order to tie the trilogy up. Valentine at last meets the man for whom she has been destined throughout: a young lawyer, a Kern-in-waiting, who shares many of the judge's attributes, right down to his suspenders and his pen. (Whether he will be luckier in love is anyone's guess.) With them are the main characters of "Blue" and "White"; when I first saw the picture, this struck me as little more than an in-joke, a nod to the director's fans and a mystery to everyone else. The second time around, I didn't mind it so much: the mystery felt lighter, a pleasing final flourish of the great Kieślowski principle that movies have no need to explain themselves. As the judge says to Valentine, "deciding what is true and what isn't now seems to me—" He stops, searching for the proper phrase, and finds it: "a lack of modesty." At the end, when he stands in his garden, amid icy sunlight and dripping trees, he could be a filmmaker ruminating on the dramatic storm that he has cooked up, and wondering whether it was ever really under his control. If Krzysztof Kieślowski is serious about giving up movies, that only proves he was serious about making them, and seriously modest about what they could achieve.

"TO LIVE" is the latest film from the Chinese director Zhang Yimou, who seems to be pursuing a policy of more open narrative. The rich, rigorous designs of "Red Sorghum" and "Ju Dou" have unwound and spread themselves into epic. The new movie starts in the nineteen-forties and ends in the nineteen-sixties; you would need a wall chart to show the full sprawl of the story, including all the tricky switches of loyalty from one political group to the next, not to mention those crucial subplots about metal-smelting and steamed buns. At



Looking for the World's Rarest Gift?

Save an acre of threatened tropical rainforest in the name of that special someone on your holiday list. We'll send each gift recipient a personalized honorary land deed suitable for framing, a detailed description of *their* acre, and periodic progress reports throughout the year on the protection of the land and its endangered wildlife. Do something wild this holiday season. $35 per acre.

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY
ADOPT-AN-ACRE PROGRAM
1815 North Lynn Street
Arlington, VA 22209
1-800-628-6860
(Visa, MasterCard)
Please add $2.50 shipping/handling charge.
Conservation Through Private Action Since 1951

FRESH FRAGRANT Noble Fir Christmas Wreaths

$23.95 Del'd Cont'l US

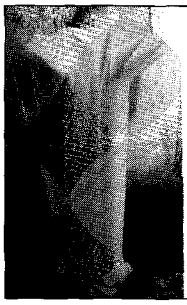
From the Pacific Northwest

A beautifully hand-tied 20" noble fir wreath accented with pine cones, juniper, cedar and velvet bow. The perfect gift, or use for your own home!

All order shipped 12/6-12/10
▶ **1-800-862-8000 Ext. 356**

Mt. Rainier Greenery
5949 6th Ave., Suite 444, Tacoma, WA 98406

MasterCard VISA



Give the gift of light...

CLASSIC TABLE LAMPS

Handmade paper $ 49.95
Brass or copper mesh 129.95

ORDER NOW (212)666-3161
catalogue $2.00

B.K. MUSEUM DESIGNS
141 West 28th St. New York, NY 10001

DUKE

Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change.

Diet and Fitness Center
800-362-8446
Duke University Medical Center, Durham, North Carolina

Smoked Salmon from Alaska!

Special Holiday Gift Offer

Our *Pride of Alaska* smoked salmon is hand filleted, marinated in a delicious blend of spices and suspended over a fire of fragrant alder wood. Each fillet is selected for its rich, red color and moist, meaty texture.

Our 6-oz. and 18-oz. sockeye salmon fillets need no refrigeration and are each packed in a decorative box, a truly distinctive gift for the special people on your list.

6-oz., $14.95 *each* postage paid, #55203N.
18-oz., $34.95 *each* postage paid, #55200N.

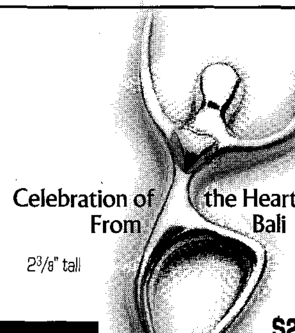
To order, call now.
Toll Free 1-800-862-4470

Pride of Alaska's other gift products include smoked oysters, scallops and salmon pâté. Send for a free catalog to: UniSea Foods, Dept. NY, P.O. Box 97019, Redmond, WA 98073.

MasterCard VISA

STERLING SILVER DANCER WITH 18K HEART OF GOLD ♥

P.O. BOX 941 · SALIDA, COLORADO 81201



Celebration of the Heart Pin From Bali

2³/₈" tall

$29.50
UPS shipping included
• Free Brochure •

TOKO MAS

800-795-1877 / FAX 800-795-1683

handknit

Available in various styles, colors & sizes at

100% wool

Barking Zoo 172 9th Ave.

blue ribbon

N.Y.C. To order please call 1-800-850-8386

dog sweater

the core of the film is a family: the father, Fugui (Ge You), the mother, Jiazhen (played, as usual, by Zhang's muse, Gong Li, who moves through adversity with the posture of a princess), and their two children. They are bankrupted by Fugui, an unstoppable gambler, who takes to the road with a shadow-puppet show. (What *is* it about puppets? If recent Chinese movies are to be believed, a sizable chunk of the population goes into the puppet business. Is that really their idea of fun?) As if to undo the cliché, Zhang offers the vision of a puppet screen, all frail luminosity, being stabbed and split in two by a bayonet. I wanted to stand up and cheer.

The battlefield scenes are the most astonishing in the movie, not least because Fugui doesn't always know that a battle is going on. At one point, he and a friend hear the low groan of thunder—strange, in a clear winter sky. They peer over the parapet and see a throng of enemy troops running in their direction; the thunder was the patter of ten thousand feet. Press-ganged by the Nationalists, captured by the Communists, Fugui is eventually sent home as a hero. From here on, the familiar ironies close in, as friends and relations are raised up and scythed down by the whims of what one is loath to call Maoist thinking. Audiences may have the uneasy feeling that they've seen all this before, in movies like "The Blue Kite"; the horrendous farce of the period remains as clear a target as ever, but whether Zhang Yimou should be aiming in that direction is another matter. His style is rushed and thinned out by the sheer demands of epic, and to compensate for the want of intensity he allows his leading man, the bony Ge You, to crank up his gestures until they hit melodrama. When Zhang slips into the rhythms of domestic life, you sense the cooler, more intimate film this could have been. I don't mean to play down his anger; on the contrary, it's in the family arena, where you least expect it, that political despair kicks in—when a childbirth goes wrong, for instance, and the only staff left to cope, after all the government purges, is a bunch of trainee nurses. How monstrous a mistake has been made, the movie asks, if ordinary people have to pay for it in blood? ♦

JOHANSENS

Britain's favorite accommodation guides

Discover 786 excellent, recommended country house hotels, inns and private country houses with accommodation in the British Isles. Most are privately owned.

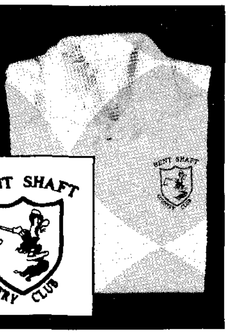
The three Johansens guides are on sale at fine bookstores in the US and Canada. Or why not request a FREE copy of our 20 page color brochure and preview a small selection of the "Best of British" properties in the comfort of your home.

Telephone toll-free (24 hrs) 1 800 786 9556 (US only) or 1 800 786 9526 (Canada only).

Diversity and Excellence for the Discerning Traveler

JOIN THE CLUB

BENT SHAFT COUNTRY CLUB



EMBROIDERED GOLF SHIRT 34.95
100% Combed Cotton, Pique Knit, Made in USA,
M-XL $3 S&H MC/V, White, Red, Calf. Blue, Jade, Plum

SPORTEAST SHIRTWORKS 1-800-700-3325

Earth's most comfortable shoe

The ultimate in casual footwear for men and women. Send for the most complete line of Mephisto walking, hiking, golfing and casual footwear in the Northeast.

Catalog on request.
1-800-475-8040
Lace-Up
110 Orchard Street
NYC 10002

Gift Certificates Available

Open Sunday

MEPHISTO®

The Now Watch™
To Remind You...

Attractive Gold, Black or Light Gray Casing with Black or Tan Leather Band. $60.00
Call: 1-800-437-3669 (X-Mas Delivery)

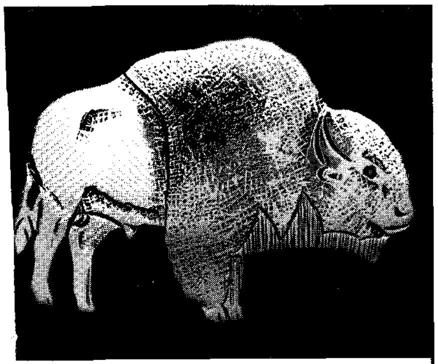
...It's Time

GIVE A CAT A LAUGH

– **with Dick Shapiro's amazing Video Catnip** – a 25 minute movie cats watch and love. A howl of a gift for cat owners.

Just $19.95
plus $4.00 s/h
VISA MC AMEX

ORDER TOLL FREE
CAN. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630
DICK SHAPIRO'S CATS
#105, 10 Wynford Hts. Cr. Don Mills, Ont. Can. M3C 1K8



How to gift wrap a buffalo

Approach the beast from the left side. Grab its horn with your left hand, hold the wrapping paper in your right hand. After that...you're on your own!

Here's a much better way. Simply buy a bison through us, the *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC).* Your gift, weighing 1,000 lbs. or more, will cost $500. We'll deliver it to Lakota/Sioux young people on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota.

Since the 1950s, *AFSC* has helped the Lakota develop self-sufficiency and preserve their culture and religion. Four elders will oversee this project designed to:

- Teach tribal stories and sacred traditions;
- Give youth a share in the herd and responsibility for its welfare;
- Provide food and hides;
- Use profits from sales to fund special Lakota celebrations.

This holiday season, give Lakota youth some four-footed challenges to rediscover their heritage. Remember, we'll do the gift wrapping for you, with pleasure. Please do it today.

American Friends Service Committee
Development Office, 1501 Cherry St.,
Philadelphia, PA 19102

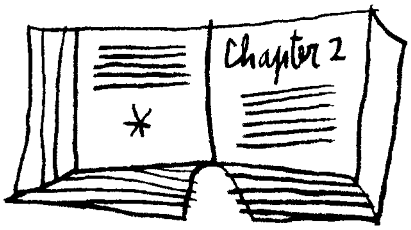
My gift of ☐$500 for one buffalo; ☐$75 ☐$50 ☐$35 as my share of a buffalo.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip 184NA

VISA/Mastercard 1-800-226-9816



BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

POLITICAL FICTIONS

None to Accompany Me

by Nadine Gordimer

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $22)

IN her eleventh novel, Nadine Gordimer again exposes the political infrastructure of daily life and the emotional textures of political activism, like a surgeon delicately combing muscle from bone. Vera Stark is a white lawyer who runs a foundation dedicated to opposing apartheid's routine displacement of black communities. Moving back and forth between the forties and the nineties, the plot traces, with an odd, poetic blend of leisure and urgency, the insistent undertow of change that marks Vera's passage into late middle age. Both mirroring and intersecting her private experiences are the lives of her black activist friends Didymus and Sibongile. To them, life and change have never been private matters but have presented themselves in the violent form of exile, disguise, and uneasy, dramatic return. Gordimer weaves this contrast so tightly into the texture of her narrative that we barely register how the shared story of these comrades illuminates what they cannot, in any simple sense, share. In a larger sense, though, Gordimer insists on her characters' quite literal common ground: we don't forget for a minute that Vera's private negotiations and the negotiations dividing blacks from whites are forged under the same scorching sun of complacent injustice, and that both require the same penetrating scrutiny.

Father's Day

by John Calvin Batchelor

(Holt; $23)

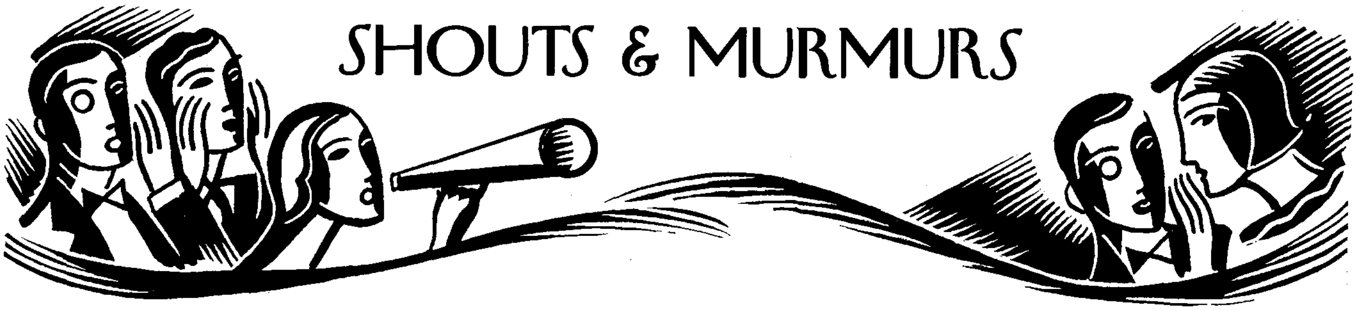
THE United States of June, 2003, is not a happy place. American peacekeepers are handy targets in Occupied Moldova, Occupied Cairo, and Occupied Kurdistan. The President has been under psychiatric care for extreme depression since January, and when he announces his intention of returning to office the scheming Vice-President prepares to challenge him under the provisions of the Twenty-fifth Amendment—and to have him murdered if the challenge fails. The principal characters trying to thwart the conspiracy are the Minority Leader of the Senate; her husband, who is the governor of Maine; and his father, a former Secretary of Defense. The story proceeds briskly enough; the implausibility of the book arises not from the plot as such but from the characters, who are either taken from the stock shelves (scheming political aide, stalwart military man) or lifted from contemporary politics (there are echoes of, among others, Ross Perot, Norman Schwarzkopf, Colin Powell, and Caspar Weinberger). Batchelor's reputation as a serious novelist encouraged hopes that his political thriller would offer more subtle characterizations than are usually found in the genre, but "Father's Day" makes Tom Clancy's characters seem fully two-dimensional.

The Republic of Whores

by Josef Škvorecký; translated from the Czech by Paul Wilson

(Ecco; $21)

THE Soviet-dominated Czechoslovakian Army of 1952 is devoted to appearances: for what are supposed to be rigorous battle simulations, a tank crew occupies prefab fortifications; the officer directing an inept target practice punches holes in the virgin bull's-eye to impress superiors; and the intellectual central character, Tank Commander Danny Smiřický, does his best to phrase test questions so that the ignorant and apathetic recruits can't help giving the right answers. The men are devoted primarily to sleep and to sleeping with female officers and male officers' wives. Smiřický finds success in this area himself, though he longs for the well-educated civilian who has been refusing him. The author has the most fun with the contrast between the expletive-spattered, complacently uncomprehending speech of the draftees and the high-toned hypocrisy of the rule-bound brass, with nicknames like Dryfart and Pygmy Devil. The book's final chapters are punctuated by ecstatic explosions of filthy graffiti and song, but the dramatic peak is a military poetry competition. That's right. ♦



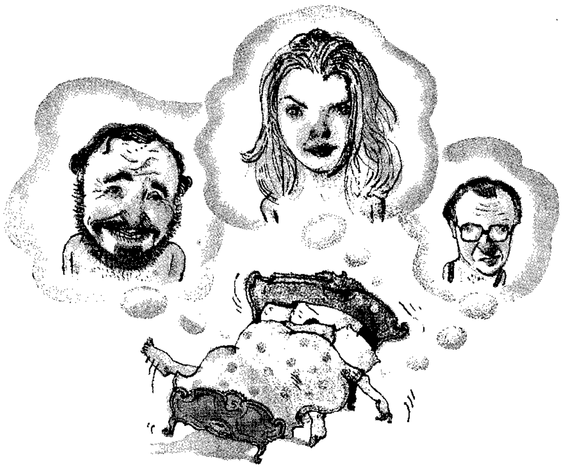
SHOUTS & MURMURS

BEDTIME: THE SEQUEL

BY ROGER ANGELL

FRESH findings by a group of California sociologists have cast serious doubts on some data in the recent survey of American sexual practices—the much publicized report that concluded that eighty-five per cent of American married women were faithful to their husbands and seventy-five per cent of married men faithful to their wives. The same survey had found that forty-one per cent of married couples had sex at least twice a week. Now the California group, acting under the Freedom of Intimate Information Act, has unearthed some surprising omissions and explanations, which would appear to skew the prior figures considerably. The "frequency of marital intercourse" totals, for instance, did not include 7,434 married respondents who had written "Can't remember" in place of a specific figure, and almost as many variants of "If you want to call that sex."

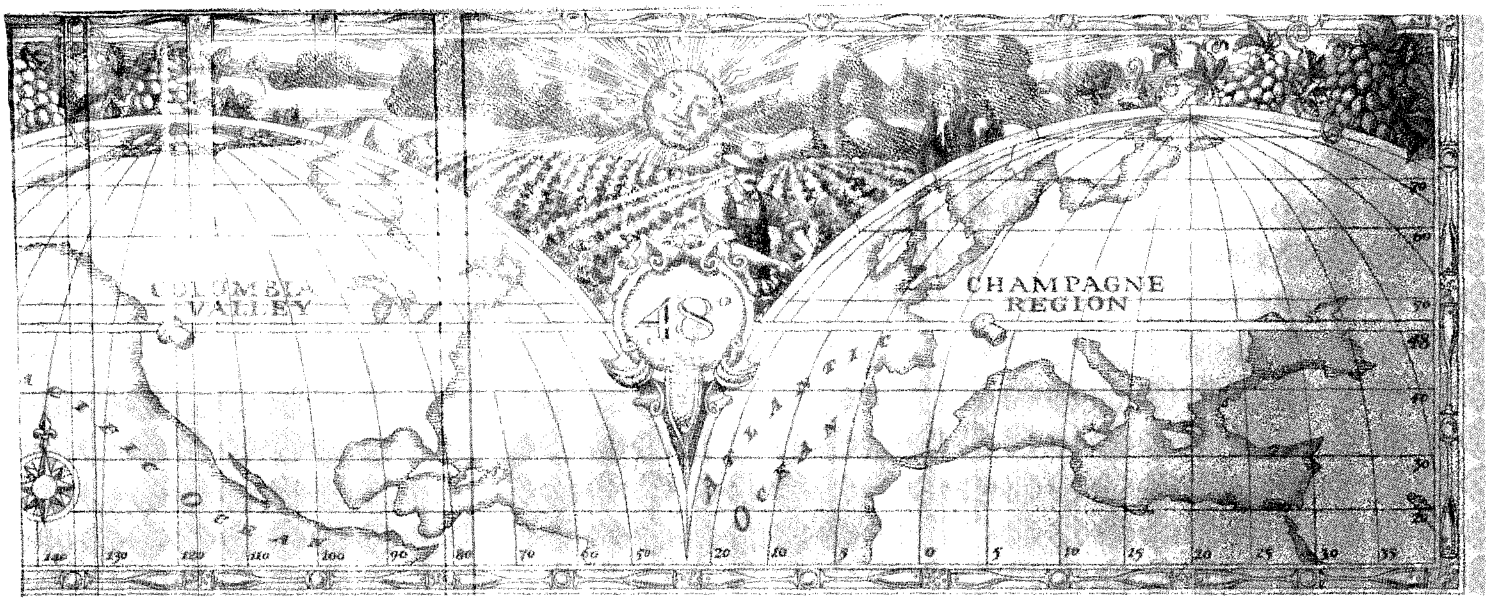
High-side responses in the original survey (in which one man reported 1,016 lifetime sexual partners, and one woman 1,009) also became more iffy under the friendly questioning of the follow-up interviewers. The possibility that fantasy partners (the "Pavarotti-factor" in sociospeak) made up a considerable portion of some lifetime lists was borne out when subjects agreed to further conversations in this delicate area. "I counted Elvis, Mookie Wilson, Brad Pitt, Seiji Ozawa, Anthony Hopkins—but not in that hockey mask—and, go figure it, Senator Moynihan when I filled out that part," Mrs. Phyllis K., a Sun Belt restaurant hostess, said cheerfully. "It's who I'm *thinking* about then that matters with me." Ernest G., a Northwest realtor, said, "I counted my thing with Michelle Pfeiffer as twenty-three different slipups. Is that O.K.?"



Faithfulness to one's spouse, which received such a broad endorsement in the original survey, can be subject to various interpretations, the California group discovered after it added the instruction "Please count sexual partners who don't really count" to the marital-fidelity sector of the quiz. A note of relief was perceptible in the spate of adulterous information that came to light after this encouragement, with multiple replies clustering under the rubrics "It only took a *minute,*" "I was jet-lagged," "It was only with my dorky brother-in-law," and "I was really, really, really in love." A surprising amount of sexual activity by extraterrestrials increased the totals here as well. Mrs. Gwenda G., a Central Atlantic sportswear buyer, mentioned seventeen parking-lot trysts with a Safeway frozen-meat inspector, which she had previously omitted. "He's a Venusian," she said, "and they never give up." Similarly, Ramiro W., a married pet-shop attendant, cited a midnight rendezvous with an unnamed female subject that was consummated eleven miles directly above Moline, Illinois. "It was beyond adultery," he stated. "I don't think there's a word for it."

More than half the men interviewed i the original study said that they thoug about sex every day, as against a mere nineteen per cent of the women, but sophisticated questioning by the follow-up interviewers appeared to point to a busier libid among female subjects. "I think about Marlon Brando a *lot,*" said Edwina K., a Mid South nutritionist. "Sometimes I'm th topless French girl with him in that movi but lately I'm Larry King. Is that abou sex?" Tanya L., a New England parale and mother of three, said, "Sometime I have sexy thoughts about men i public life, but if they don't get alon with my bichon frise, Depardieu, it's real turnoff. The other day, I had th vision of Alan Dershowitz foldin my laundry wearing nothing but hi socks. It didn't do a thing for m but when I told my husband, Ver about it, he took me to Antigua f four days. You never know about sex.

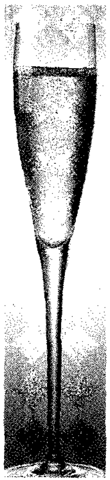
Even among males, frequency sexual thoughts often seemed to tak second place to content, in the opinion of the new interviewers. Eugen McD., a sixty-two-year-old Midwes furniture appraiser, said, "For years, I ha these sexy thoughts about Princess Di, bu after all the bad news about her it jus wasn't fun anymore. I thought that side my life was over, but then, just on Tuesday, I found myself thinking about th Queen Mother and her little round fac and how nice it would be if she woul come have tea with me on my porch. was a warm day, and when I asked her she wanted to give me her hat and paras she thanked me. After our second cup, asked if she wouldn't like to take o her shoes and stockings and take a littl stroll with me on the back lawn, an she stood up and gave me that friendl smile and yes she said yes I will Yes."


COLUMBIA VALLEY
48°
CHAMPAGNE REGION

The 48th Parallel. Also known as the Bubble Belt.

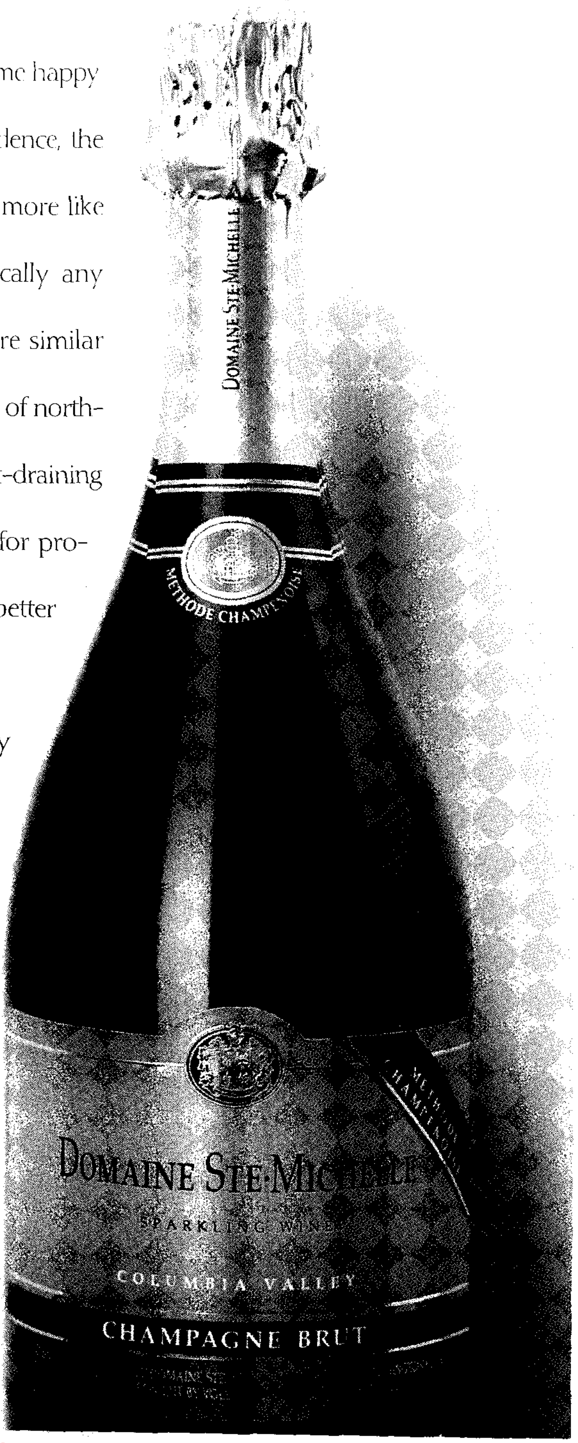
You can't see it or touch it. It's not visible from outer space. The Bubble Belt is an imaginary line that circles the globe along the 48th parallel, which just happens to run right through the Champagne region of France, where some of the best bubbly in the world comes from, and the Columbia Valley, home of our very own Domaine Ste. Michelle® Champagne Brut.

Of course, a location near the 48th parallel is no guarantee of success with champagne grapes (Fargo, North Dakota being a notable example). But by some happy coincidence, the Columbia Valley happens to be more like Champagne, France than practically any other region on earth. They share similar growing conditions, the same sort of northerly climate and porous, fast-draining soils. All the ideal elements for producing superior grapes and better tasting sparkling wines.



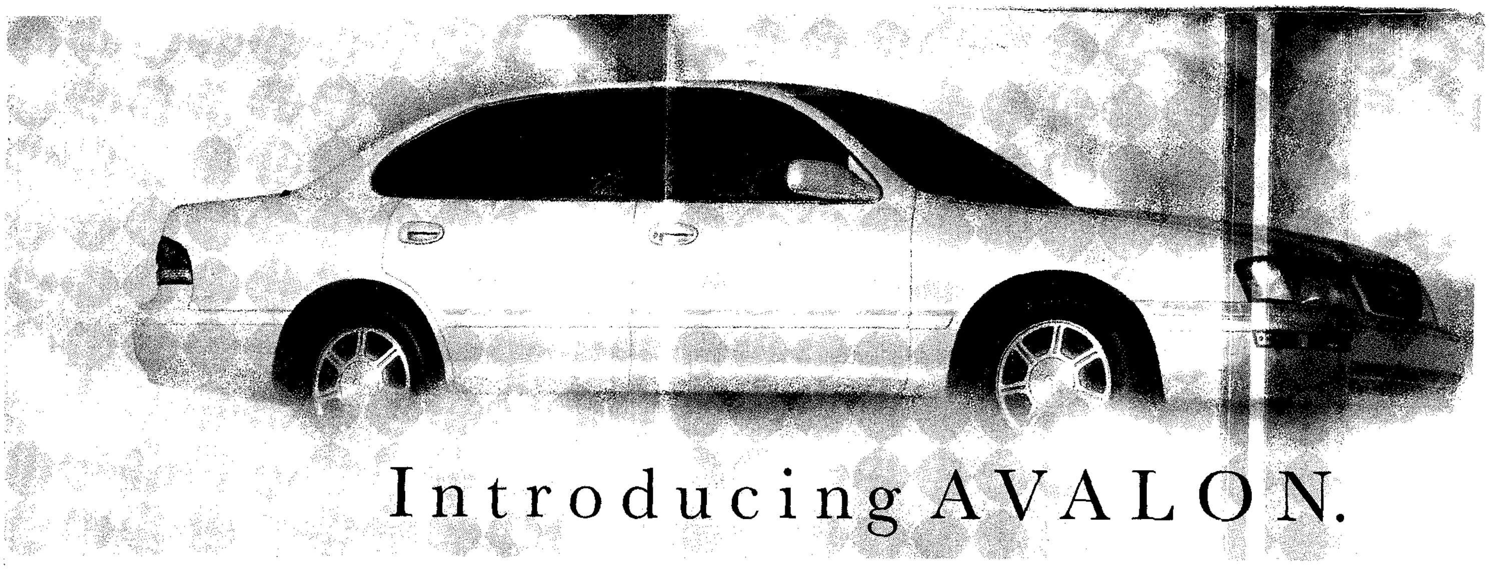
Domaine Ste. Michelle is made in the traditional French methode champenoise.

Try our delightfully dry Domaine Ste. Michelle Champagne Brut, our elegant Extra Dry or crisp, delicious Blanc de Blanc. One taste and you will find our Bubble Belt theory quite easy to swallow.


DOMAINE STE MICHELLE
METHODE CHAMPENOISE
DOMAINE STE MICHELLE
SPARKLING WINE
COLUMBIA VALLEY
CHAMPAGNE BRUT

Good Taste From The Bubble Belt.™

©1994 Domaine Ste. Michelle, Paterson, WA



Introducing AVALON.

It is an experience above ALL ELSE.

It is a world of superior COMFORT, room and refined driving performance.

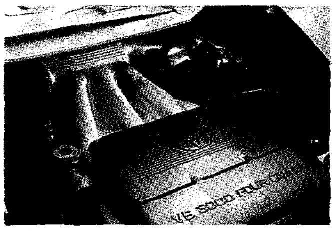
You have a choice of plush bucket seats or a spacious bench (shown) that allows Avalon to accommodate six passengers.

It has an expansive WHISPER-QUIET interior that offers a SERENE feeling unlike anything else.

It has a MUSCULAR 192-horsepower V6 engine and a SOPHISTICATED suspension system that sets new standards of driving EXCELLENCE.

It is the highest level of Toyota CRAFTSMANSHIP, QUALITY and technology.

And it is built exclusively in America.



A liquid-filled engine mount makes a quiet, all-aluminum engine even quieter.

It is Avalon...the new FLAGSHIP from Toyota...starting at only $22,758.*

Experience the tranquility. Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a BROCHURE and location of your NEAREST DEALER.

TOYOTA AVALON
I Love What You Do For Me

©1994 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you.
* Starting MSRP without freight for Avalon XL. Avalon XLS with optional equipment shown. Actual dealer prices may vary.